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SCOTCH
POETRY.

1801—1886.

WESTERN SECTION.

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INTRODUCTION.

To the splendid literature of the nineteenth century Scotland has contributed her share. With the publication of "The Eve of St. John," 1801, and "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1802, Sir Walter Scott pealed the slogan, and throughout the century the pibroch has never ceased to sound. Scott's first published efforts, translations of Bürger's "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman," ballads as wild and romantic as he could himself have wished, appeared in 1796, and his translation of Goethe's tragedy, "Goetz von Berlichingen," in 1799. "The Border Minstrelsy" next engaged his attention, the first two volumes of which were published in 1802, a third volume appearing in the following year. With the production of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" in 1808 commenced that rapid and brilliant career of prosperity which was so phenomenal. History records no parallel to the success of the young poet. It seemed as though in searching for the Border Minstrelsy he had found the seven-league boots, and that with them he was distancing all comers upon the hill of fortune and of fame. His style was strikingly original. No poet before him had adopted the spirited measure in which he clothed his story, and which in this and subsequent poems he made so peculiarly his own. Added to the advantage of a new and vigorous style, Scott brought to bear upon his work a nature full of imagination and romance, and a mind stored with immense resources of historic and traditional lore, and these he employed with an industry which was not the least remarkable of his extraordinary powers. In 1808 appeared "Marmion," the greatest of his poems, and truly a magnificently-chivalrous effort. This was followed in 1810 by "The Lady of the Lake," which took the whole world by storm, and brought half of it to worship the genius of its author among the hills and lakes he had called from darkness into light; 1811 saw "The Vision of Don Roderick," 1813 produced "Rokeby" and "The Bridal of Triermain," 1814 "The Lord of the Isles," 1815 "The Field of Waterloo," and 1817 "Harold the Dauntless." These, with a few dramatic pieces,—with the exception of the incidental poetry of his novels—comprise the whole of his contributions to the national poetry. Walter Scott was a Scotchman and a gentleman, and both these facts are obvious in his poetry. His imagination was of the highest order, ranking probably second to none but Homer and Shakespeare, and this faculty was united with powers of description which have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. Scott was a master of dramatic situation and excellence in the grouping of circumstances, rather than in the delineation of character. His diction was facile to a fault, and probably in the ease with which he wrote we have the reason for the want of finish that is sometimes apparent. The inferiority of his later poems can scarcely have been unknown to himself, and this probably did much to determine the new departure of his genius, which led to the publication of the Waverley Novels.

"James Montgomery," says William Howett, "is essentially a religious poet, and that is what of all things upon earth we can well believe he would most desire to be. During a long life, 1771-1854, he pro-

duced an immense number of lyrics all breathing a Christian spirit and tending to the elevation of mankind. His principal works are "The Wanderer in Switzerland" (1806); "The West Indies" (1807); "The World before the Flood" (1813); "The Pelican Island" (1827), and "Greenland," but he will be chiefly remembered by the scores of shorter pieces with which he made his way to the hearts of the people. Robert Tannahill (1774-1810) was a genuine successor to Robert Burns. He was born at Paisley, the birthplace of so many poets, and at an early age was apprenticed to a weaver. Many of his songs, which are of much higher excellence than his poems, were composed while pursuing his handicraft. Forming the acquaintance of Robert Archibald Smith, an accomplished musician, he received a new incentive to song-writing, and to their joint efforts we owe "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane," and many other charming lyrics. Robert Allan (1774-1841) was a friend and companion of Tannahill, and, like him, was a writer of some charming songs. Sir Alexander Boswell (1775-1822) was the eldest son of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, a very humorous writer, who was instrumental in raising a monument to Robert Burns on the banks of the Doon, and who was killed in a duel, the result of a political squib, by James Stuart of Duncarn. Many of his songs have been very popular, "Jennie's Bawbee" being a special favourite. John Struthers (1776-1853), the author of the "Poor Man's Sabbath," was another of those peasant poets which Scotland has produced in such large numbers. He was befriended by Sir Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie, and, thus introduced to the world, became well known and famous. He wrote "The Peasant's Death," followed, in 1811, by "The Winter," a poem in irregular measure. Some four or five years later he produced "The Plough," a poem in the Spenserian stanza.

With Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) we once more rise to the higher plains of poetic inspiration. "The Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, went through four editions in its first year, and captivated all readers by its purity of style, melodious flow, refined diction, and lofty sentiment. So many excellencies were probably never before so richly combined in the work of a young man of twenty-one years of age. "Hohenlinden" and "Ye Mariners of England!" appeared in 1800, and "The Battle of the Baltic" and "Gertrude of Wyoming"—his greatest work—in 1809. Campbell has, not inaptly, been compared with Gray. Both poets display delicacy of sentiment, vividness of perception, loftiness of imagination, and power of lyrical expression, though greater sweetness and pathos is claimed for the Scotch bard. The vigour and force of his battle pieces has probably never been surpassed. A poet of yet a different school was William Tennant (1784-1848), a native of Anstruther, who at one time filled the post of parish schoolmaster, "passing rich on forty pounds a year." In "Anster Fair," his principal poem, several selections from which are given in the following pages, he adopted a form which Freer did not disdain to copy in his poem of "The Monks and the Giants"; and Byron did not hesitate to use for his

"Beppo." "Anster Fair" is the story of the marriage of Maggie Lauder with Rab the Ranter, which is told with much humour, varied by many passages of exquisite beauty. Tennant's more ambitious pieces did not fulfil the promise of "Anster Fair." It has been said of him that "his weakness as a poet was the want of passion, and that the success of 'Anster Fair' is owing to its being of that rare species of poetry in which passion has no place." Allan Cunningham (1784—1842) is said to rank next to Burns and Hogg as a writer of Scottish songs. He was an indefatigable contributor to both prose and poetic literature. There is a vigour and freshness about his pieces which pleases every one, while their strong nationality arouses the enthusiasm of his compatriots. John Wilson (Christopher North) (1785—1854), was another of the Paisley poets, and though he afterwards became more famous as professor of moral philosophy, essayist, and critic, first entered the arena of literature as a poet. His principal poetic works are "The Isle of Palms" (1812), "The City of the Plague" (1816). "Almost the only passions," says Jeffrey, "with which his poetry is conversant are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which to those who read poetry for amusement merely will be apt to appear like dulness, and must be felt to be a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day." Alexander Laing, "the Brechin poet" (1787—1857), first found his way into print through the columns of provincial newspapers. His poem "Archie Allan" will always be a favourite, and the "Brownie of Fearneden," also included in our selection, is a happy effort in another style. John Gibson Lockhart (1794—1854), novelist, essayist, and poet, will be best remembered in the department of poetry for his spirited translations of the Spanish ballads, as in the department of biography by his splendid life of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott. The Spanish ballads will take their proper place in another section of this work, where fuller reference to the poet will be given. In the present section Lockhart is represented by "Captain Paton's Lament."

In William Motherwell (1797—1835) we have a poet of a very high order, also distinguished, in the department of translation. An earnest antiquarian, he searched deeply into the mazes of ballad literature; and as a result produced in 1827 his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," a collection of Scottish ballads to which he prefixed a most valuable historical introduction. His genius was remarkably versatile. He caught with equal ease the spirit of the old ballad singers, and the genius of the fierce battle songs of the North. In "Jeanie Morrison," and "My Heid is like to Rend, Willie," he has produced two of the most charming lyrics in Scottish literature; and in his translations from the Swedish all the fire of the wild originals. David Macbeth Moir (1798—1851), the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, was an amiable and refined poet, who contributed largely to the current literature of his time. The "Cameronian's Dream," James Hyslop (1798—1827) first appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* in Feb., 1821. Allan Cunningham describes Hyslop's

poetry as "elegant rather than vigorous, sweet and graceful rather than lofty," though he goes on to admit that at times he was lofty too. Robert Pollok (1798—1827), the author of "The Course of Time," was, like Hyslop, another of the many Scottish poets who died young. Pollok's style reminds us sometimes of Milton, and sometimes of Young and Blair. Robert Chambers (1802—1871), who with his brother William, did so much for popular literature, was also a devotee of the muses, and two pieces from his pen are included in our selection. Thomas Aird (1802—1876) was for twenty-eight years the editor of the *Dumfries Herald and Register*. Henry Glassford Bell (1805—1874) enjoyed a long measure of popularity for his pieces, "Mary, Queen of Scots," "The Uncle," and others. James Ballantine (1808—1877), author of the "Gaberlunzie's Wallet," which appeared in 1843, was a writer of considerable versatility. His first pieces found publicity in the pages of "Whistlebinkie," which at that time afforded opportunity to the aspiring. Ballantine was a master of the Scotch language as he was of the Scotch heart, which he could engage alike for fun or pathos. William Edmonstone Aytoun (1813—1865), author of the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and joint author with Theodore Martin of "Bon Gaultier Ballads," is represented in this collection by "The Execution of Montrose," and the "Old Scottish Cavalier," taken respectively from the August and September numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine* for the year 1844. These fine lays were first issued in one volume in 1849. They add new variety to the already rich diversity of the national muse. Robert Nicoll (1814—1837) was a writer who gave great promise, but whose early death disappointed the expectations he had raised. Charles Mackay is a writer whose bright, hopeful spirit, and clear, manly style secure for him a hearty welcome everywhere; he has written much and written well, notwithstanding the onerous editorial duties which have occupied so much of his life. Robert Leighton, whose poems, "The Baptisement of the Bairn," and "Scotch Words," enrich the following collection, was a charming delineator of Scotch life and character, as his "Baptisement" will testify. John Stuart Blackie, George Macdonald, and Robert Buchanan, complete the splendid company of Scotch poets, whose genius can be represented within the limits of this section of our work; the first, fearless, vigorous, and brilliant; the second, warm-hearted, gentle, and sweet; and the third, bold, free, and realistic.

It is a pleasant task to acknowledge the many kindnesses which have alone made this little collection possible. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Blackie & Son for kind permission to use several copyrights of theirs, to Messrs. David Robertson & Son for the same kindness with regard to the poems of William Motherwell, to Messrs. W. & R. Chambers for the use of Robert Chambers' poems, to Messrs. Chatto & Windus and Robert Buchanan, Esq., for permission to include several poems from the pen of the latter, to George Macdonald and his publishers for a similar favour, to Mrs. Robert Leighton for the use of her late husband's poems, and to Dr. Charles Mackay and Professor Blackie for their valuable contributions.

SCOTCH POETRY.

1801—1886.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born 1771; died 1832.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandyknowe Craggs. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans or platforms for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet—the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and it is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack* was braced, and his helmet was
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore; [laced,
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace
As he reached the rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His action pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me Tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told,

* The plate-jack is coat armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION, WITH FIRST STANZA OF THE SIXTH CANTO.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

2. The several personal references in the following selection are to (1) Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685. (2) Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess. (3) Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan-boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and carressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to Lord and Lady gay
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humbler resting place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess' marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, ³ rest him God,
A braver ne'er to battle rode:

And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak
Be thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained:
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept Court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot—
His toils, his wants,—were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Why never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land:
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

THE MEETING IN THE WOOD.

FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,"
CANTOS II. AND III.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And wakened every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose;
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hostile;
And the siken knots, which in hurry she would
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie; [make,
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?
The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The Ladye caresses the rough bloodhound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son; [of light,
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken riband pressed;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And now the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied.
Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold:—
I may not, must not, sing of love.

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held.

And held his crested helm and spear
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran

Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"

And like tennis-ball by racket tossed,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.

Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed;
'Tis said that five good miles he rode,
To rid him of his company;

But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

Use lessens marvel, it is said.

This elvish Dwarf with the Baron stayed:

Little he ate, and less he spoke,

Nor mingled with the menial flock;

And oft apart his arms he tossed,

And often muttered, "Lost! lost! lost!"

He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,

But well Lord Cranstoun served he:

And he of his service was full fain;

For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An' it had not been his ministry.

All, between Home and Hermitage,

Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page. . . .

And now, in Branksome's good green wood,

As under the aged oak he stood,

The Baron's courser pricks his ears,

As if a distant noise he hears.

The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,

And signs to the lovers to part and fly;

No time was then to vow or sigh.

Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,

Flew like the startled cushat-dove.

The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;

Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,

And, pondering deep that morning's scene,

Rode eastward through the hawthorn green.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;

In halls, in gay attire is seen;

In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove

And men below, and saints above;

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,

While, pondering deep the tender scene,

He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.

But the Page shouted wild and shrill—

And scarce his helmet could he don,

When downward from the shady hill

A stately knight came pricking on.

That warrior's steed so dapple-gray,

Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;

His armour red with many a stain:

He seemed in such a weary plight,

As if he had ridden the live-long night;

For it was William of Lloraine.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He marked the crane on the Baron's crest ;
For his ready spear was in his rest.

Few were the words, and stern and high,
That marked the foe's feudal hate ;

For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.

Their very coursers seemed to know
That each was other's mortal foe ;
And snorted fire, when wheeled around,
To give each knight his vantage ground.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;
He sighed a sigh, and prayed a prayer :

The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed, nor prayed,
Nor saint, nor ladye, called to aid ;
But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !
The stately Baron backwards bent ;
Lent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale ;
The tough ash-spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand splinters flew.

But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail,
Through shield, and jack, and acorn, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sat the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course ;
Nor knew—so giddy rolled his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

But when he reined his courser round,
And saw his foe on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,

And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate :
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
" This shalt thou do without delay ;
No longer here myself may stay :
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;
The Goblin Page behind abode :
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The Dwarf espied a Mighty Book !
Much he marvelled, a knight of pride
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride :
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp ;
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.

Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smeared the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore :
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read.
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight ;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall ;
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth.—
All was delusion, nought was truth.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce it stretched him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and matted head ;
One word he muttered, and no more—
" Man of age, thou smitest sore !"
No more the Elf in Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry ;
The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive ;
It was not given by man alive.

Unwillingly himself he address'd,
To do his master's high behest ;
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse ;
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all ;
And each did after swear and say,
There only passed a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower ; . . .
Then slung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport ;
He thought to train him to the wood ;
For, at a word be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good
Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play ;
On the drawbridge, the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure wilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen :
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited ;
So he but scowled on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild ;
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,
And laughed, and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"

BRANKSOME TOWERS.

FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,"
CANTOS III. AND IV.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rûde watchman on the tower
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret, sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touched a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green:
Her golden hair streamed free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath;
For well she knew the fire of death!

The Warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rang around.
The blast alarmed the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward, in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair,
'Was reddened by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud.
"On Penchryst glows a bale* of fire,
And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!

Mount, mount for Branksome,† every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,

That ever are true and stout.—
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
For, when they see the blazing bale,
Elliot's and Armstrongs never fail.—
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!
And warn the Warder of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."

Fair Margaret, from the turret-head,
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,

While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with clamour dread,
The ready horsemen sprung;
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!

In hasty route,
The horsemen galloped forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals, and allies. . . .

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the larum-peal;
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Bloodhound and bandog yelled within.

The noble Dame, amid the boil,
Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile;
Cheered the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they ought,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.

Some said, that there were thousands ten;
And others weened that it was nought
But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail;*
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back again.
So passed the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day. . . .

Now over Border dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frightened flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Showed southern ravage was begun. . . .

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen.
Meanwhile full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea;
He that was last at the trysting-place
Was but lightly held of his gay lady. . . .

* Bale, beacon-faggot.

† Mount for Branksome was the gathering-word of the Scots.

* Protection money exacted by freebooters.

Watt Tinkinn on the hill's verge stood
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood
And martial murmurs from below
Proclaimed the approaching southern foe,
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border-pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
And measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum—

And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

Light forayers first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array and fast,

The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,

Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band
Lord Dacre's billmen were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Arrayed beneath the banner tall
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the
Border." . . .

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his lady-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthened lines display;
Then called a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

Now every English eye intent
On Branksome's armed tower was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each crossbow;
On battlement and bartizan,
Gleamed axe, and spear, and partizan;
Falcon and culver,* on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where, upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reeked, like a witch's cauldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opens, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breastplate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait;

Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance;
In sign of truce, his better hand
Displayed a peeled willow wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
And all yon mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest,
As scare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary! but we'll light a brand,
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:—
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall;
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show,
Both why we came, and when we go."
The message sped, the noble Dame
To the walls' outward circle came;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
The lion argent decked his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue—
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance met the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the western wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill besecms your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.*
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain:†
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried‡ the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widowed Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warison,§
And storm and spoil thy garrison;
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

* Ancient pieces of artillery.

* An asylum for outlaws.

† Border treason.

‡ Plundered.

§ Note of assault.

He ceased—and loud the Boy did cry,
And stretched his little arms on high;
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Lady's cheer,
Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frowned;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She locked the struggling sigh to rest;
Unaltered and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood.

"Say to your Lords of high emprise,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom,
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

Then, if thy lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake * dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

Proud she looked round, applause to claim—
Then lightened Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Watt of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
"St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!"
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bow-string to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
But, e'er a gray goose-shaft had flown,
A horseman galloped from the rear.

"Ah! noble lord!" he, breathless, said,
"What treason has your march betrayed?
What make you here, from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw; †
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain.
And on the Liddle's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wandered long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;

And hard I've spurred all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe."

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers displayed,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
Level each harquebuss on row:
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, billmen, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"

"Yet here," quoth Howard,—"calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border sower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousand three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Lady made,
E'er conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight; and if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's crossed,
'Tis but a single warrior lost;
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother-Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he stayed,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand
His trumpet called, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:—
"If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain;
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland." . . .

Closed was the compact, and agreed,
That lists should be enclosed with speed,
Beneath the castle, on a lawn:
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

* *Lyke-wake*, the watching a corpse previous to interment.

† *Weapon-schaw*, the military array of a county.

THE COMBAT.

FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL," CANTO V.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE blithesome signs of wassel gay
Decayed not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang;
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Gave the shrill watchword of the clan;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Dacre's conquering name.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died:
And you might hear from Branksome hill
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide,
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell—
And save where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn:
For many a busy hand toiled there,
Strong pales to shape and beams 'o square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare,
Against the morrow's dawn.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye—
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh;
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.
With throbbing head and anxious heart
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay;
By times from silken couch she rose,
While yet the bannered hosts repose,
She viewed the dawning day;
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest
First woke the loveliest and the best.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay,
Where courtiers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the live-long yesterday.
Now still as death, till, stalking slow,
The jingling spurs announced his tread—
A stately warrior passed below,
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers
With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

Yet was his hazard small, for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin Page;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from hermitage.
Unchallenged thus the warder's post.
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,
For all the vassalage.
But, O! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat—
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet. . . .
Now leave we Margaret and her knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

Their warning blast the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port* aroused each clan;
In haste the deadly strife to view
The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood.
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants approach to view,
And banded many a word of boast
About the knight each favoured most.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane:
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent.
But yet not long the strife—for, lo!
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
In armour sheathed from top to toe,
Appeared, and craved the combat due.
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

When for the lists they sought the plain
The stately Lady's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen flit,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground;
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;

* A martial piece of music adapted to the bagpipes.

Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed, she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he longed to see the fight.
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field:
While to each knight their care assigned
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In king and queen, and wardens' name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life.
And not a breath the silence broke
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke:—

English Herald.

Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despicable scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause!

Scottish Herald.

Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat;
And that, so help him God above,
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat.

Lord Dacre.

Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!—

Lord Home.

—"God defend the right!"—
Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle sound and trumpet clang,
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound:
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong,
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight;

For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no;
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp!—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar—
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

In haste the holy Friar sped;—
His naked foot was dyed with red
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er:—
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with scolding terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the thronged array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:
He crossed the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard looked around,
As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
"And who art thou," they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and won?"
His plumed helm was soon undone—
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!

For this fair prize I've fought and won,"
And to the Ladye led her son.
Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
And often pressed him to her breast;
For under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbled at every blow:
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.

He lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—

For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united prayed,

The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

She looked to river, looked to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—

"Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quelled, and love is free."

She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;

That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—

"As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!

This clasp of love our bond shall be;

For this is your betrothing day,

And all these noble lords shall stay,

To grace it with their company."

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain;

How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,

And of his Page, and of the Book,

Which from the wounded knight he took:

And how he sought her castle high,

That morn, by help of gramarye;

How, in Sir William's armour dight,

Stolen by his Page, while slept the knight,

He took on him the single fight. . . .

Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;

Nor how she told of former woes,

And how her bosom tell and rose,

While he and Musgrave banded blows.—

Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;

One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

William of Deloraine, some chance

Had wakened from his death-like trance;

And taught that, in the listed plain,

Another, in his arms and shield,

Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,

Under the name of Deloraine.

Hence, to the field, unarmed, he ran,

And hence his presence scared the clan,

Who held him for some fleeting wraith,*

And not a man of blood and breath. . . .

They raised brave Musgrave from the field,

And laid him on his bloody shield;

On levelled lances, four and four,

By turns, the noble burden bore:

Before, at times, upon the gale,

Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;

Behind, four priests, in sable stole,

Sung requiem for the warrior's soul;

Around, the horsemen slowly rode;

With trailing pikes the spearmen trod;

And thus the gallant knight they bore;

Through Liddesdale, to Leven's shore;

Thence to Holme Coltrane's lofty nave,

And laid him in his father's grave.

THE CONVENT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM "MARMION," CANTO II.

The breeze, which swept away the smoke,

Round Norham Castle rolled,

When all the loud artillery spoke,

With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,

As Marmion left the Hold.

It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,

For, far upon Northumbrian seas,

It freshly blew, and strong,

Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,

Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,

It bore a bark along.

Upon the gale she stooped her side,

And bounded o'er the swelling tide,

As she were dancing home:

The merry scamen laughed, to see

Their gallant ship so lustily

Furrow the green sea-foam.

Much joyed they in their honoured freight;

For, on the deck, in chair of state,

The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,

With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,

Like birds escaped to greenwood shades,

Their first flight from the cage,

How timid, and how curious too,

For all to them was strange and new,

And all the common sights they view

Their wonderment engage.

One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,

With many a benedicite;

One at the rippling surge grew pale,

And would for terror pray;

Then shrieked, because the sea-dog nigh,

His round black head and sparkling eye,

Reared o'er the foaming spray:

And one would still adjust her veil,

Disordered by the summer gale,

Perchance, lest some more worldly eye

Her dedicated charms might spy;

Perchance, because such action graced

Her fair-turned arm and slender waist,

Light was each simple bosom there,

Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—

The Abbess and the Novice Clare.

The Abbess was of noble blood,

But early took the veil and hood,

And upon life she cast a look,

Or knew the world that she forsook

Fair too she was, and kind had been

As she was fair, but ne'er had seen

For her a timid lover sigh.

Nor knew the influence of her eye;

Love to her car was but a name,

Combined with vanity and shame;

Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all

Bounded within the cloister wall:

The deadliest sin her mind could reach,

Was of monastic rule the breach;

And her ambition's highest aim,

To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.

For this she gave her ample dower,

To raise the convent's eastern tower;

* The spectral apparition of a living person.

For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She decked the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relique-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems embest.
The poor her convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reformed on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
Vigils, and penitence austere,
Had early quenched the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey;
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,
There with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A Chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair;
As yet a novice unprofessed,
Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
She was betrothed to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonoured fled,
Her kinsman bade her give her hand
To one who loved her for her land:
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seemed to mark the waves below;
Nay, seemed, so fixed her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare.
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmured there;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,
To hide it till the jackals come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb,—
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

Lovely, and gentle, and distressed—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast;
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontrolled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame
Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised, with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Scaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They past the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell,
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Aline attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they crossed themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore: [there,
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown:
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay. . . .
In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand. . . .
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran worn, but unsubdued.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half drowned amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose:

Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and reliques there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare:
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rushed emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the Cross, the Abbess stood,
And blessed them with her hand.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent bandet made:

All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,
The stranger sisters roam :
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For even their summer night is chill.
Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire ;
And all, in turn, essayed to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid : for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own. . . .

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.

It was more dark and lone that vault
Than the worst dungeon cell :
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,

When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense

Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was called the Vault of Penitence,

Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.

'Twas now a place of punishment :
Whence il so loud a shriek were sent

As reached the upper air,
The hearers blessed themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead

Bemoaned their torments there.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle

Some vague tradition go.

Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay ; and still more few
Were those who had from him the clue
To that dread vault to go.

Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung ;

The gravestones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor ;
The mildew drops fell one by one,
With tinkling splash, upon the stone.

A cresset,* in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive ;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

There met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three,

All servants of St. Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay ;

In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset's ray.

The Abbess of Saint Hilda there
Sate for a pace with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil.

Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
And she with awe looks pale.

And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone
Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shown,

Whose look is hard and stern,—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;
For sanctity called, through the isle,
The Saint of Lindisfarn.

Before them stood a guilty pair,
But though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied—
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew

And on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they knew,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to view
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets, glistening fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy ;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there ;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed ;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, scared and fowl,

Feels not the import of his deed :
One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the tempter ever needs
To do the savagest of deeds ;

* Antique chandelier.

For then no visioned terrors daunt,
 Their night no fancied spectres haunt ;
 One fear with them, of all most base—
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
 And shamed not loud to mourn and howl,
 His body on the floor to dash,
 And crouch like hound beneath the lash ;
 While his mute partner standing near
 Waited her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
 Well might her paleness terror speak !
 For there were seen in that dark wall
 Two niches, narrow, deep and tall.
 Who enters at such grisly door,
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
 In each a slender meal was laid
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :
 By each, in Benedictine dress,
 Two haggard monks stood motionless,
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,
 Showed the grim entrance of the porch :
 Reflecting back the smoky beam.
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
 Hewn stones and cement were display'd
 And building tools in order laid. . . .

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
 To speak the Chapter's doom,
 On those the wall was to enclose,
 Alive, within the tomb ;
 But stopped, because that woful maid,
 Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
 Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain ;
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
 From her convulsed and quivering lip.
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
 You seemed to hear a distant rill—
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;
 For though this vault of sin and fear
 Was to the sounding surge so near,
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,
 So massive were the walls.

At length an effort sent apart
 The blood that curdled to her heart,
 And light came to her eye,
 And colour dawned upon her cheek,
 A hectic and a fluttered streak,
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak
 By Autumn's stormy sky ;
 And when her silence broke at length,
 Still as she spoke, she gathered strength,
 And arm'd herself to bear.
 It was a fearful sight to see
 Such high resolve and constancy,
 In form so soft and fair.

"I speak not to implore your grace ;
 Well know I, for one minute's space
 Successless might I sue ;
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain :
 For if a death of lingering pain,
 To cleanse thy sins, be penance vain,
 Vain are your masses too.
 I listened to a traitor's tale.
 I left the convent and the veil.

For three long years I bowed my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride ;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,
 All here and all beyond the grave.
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
 And Constance was beloved no more.
 'Tis an old tale, and often told ;
 But, did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old ;
 Of maiden true, betrayed for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me.

"The king approved his favourite's aim ;
 In vain a rival barred his claim,
 Whose faith with Clare's was plight,
 For he attains that rival's fame
 With treason's charge—and on they came,
 In mortal lists to fight.
 Their oaths are said,
 Their prayers are prayed,
 Their lances in the rest are laid,
 They meet in mortal shock ;—
 And hark ! the throng, with thundering cry,
 Shout 'Marmion, Marmion, to the sky !
 De Wilton to the block !'
 Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide,
 When in the lists two champions ride,
 Say, was Heaven's justice here ?
 When, loyal in his love and faith,
 Wilton found overthrow or death,
 Beneath a traitor's spear.
 How false the charge, how true he fell,
 This guilty packet best can tell."
 Then drew a packet from her breast,
 Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal stayed ;
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
 The hated match to shun.
 'Ho ! shifts she thus ?' King Henry cried,—
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
 If she were sworn a nun.'

One way remained—the king's command
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land :
 I lingered here, and rescue plann'd
 For Clara and for me.
 This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair
 A saint in heaven should be.
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,
 Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,
 But to assure my soul that none
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.
 Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
 This packet to the king conveyed,
 Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
 Although my heart that instant broke.—
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,
 For I can suffer, and be still ;
 And come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but death who comes at last.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome !
If Marmion's late remorse shall wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends !
The altars quake, the crozier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing ;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep
Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep.
Some traveller then shall find my bones,
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priest's cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

Fixed was her look, and stern her air,
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair ;
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head ;
Her figure seemed to rise more high ;
Her voice, despair's wild energy,
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appalled the astonished conclave sat ;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light-inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm.
The judges felt the victim's dread ;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven : —
" Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;
Sinful brother, part in peace !"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution, too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three ;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day ;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan :
With speed their upward way they take
(Such speed as age and fear can make).
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on :
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

HOLYROOD.

FROM "MARMION," CANTO V.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To abbreviate omit Stanzas I. to VI., or XI. and XII.

I.
The train has left the hills of Braid ;
The barrier guard have open made,
(So Lindesay bade,) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground ;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare ;
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes ;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought ;
And little deemed their force to feel,
Though links of mail, and plates of steel,
When, rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.
Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through ;
And much he marvelled one small land
Could marshal forth such various band :
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show :
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword-away might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March armed, on foot, with faces bare,
For visor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight ;
But burnished were their corslets bright,
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.
On foot the yeoman too, but dressed
In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well ;
Each at his back, (a slender store,)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbard, ate, or spear,
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seemed, and sad of cheer,

As loth to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie :—
More dreadful far his ire,
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joyed to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-armed pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
But war's the Borderers' game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.

These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,
Looked on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the Lord arrayed,
In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
"Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?
O! could we but on Border side,
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair!
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistening hide;
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
Could make a kirtle rare."

V.

Next Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man;
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,
And wild and garish semblance made,
The chequered trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed
To every varying clan;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes with savage stare,
On Marmion as he passed;
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And hardened to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red deer's undressed hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet decked their head;
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;

A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mixed,
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they passed,
And reached the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Armed burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamped, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show;
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armourer's anvil clashed and rang;
Or toiled the swarthy smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or faulchion, to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Discussed his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'crooked the crowded street.
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holyrood rung merrily,
That night, with vassel, mirth, and glee:
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summoned to spend the parting hour;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The masquer's quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest,—and his last.

The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
 Cast on the court a dancing ray,
 Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
 There ladies touched a softer string;
 With long-eared cap, and motley vest,
 The licensed fool retailed his jest;
 His magic tricks the juggler piled;
 At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
 While game, in close recess apart,
 Courted the ladies of their heart,
 Nor courted them in vain;
 For often, in the parting hour,
 Victorious love asserts his power,
 O'er coldness and disdain;
 And flinty is her heart, can view
 To battle march a lover true,—
 Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
 Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
 The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
 While, reverend, all made room.
 An easy task it was, I trow,
 King James's manly form to know,
 Although, his courtesy to show,
 He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
 His brodered cap and plume.
 For royal was his garb and mien,
 His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
 Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
 His vest, of changeful satin sheen;
 The dazzled eye beguiled;
 His gorgeous collar hung adown,
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
 The thistle brave, of old renown;
 His trusty blade, Toledo right,
 Descended from a baldrick bright;
 White were his buskins, on the heel
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
 His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
 Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
 And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
 A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size;
 For feat of strength, or exercise,
 Shaped in proportion fair;
 And hazel was his eagle eye,
 And auburn of the darkest dye
 His short-curled beard and hair.
 Light was his footstep in the dance,
 And firm his stirrup in the lists;
 And, oh! he had that merry glance,
 That seldom lady's heart resists.
 Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain!
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
 I said he joyed in banquet-bower;
 But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
 How suddenly his cheer would change,
 His look o'ercast and lower.
 If, in a sudden turn, he felt,
 The pressure of his iron belt,
 That bound his breast in penance-pain,
 In memory of his father slain.

Even so, 'twas strange how, evermore,
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
 Forward he rushed, with double glee
 Into the stream of revelry:
 Thus, dim-seen object of affright
 Startles the courser in his flight,
 And half he halts, half springs aside
 But feels the quickening spur applied,
 And, straining on the tightened rein,
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
 Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway;
 To Scotland's court she came,
 To be a hostage for her lord,
 Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
 And with the King to make accord,
 Had sent his lovely dame.
 Nor to that lady free alone
 Did the gay King allegiance own:
 For the fair Queen of France
 Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
 And charged him, as her knight and love,
 For her to break a lance;
 And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
 And march three miles on Southron land,
 And bid the banners of his band
 In English breezes dance.
 And thus, for France's Queen, he drest
 His manly limbs in mailed vest;
 And thus admitted English fair
 His inmost counsels still to share;
 And thus for both he madly planned
 The ruin of himself and land!
 And yet, the sooth to tell,
 Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
 Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
 From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
 All lonely sat, and wept, the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
 And weeps the weary day,
 The war against her native soil,
 Her Monarch's risk in battle broil;—
 And in gay Holyrood, the while,
 Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play.
 Fair was the rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew;
 And as she touched and tuned them all,
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall,
 Was plainer given to view;
 For all, for heat, was laid aside,
 Her wimple and her hood untied.
 And first she pitched her voice to sing,
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
 And then around the silent ring:
 And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
 Her pretty oath, by yea and nay;
 She could not, would not, durst not play.
 At length upon the harp, with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,
 A soft yet lively air she rung,
 While thus the wily lady sung.

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaids whispered, "Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII.

The Monarch o'er the syrcen hung,
And beat the measure as she sung;
And, pressing closer, and more near,
He whispered praises in her ear. . . .

The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seemed to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest, too,
A real or feigned disdain. . . .
The King observed their meeting eyes
With something like displeased surprise;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission showed:
"Our borders sacked by many a raid,
Our peaceful liegemen robbed," he said;
"On day of truce our Warden slain,
Stout Barton killed, his vessel's ta'en—
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
Our full defiance, hate and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant viewed;
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy. . . .
Though now, in age, he had laid down
His armour for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand.
Yet often would flash forth the fire,
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand;
And even that day, at council board,
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal Lord.

XV.

His giant form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower;
His locks and beard in silver grew,
His eye-brows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued:—
"Lord Marmion, since these letters say
That in the North you needs must stay,
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say—Return to Lindisfarn,
Until my herald come again.
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold,
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers displayed;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.

Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."
And, with the slaughtered favourite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

xvi.

In answer nought could Angus speak;
His proud heart swelled well-nigh to break:
He turned aside, and down his cheek

A burning tear there stole.

His hand the Monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook:

"Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive;
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,

I well may say of you,—

That never King did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,

More tender and more true:

Forgive me, Douglas, once again."
And while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whispered to the King aside:—
"Oh! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed!
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart;
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh! what omen dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye!"—

xvii.

Displeased was James, that stranger viewed
And tampered with his changing mood.

"Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"
Thus did the fiery Monarch say.

"Southward I march by brak of day;
And if within Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."

The haughty Marmion felt the taunt:
And answered, grave, the royal vaunt:

"Much honoured were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;

But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian pricklers, wild and rude.
On Derby Hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep:
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent;
Yet pause, brave prince, while yet you may."
The Monarch lightly turned away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—

"Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"
Himself his cloak and sword slung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

* The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.

FLODDEN FIELD.

FROM "MARMION," CANTOS V. AND VI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To abbreviate commence with line "Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still," and conclude with line "Were the last words of Marmion."

Shift we the scene. The camp doth move,
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,

Save when, for weal of those they love,
To pray the prayer and vow the vow,

The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The grey-haired sire with pious care,

To chapels and to shrines repair.
Where is *Fitz-Eustace* now? and where

Is *Blount* and *Marmion* and *Clare*?

Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair

They journey in thy charge:

Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,

Fitz-Eustace still was with the band;

Angus, like Lindesay, did command,

That none should roam at large. . . .

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they passed,

And sudden, close before them showed,

His towers, Tantallon vast;

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,

And held impregnable in war.

On a projecting rock they rose,

And round three sides the ocean flows;

The fourth did battled walls enclose,

And double mound and fosse.

By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,

Through studded gates an entrance long,

To the main court they cross.

It was a wide and stately square:

Around were lodgings, fit and fair,

And towers of various form,

Which on the court projected far,

And broke its lines quadrangular.

Here was square keep, there turret high,

Or pinnacle that sought the sky,

Whence oft the Warder could descry

The gathering ocean-storm.

Here did they rest. The princely care

Of Douglas, why should I declare,

Or say they met reception fair?

Or why the tidings say,

Which, varying, to Tantallon came,

By hurrying posts, or fletter fame,

With every varying day?

And, first, they heard King James had won

Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,

That Norham castle strong was ta'en.

At that sore marvelled Marmion:—

And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand

Would soon subdue Northumberland:

But whispered news there came,

That, while his host inactive lay,

And melted by degrees away,

King James was dallying off the day

With Heron's wily dame.—

Such acts to chronicles I yield ;
Go seek them there, and see :
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post,
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain ;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gathered in the Southern land,
And marched into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe and swear :—
“ A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near !
Needs must I see this battle-day :
Death to my fame, if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away !
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy :
No longer in his halls, I'll stay.”
Then bade his band, they should array
For march against the dawning day. . . .

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an under-tone,
“ Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”
The train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
“ Though something I might plain,” he said,
“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed ;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
“ My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—“ This to me ! ” he said,
“ An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head !
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied !
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied ! ”
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age :
Fierce he broke forth :—“ And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall ?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no !
Up drawbridge, grooms—what Warder, ho !
Let the portcullis fall.”

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need !
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrows through the archway sprung ;
The ponderous grate behind him rung :
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, razed his plume. . . .

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reached, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their march,
(Where now is left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells ;
Our time a fair exchange has made ;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
(That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.
Next morn the Baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamped on Flodden edge :
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked :—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines :
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears,
The eastern sunbeam shines,
Their front now deepening, now extending ;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending ;
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was :—from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile :
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,

Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twice! Thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching column's room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames?
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy apped!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry, "Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne.
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon!—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!
Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standard fly."

"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount; "thou'dst
best,
And listen to our lord's behest."
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,
"This instant be our band arrayed;
The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host,

If fight King James—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And muttered as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately:
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire or groom before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain:
Behind them, straggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain:
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
Their marshalled line stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation passed
From the loud cannon's mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed:
"Here, by this cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene;
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare;
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!
Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—
But, if we conquer, cruel maid!
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,

Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire : but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle-plain,
His way to Surrey took.

"—The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour !—
Short greeting serves in time of strife :—
• Thus have I ranged my power :
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go ;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share ;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."
"Thanks, noble Surrey !" Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid ;
But, parting like a thunder-bolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion ! Marmion !" that the cry
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which (for far the day was spent),
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view ;
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march, their tread alone,
At times their warning trumpet blown.
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne,
King James did rushing come,—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close,—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air ;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast :
And, first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white seamew,
Then marked they, dashing broad and far
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But nought distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and faulchions flashed amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain,
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly,
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly ;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied :
'Twas vain ;—But fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry !
Loud were the clanging blows !
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the fœs.
No longer Blount the view could bear :—
"By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too :—yet, stayed,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;

And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops or reels ;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels ;
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there ?"—
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die. "Is Wilton there ?"—
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand :
His arms were smeared with blood and sand :
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion ? . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone !
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head !
Good night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
He opens his eyes," said Eustace : "peace !"—

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around ran Marmion wildly stare :—
"Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare :
Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue !'—Vain !
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
Yet my last thought is England's :—fly,
To Dacre, bear my signet-ring ;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring :—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field.
His life-blood stains the spotless shield.
Edmund is down ;—my life is left ;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay ;
Clara drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"*Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst !*"

O, woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made :

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the mail
To the nigh streamlet rafe ;
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew :
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
*Drink, weary, pilgrim, drink, and, pray,
For, the, kind, soul, of, Sybil, Grey,
Who, built, this, cross, and, well,*
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man, whom duty brought,
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clara," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head !"
Then as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clara !"—
"Alas !" she said, "the while,—
O think of your immortal weal !
In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
She—died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound ;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth !"—he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day ;
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand !
A sinful heart makes feeble hand,"—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
 So the notes rung ;— [dying !]"*
 "Avoid thee, Fiend ;—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
 O look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine :
 O think on faith and bliss !
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."—
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory !—
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
 Were the last words of Marmion. . . .

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
 More desperate grew the strife of death,
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge their horse assailed ;
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadron's sweep,
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king.
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring,
 The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark impetrable wood.
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight ;—
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well ;
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded king.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foemen know ;
 Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
 They melted from the field as snow,
 When streams are swoln and south wind blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land ;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield.

CHRISTMAS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM "MARMION," INTRODUCTION TO CANTO VI.

HEAP on more wood !—the wind is chill ;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
 Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer :
 Even heathen yet, the savage Dane
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;
 High on the beach his galleys drew,
 And feasted all his pirate crew ;
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,
 Where shields and axes deck the wall,
 They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;
 Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
 While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
 The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone ;
 Or listened all in grim delight,
 While Scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
 Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
 While wildy loose their red locks fly,
 And dancing round the blazing pile,
 They make such barbarous mirth the while,
 As best might to the mind recall
 The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night :
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
 That only night, in all the year,
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
 The hall was dressed with holly green ;
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then open'd wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose ;
 The lord, underogating share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;
 Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high
 Crested with bays and rosemary
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
 How, when, and where, the monster fell ;

What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls;
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide, her savoury goose,
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.

Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, oh! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear.
Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.*

And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great grand-sire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost;
The banished race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined;
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
And flies constraint the magic wand
Of the fair dame that rules the land,
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer,
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
When not a leaf is on the bough.
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
As loath to leave the sweet domain;
And holds his mirror to her face,
And clips her with a close embrace:—
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
And as reluctant turn us home.

* "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

THE CHASE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTO I.

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the fœmen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost fœes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo.
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cover'd the doe;
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its falling din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse;
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble Stag was pausing now
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor.
 And pondered refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
 But nearer was the copse-wood grey,
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
 And mingled with the pine trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
 Fresh vigour with the hope returned.
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,
 Held westward with unwearied race,
 And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
 What reins were tightened in despair,
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
 Who flagged upon Bochart's heath,
 Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,
 The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
 Few were the stragglers, following far,
 That reached the lake of Vennachar;
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
 For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
 Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,
 The labouring Stag strained full in view,
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
 Fast on his flying traces came,
 And all but won that desperate game;
 For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
 Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds staunch;
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
 Nor farther might the quarry strain.
 Thus up the margin of the lake,
 Between the precipice and brake,
 O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter mark'd that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deem'd the Stag must turn to ba;
 Where that huge rampart barr'd the way:
 Already glorying in the prize,
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;
 For the death-wound and death-halloo,
 Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared,
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,
 And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trossach's wildest nook
 His solitary refuge took.
 There while, close couch'd, the thicket shed
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,

He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass again,
 Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanish'd game;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.
 The impatient rider strove in vain
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labours o'er,
 Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more;
 Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
 He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse:
 "I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
 That highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant grey!"

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
 Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
 The sulky leaders of the chase;
 Close to their master's side they press'd,
 With drooping tail and humbled crest;
 But still the dingle's hollow throat
 Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.
 The owlets started from their dream,
 The eagles answer'd with their scream,
 Round and around the sounds were cast,
 Till echo seem'd an answering blast;
 And on the hunter hied his way
 To join some comrades of the day;
 Yet often paused, so strange the road,
 So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

The western waves of ebbing day
 Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire,
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the towers which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summits split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement.
 Or seem'd fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
 For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dew-drop's sheen,
 The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain,
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath;
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
 And higher yet the pine tree hung
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced.
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 A narrow inlet still and deep,
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
 As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
 But broader when again appearing,
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their 'ace
 Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
 And farther as the hunter stray'd,
 Still broader sweep its channels made.
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
 Emerging from entangled wood,
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
 Like castle girdled with its moat;
 Yet broader floods extending still,
 Divide them from their parent hill,
 Till each, retiring, claims to be
 An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath him roll'd:
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light;
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd.
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wandering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," CANTOS IV. AND V

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To abbreviate commence at line "The Chief in silence strode before."

THE shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell;
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step and ear awake,
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
 And not the summer solstice, there,
 Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze that swept the wild,
 Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famish'd, and chill'd, through ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
 Till as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
 A watchfire close before him burn'd.

Beside its embers, red and clear,
 Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
 "A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
 "Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?"
 "I dare! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."
 "Bold words! but though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim;
 Though space and law the stag we lend,
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
 Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
 Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!"
 "They do, by Heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest."
 "If by the blaze I mark aright,
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
 "Then by these tokens may'st thou know,
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
 The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
 He tended him like welcome guest,
 Then thus his farther speech address'd.
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
 A clansman born, a kinsman true;
 Each word against his honour spoke,
 Demands of me avenging stroke;

Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne ;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :
But, not for clan nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws ;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name ;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford ;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given !"
"Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael* around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! they*winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain ;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear.
It rival's all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, benledi rose ;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.

The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped from the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side ;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill :
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try ?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid ;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of lowland war
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar ?"
"—No, by word ;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard ;
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."
"Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe ?"
"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,

* The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders, Sassenach, or Saxons.

Who in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,—
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland-heath or Holyrood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."
'Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain,
His herds and harvest reared in vain,
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile,—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Aye, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu?"

Answered Fitz-James—"And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?"

What deem ye of my path waylaid,
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent waffling fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."
"Well, let it pass; nor will I
Fresh cause of enmity sow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied.
To match me with this man of peace:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace: but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band."

"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will
All silent there they stood and still,
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How sayst thou now?"
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true:
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I,"
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand ;
Down sunk the disappearing band ;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood :
Sunk brand and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and cospes low ;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide ;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold grey stone.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest :—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford :
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."—
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive ;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left : for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.

And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :—
"Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless, I stand,
Armed like thyself, with single brand ;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."—

The Saxon paused :—"I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :—
Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?"—"No, Stranger, none !
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead,
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
Their lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff,
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his for,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."—

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
Not yet prepared ?—By Heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill-deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
—"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell ! and ruth, begone !—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle, clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.

But fear not,—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”—
Then each at once his faulchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne’er might see again ;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside ;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James’s blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood :
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;
And, as firm rock or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe invulnerable still
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill
Till, at advantage ta’en, his brand ;
Forced Roderick’s weapon from his hand.
And, backward borne upon the lea
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

“Now, yield thee, or, by Him Who made
The world, thy heart’s blood dyes my blade !”—
“Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James’s throat he sprang,
Received, but reck’d not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden’s hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
They tug, they strain !—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain’s gripe his throat compress’d,
His knee was planted in his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam’d aloft his dagger bright !—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life’s exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For, while the dagger gleam’d on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye,
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief’s relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arore.

BATTLE OF BEAL’ AN DUINE.

FROM “THE LADY OF THE LAKE,” CANTO VI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Minstrel Allan Bann gives Roderick Dhu, chief of Clan Alpine, who is dying, an account of the Battle between the royal forces and those of his clan.

“THE minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch-Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake.
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake ;
The small birds will not sing aloud ;
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes as with a purple shroud,
Benledi’s distant hill,
Is it the thunder’s solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior’s measured tread ?
Is it the lightning’s quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun’s retiring beams ?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray’s silver star,
Wave o’er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far !
To hero bound for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
’Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array !
“Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbéd horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum :
Save heavy tread and armour’s clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad :
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o’er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe :
The host moves, like a deep sea-wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave
High-swelling, dark and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach’s rugged jaws ;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass, the archer-men.
“At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell !

Forth from the pass in tumult driven.
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear:
 For life! for life! their fight they ply—
 And shriek and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broad-swords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood?
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That scerried grove of lances brown
 At once lay level'd low;
 And closely shouldering, side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide,
 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel* cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.'

"Bearing before them in their course,
 The relics of the archer-force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang!
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank.
 'My banner-man, advance!
 I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance!
 The horsemen dashed among the rout,
 As deer break through the broom;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
 Where, where, was Roderick then!
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And reflux through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was pour'd;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanished the mountain sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass;
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
 That deep and doubling pass within.
 Minstrel, away! the work of fate
 Is bearing on: its issue wait,
 Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
 Grey Benvenue I soon repassed,
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath me cast.
 The sun is set;—the clouds are met;
 The lowering scowl of heaven
 An inky hue of livid blue
 To the deep lake has given;
 Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
 I heeded not the eddying surge:
 Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
 Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
 Which, like an earthquake, shook the ground,
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife
 That parts not but with parting life,
 Seeming, to minstrel-car, to toll
 The dirge of many a passing soul.
 Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
 The martial flood disgorged again,
 But not in mingled tide;
 The plaided warriors of the North
 High on the mountain thunder forth,
 And overhang its side;
 While by the lake below appears
 The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
 At weary bay each shatter'd band,
 Eying their foemen, sternly stand;
 Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
 That flings its fragments to the gale,
 And broken arms and disarray
 Mark the fell havoc of the day.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
 The Saxons stood in sullen trance
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,
 And cried, 'Behold yon isle!—
 See! none are left to guard its strand,
 But women weak, that wring the hand:
 'Tis there of yore the robber band
 Their booty wont to pile;—
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
 To him will swim a bowshot o'er
 And loose a shallop from the shore.
 Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
 Lords of his mate and brood and den.
 Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
 On earth his casque and corslet rung,
 He plunged him in the wave:
 All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
 And to their clamours Benvenue
 A mingled echo gave;
 The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
 The helpless females scream for fear,
 And yells for rage the mountaineer.
 'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
 Poured down at once the lowering heaven;
 A whirlwind swept Loch-Katrine's breast,
 Her billows reared their snowy crest,
 Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
 To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
 For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,
 The vengeful arrows of the Gael,
 In vain. He nears the isle—and lo!
 His hand is on a shallop's bow.

* A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a space, and gradually narrowing, brought quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*.

Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame ;—
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame :
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand :
It darken'd,—but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan ;—
Another flash ?—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage ;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold."
But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the minstrel's hand !
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy :
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song ;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear ;
His face grows sharp—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy ;—
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu !

LAKE CORISKIN.

FROM "THE LORD OF THE ISLES," CANTO III.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A WHILE their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
"St. Mary! what a scene is here !
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad, and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led :
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press
Where I happ'd to roam."

No marvel thus the Monarch spake ;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way

Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow ;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroc,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben ;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track ;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear.
When yell'd the wolf, and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er :
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle fur'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,
Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves ? and how
Yon northern mountain's pathless brow
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,
Which seam its shiver'd head ?"
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humours please
By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,

Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
(The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvreckin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
'Tis thus our islemen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

HELLVELLYN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN the spring of 1805, a young gentleman perished on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were discovered three months afterwards, guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty
and wide :

All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied. [bending.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-
heather.

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst
thou start?

How many long days and long nights didst thou
number

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,—
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall
With, scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
are gleaming;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are
beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake flying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE DEATH OF DE BOUNE.

FROM "THE LORD OF THE ISLES," CANTO VI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O GAY, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"—
"So please my Liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle-day," the King replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!"
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burned before his monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his steed, he couch'd his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye—
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last;—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen grasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet clasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord o' Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

FROM "ROKERY," CANTO III.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale

The father was steel, and the mother was stone.
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

HOME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Born 1771; died 1854.

FROM "THE WEST INDIES," PART III.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores.
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
Where the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears:
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern shelter, and his cottage-home.
O'er China's garden-fields, and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where winter from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink;
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains, and dishonoured vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beautiful isle of liberty;

—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

SLAVERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FROM "THE WEST INDIES," PART III.

'Twas night:—his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:
A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they crossed the flood;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne.
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief. . . .
Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark one blue, unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the water shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoll'n with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more. . . .

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulph, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

ARNOLD WINKELREID.
THE PATRIOT'S PASSWORD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Achievement of Arnold de Winkelreid at the battle of Sempach in the fourteenth century, whereby the Swiss insurgents threw off the yoke of Austria.

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried,
"Make way for liberty," and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
A wall,—where every conscious stone
Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood,—like that enchanted grove,
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit imprison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life:
So still, so dense, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,—
Whose polish'd points before them shine,
From flank to flank one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendours run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band,
Contended for their Fatherland;
Peasants whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke:
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gain'd
In many a mortal fray maintain'd.
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
They come to conquer or to fall.

Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead or living Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeath'd,
That whereso'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burn'd within;
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gaz'd,
The unbroken line of lances blaz'd;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour
Annihilates the invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.

Few were the numbers she could boast;
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt, as 'twere a secret known,
That one should turn the scale alone.
While each unto himself was he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelreid!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd, he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points crossed from side to side,
He bow'd amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

THE ADVENTURE OF A STAR.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A STAR would be a flower;
So down from heaven it came,
And in a honeysuckle bower
Lit up its little flame.
There on a bank, beneath the shade,
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,
It overlook'd the garden-ground,
—A landscape stretching ten yards round;
O what a change of place
From gazing through the' eternity of space!
Gay plants on every side
Unclosed their lovely blooms,
And scatter'd far and wide
Their ravishing perfumes:
The butterfly, the bee,
And many an insect on the wing,
Full of the spirit of the spring,
Flew round and round in endless glee,
Alighting here, ascending there,
Ranging and revelling everywhere.
Now all the flowers were up and drest
In robes of rainbow-colour'd light;
The pale primroses look'd their best,
Peonies blush'd with all their might

Dutch tulips from their beds
 Flaunted their stately heads ;
 Auriculas, like belles and beaux,
 Glittering with birthnight splendour rose ;
 And polyanthus display'd
 The brilliance of their gold brocade :
 Here hyacinths of heavenly blue
 Shook their rich tresses to the morn,
 While rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,
 But coyly linger'd on the thorn,
 Till their loved nightingale, who tarried long,
 Should wake them into beauty with his song.
 The violets were past their prime,
 Yet their departing breath
 Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
 Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.

Amidst this gorgeous train,
 Our truant star shone forth in vain ;
 Though in a wreath of periwinkle,
 Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,
 It seemed no bigger to the view
 Than the light spangle in a drop of dew. . . .
 —Where all was jollity around,
 No fellowship the stranger found.
 Those lowliest children of the earth,
 That never leave their mother's lap,
 Companions in their harmless mirth,
 Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,
 Feasting on dew, and light, and air,
 And fearing no mishap,
 Save from the hand of lady fair,
 Who, on her wonted walk,
 Plucked one and then another,
 A sister or a brother,
 From its elastic stalk ;
 Happy, no doubt, for one sharp pang, to die
 On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.

Thus all day long that star's hard lot,
 While bliss and beauty ran to waste,
 Was but to witness on the spot :
 Beauty and bliss it could not taste.
 At length the sun went down, and then
 Its faded glory came again,
 With brighter, bolder, purer light,
 It kindled through the deepening night,
 Till the green bower, so dim by day,
 Glowed like a fairy-palace with its beams ;
 In vain, for sleep on all the borders lay,
 The flowers were laughing in the land of dreams.
 Our star, in melancholy state,
 Still sigh'd to find itself alone,
 Neglected, cold, and desolate,
 Unknowing and unknown.
 Lifting at last an anxious eye,
 It saw that circlet empty in the sky
 Where it was wont to roll
 Within a hair-breadth of the pole :
 In that same instant, sore amazed,
 On the strange blank all Nature gazed ;
 Travellers, bewild'rd for their guide,
 In glens and forests lost their way ;
 And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,
 Went fearfully astray.

The star, now wiser for its folly, knew
 Its duty, dignity, and bliss at home ;
 So up to heaven again it flew,
 Resolved no more to roam.

One hint the humble bard may send
 To her for whom these lines are penn'd :
 —O may it be enough for her
 To shine in her own character !
 O may she be content to grace,
 On earth, in heaven, her proper place !

THE COMMON LOT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past
 There lived a man :—and who was he ?—
 Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown :
 His name has perish'd from the earth ;
 This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
 Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
 His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !—
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirit's rise and fall ;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;
 Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
 And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
 O, she was fair !—but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this,—there lived a man !

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FLOWERS, wherefore do ye bloom ?
— We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Stars, wherefore do ye rise ?
— To light thy spirit to the skies.

Fair Moon, why dost thou wane ?
— That I may wax again.

O Sun, what makes thy beams so bright ?
— The Word that said,—"Let there be light."

Planets, what guides you in your course ?
— Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame ?
— My Maker call'd me, and I came.

O Light, thy subtle essence who may know ?
— Ask not ; for all things but myself I show.

What is yon arch which every where I see ?
— The sign of omnipresent Deity.

Where rests the horizon's all embracing zone ?
— Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.

Ye clouds, what bring ye in your train ?
— God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.

Winds, whence and whither do ye blow ?
— Thou must be born again to know.

Bow in the cloud, what token dost thou bear ?
— That Justice still cries "*strike*," and Mercy "*spar*."

Dews of the morning, wherefore were ye given ?
— To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

Rise, glitter, break ; yet, Bubble, tell me why ?
— To show the course of all beneath the sky.

Stay, Meteor, stay thy falling fire ?
— No, thus shall all the host of heaven expire.

Ocean, what law thy chainless waves confind ?
— That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.

Time, whither dost thou flee ?
— I travel to Eternity.

Eternity, what art thou,—say ?
— Time past, time present, time to come,—*to-day*.

Ye Dead, where can your dwelling be ?
— The house for all the living ;—come and see.

O Life, what is thy breath ?
— A vapour lost in death.

O Death, how ends thy strife ?
— In everlasting life.

O Grave, where is thy victory ?
— Ask Him Who rose again for me.

TOWSER.

A TRUE TALE. P

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Born 1774 ; died 1810.

"Dogs are honest creatures,
Ne'er fawn on any that they love not,
And I'm a friend to dogs,
They ne'er betray their masters."

In mony an instance, without doubt,
The *man* may copy frace the *brute*,
And by th' example grow much wiser,
Then, read the short memoirs of Towser.

With deference to our great Lavaters,
Wha judge o' mankind by the features,
There's mony a smiling, pleasant fac'd-cock,
That wears a heart no worth a custock,
While mony a visage, antic, droll,
O'er-veils a noble, gen'rous soul.
With Towser this was just the case,
He had an ill-faur't tawtie face,
His mak' was something like a messin',
But big, an' quite unprepossessin',
His master coft him frae some fallows,
Wha had him doom'd unto the gallows,
Because, (sae happ'd poor Towser's lot,)
He wadna' tear a comrade's throat ;
Yet in affairs of Love or Honour,
He'd stan' his part amang a hun'er,
An' whare'er fighting was a merit,
He never fail'd to shaw his spirit.

He never girn'd in neighbour's face,
Wi' wild ill-natur'd scant o' grace,
Nor e'er accosted ane wi' smiles,
Then, soon as turn'd, wad bite his heels,
Nor ever kent the courtier art,
To fawn wi' rancour at his heart,
Nor aught kent he o' canker quarlin',
Nor snarlin' just for sake o' snarlin',
Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,
Whilek shaws he hau a mighty soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,
An' will immortalize his name—
"*Immortalize !—presumptuous wight !*
Thy lines are dull as darkest night,
Without ae spark o' wit or glee,
To light them through futurity."
E'en be it sae, poor Towser's story,
Though lamely tauld will speak his glory.

'Twas in the month o' cauld December,
When Nature's fire seem'd just an ember,
An' growlin' winter bellow'd forth,
In storms and tempests frae the north—
When honest Towser's loving master,
Regardless o' the surly bluster,
Set out to the neist burrow town,
To buy some needments o' his own ;
An' case some purse-pest should way-lay him,
He took his trusty servant wi' him.

His bis'ness done, 'twas near the gloamin',
An' ay the king o' storms was foamin',
The doors did ring—lum-pigs down tumbld,
The strawns gush'd big—the synks loud rumbl'd
Auld grannies spread their looves, an' sigh'd,
Wi' "*O Sirs ! what an awfu' night !*"—

Poor Towser shook his sides a' draigl'd,
 An's master grudg'd that he had taigl'd;
 But wi' his merchandizing load,
 Come weel, come wae, he took the road.
 Now cluds drave o'er the fields like drift,
 Night slung her black cleuk o'er the liht;
 An' thro' the naked trees and hedges,
 The horrid storm redoubl'd rages;
 An' to complete his piteous case,
 It blew directly in his face.
 Whyles 'gainst the footpath stabs he thumped,
 Whyles o'er the coots in holes he plumped;
 But on he gaed, an' on' he waded,
 Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded;
 To gang he cou'd nae langer bide,
 But lay down by the bare dyke-side—
 Now, wife an' bairns rush'd on his soul,
 He groan'd—poor Towser loud did howl,
 An' mournin' cower'd down aside him,
 But, oh! his master coudna' heed him,
 For now his senses 'gan to dozen,
 His vera life-streams maist war' frozen,
 An't seem'd as if the cruel skics,
 Exulted o'er their sacrifice;
 For fierce the winds did o'er him hiss,
 An' dash'd the sleet on his cauld face.

As on a rock, far, far frae land,
 Twa ship-wreck'd sailors shiv'ring stand,
 If chance a vessel they descrie,
 Their hearts exult with instant joy.
 Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear
 The tread o' travellers drawing near,
 He ran, an' yowl'd, and fawn'd upon 'em,
 But coudna' mak' them understand him,
 Till tugging at the foremost's coat,
 He led them to the mournfu' spot
 Where cauld, an' stiff, his master lay,
 To the rude storm a helpless prey.

Wi' Caledonian sympathy,
 They bore him kindly on the way,
 Until they reach'd a cottage bein',
 They tauld the case, war' welcom'd in—
 The rousin' fire, the cordial drop,
 Restor'd him soon to life and hope;
 Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,
 An' antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale, may see
 The worth of sensibility,
 And learn frae it to be humane—
In TOWSER'S life he sav'd his ain.

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDIN'.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

AULD Watty o' Kebbuckston brae,
 Wi' lear an' readin' o' beuks auld-farren,
 What think ye! the body cam' owre the day,
 An' tauld us he's gaun to be married to Mirren;
 We a' gat a biddin'
 To gang t' the weddin',
 Baith Johnnie and Sauney, an' Nelly an' Nanny,
 An' Tam o' the knowes,
 He swears an' he vows,
 At the dancin' he'll face to the bride wi' his graunie.

A' the lads hae trystet their joes,
 Slee Willy cam' up an' ca'd on Nelly,
 Altho' she was hecht to Georgie Bowse,
 She's gien him the gunk an' she's gaun wi' Willy—
 Wee collier Johnnie
 Has yocket his pouny,
 An's aff to the town for a ladin' o' nappy,
 Wi' fouth o' gude meat,
 To ser' us to eat,
 Sac wi' fuddlin' an' feastin' we'll a' be fou' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
 The body's ay ready at dredgies an' weddin's,
 An' slunkye M'Fee, o' the Skiverton place,
 Is chosen to scuttle the pies an' the puddin's;
 For there'll be plenty
 O' ilka thing dainty,
 Raith lang kail an' haggies, an' every thing fitting,
 Wi' luggies o' beer,
 Our wizzens to clear,
 Sae the deil fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the
meeting.

Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun,
 That his auld gutcher bure when he follow'd *Prince*
Charley,
 The barrel was rustet as black as the grun',
 But he's taen't to the smiddy an's fetl'd it rarely;
 Wi' wallets o' pouter,
 His musket he'll shouter,
 An' ride at our head, to the bride's a' paradin',
 At ilka farm-town
 He'll fire them three roun',
 Till the hale kintra ring wi' the *Kebbuckston Weddin'.*

Jamie an' Johnnie maun ride the *brouse*,
 For few like them can sit i' the saddle;
 An' Willy Cobreath, the best o' bows,
 Is trysted to jig i' the barn wi' his fiddle;
 Wi' 'whiskin' an' 'fliskin',
 An' reelin', an' wheelin',
 The young anes a' like to loup out o' the body,
 An' Neilie M'Nairn,
 Tho' sair forfainr,
 He vows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the *howdie.*

Sauney M'Nab, wi' his tartan trews,
 Has hecht to come down in the midst o' the caper,
 An' gie us three wallops o' merry shantrews
 Wi' the true *highland-sling* o' Macrimmon the piper;
 Sic hippin' an' skippin',
 An' springin' an' flingin',
 I'se wad that there's nane i' the lallands can waff it!
 Feth! Willy maun fiddle,
 An' jirgum an' diddle,
 An' screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his haffet.

Then gie me your han', my gusty gude frien'!
 An' gie me your word, my worthy auld kimmer!
 Ye'll baith come owre on Friday beeen,
 An' join us in rantin' an' toomin' the timmer;
 Wi' fouth o' gude liquor,
 We'll haud at the bickar,
 An' lang may the *mailin* o' *Kebbuckston* flourish,
 For *Watty's* sae free,
 Between you an' me,
 I'se warrant he's bidden the ha' o' the parish.

LOUDOUN'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"LOUDOUN'S bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a', lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Wad gi'e Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?
LOUDOUN'S bonnie woods and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae
When I am far away, lassie."

"Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Wae-fu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain.
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie,
O'er the gory fields of war,
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie."

"O! resume thy wonted smile!
O! suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover
Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blithe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudoun's flowery lea, lassie."

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The old castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Among the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw:
The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
they flee, [Johnnie,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.
Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae:
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
fountain,

That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O! gin I saw but, my bonnie Scotch callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

A LASSIE CAM' TO OUR GATE.

ROBERT ALLAN.

Born 1774; died 1841.

A LASSIE cam' to our gate yestreen,
An' low she curtsied down;
She was lovelier far, an' fairer to see
Than a' our ladies roun'.
Oh, whar do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
An' whar may your dwelling be?
But her heart, I trow, was liken to break,
An' the tear-drap dimm'd her e'e.
I haena a hame, cried the bonnie lassie—
I haena a hame, nor ha';
Fain here wad I rest my weary feet,
For the night begins to fa'.
I took her into our tapestry ha',
An' we drank the ruddy wine;
An' aye I strave, but fand my heart
Fast bound wi' love's silken twine.
I ween'd she might be the fairies' queen,
She was sae jimp and sma';
And the tear that dimm'd her bonnie blue e'e
Fell owre twa heaps o' snaw.
Oh, whar do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
An' whar may your dwelling be?
Can the winter's rain an' the winter's wind
Blaw cauld on sic as ye?
I haena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—
I haena a ha' nor hame;
My father was ane o' "Charlie's" men,
An' him I daurna name.
Whate'er be your kith, whate'er be your kin,
Frac this ye mauna gae;
An' gin ye'll consent to be my ain,
Nae marrow ye shall hac.
Sweet maiden, tak' the siller cup,
Sae fu' o' the damask wine,
An' press it to your cherry lip,
For ye shall aye be mine.
An' drink, sweet doo, young Charlie's health,
An' a' your kin sae dear;
Culloden has dimm'd mony an e'e
Wi' mony a saut, saut tear.

AULD GUEDEMAN.

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

Born 1775; died 1822.

AULD gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken carle;
A' the lang day ye are winkin', drinkin', gapin',
gauntin';
O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and
pearl,
Ill-faur'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.
Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;
H'll ye ha'e walth, troth; but, Gude be praised!
the wif's awantin'.
The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy.
Mak na sic an awesome reel.
Ye're a sow, auld man;
Ye get fou, auld man;
Fye shame, auld man,
To your wame, auld man;
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,
A plack to cleid your back and pow.

It's a lie, gudewife;
It's your tea, gudewife;
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a', gudewife.
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
Ye like a drap fu' weel yersel'.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, yer jest and frolic, jest and frolic
Dareye say, goose, I ever lik'd to take a drappy?
In't werena just ailbins to cure the cholick, cure the
cholick,

Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, auld gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna
swither,

Soon—soon to take a cholick, whan it brings a
cappy;

But twascore o' years we ha'e fought thegither,
fought thegither;

Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,
Ower lang, auld John;
For nought, gude John,

We ha'e fought, gude John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far ower feckless now to fecht.

Ye're richt, gudewife;
The nicht, gudewife,
Our cup, gude Kate,
We'll sup, gude Kate;

Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa.

SKELDON HAUGHS; OR, THE SOW IS FLITTED.

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

Fiet enim subito Sūs horridus.—*VIRGIL*.
[A source of horror soon the Sow shall be.]

This piece relates to a traditional story respecting a feud between Crawford of Kerse and Kennedy of Bargany, two Ayrshire chieftains of the fifteenth century. There are two different versions of the story traditionally current in Carrick. One of these is that which has been adopted by Sir Alexander Boswell, in which the Laird of Kerse's son is said to have been killed. The other relates, that three of the Crawfords of Lochmorris were present at the battle; one of whom returned, heavily bemoaning the fall of his two brothers, when his widowed mother suddenly cut short his lamentation, by exclaiming, "Is the sow flittit?" "Ay is she," replied the youth; "and five score of the Kennedies are drowned in Doon!"

CRAWFORD o' Kerse sat in his ha'—
White were his locks as drifit snaw;
For stealin change o' shriv'lin time
Had quench'd the vigour o' his prime;
And totterin limbs puir service yield,
When rivals struggle in the field!
His shrunken arm refused its part,
Though warm the throbbins at his heart;
For through his veins there flowed the bluid
O' auld Sir Reginald* the gude l—
That bluid that roused the soul and might
O Scotland's hero, Wallace wight!
In sooth, he was a baron bauld,
For tuiizies tough, in days o' auld l
A lion in the battle fray—
In deadly feud a deadly fae!

But now, a venerable lord,
He, mirthfu', cheer'd the festive board
Wi' merry tale and hamely jest:
Or whiles he hear'd his warlike crest,
As if prepared the brunt to meet!
And then recounted mony a feat
O' open strife and artfu' wile.
Thus would he listless hours beguile;
While a' around, his sinewy race,
Gazed, dumb wi' rapture, in his face!
Crack followed crack, the cup gaed roun',
That mony a cankerin thought could droun'—
When, sudden, at the yett a guest
Admittance claim'd: quo' Kerse, "The best
Our almourie can yield bring ben—
I trow there's walth, gin he were ten l—
Show in the stranger!"—Fair and free,
In strode young Gilbert Kennedie.

"Kerse," quo' the youth, "when feuds are sworn,
It matters not how slight the thorn
That poisonous rankles in our side—
I bring defiance to your pride!
The bauld Bargany bids me say,
When morning breaks, on Lammass-day,
A sow upon your land I'll tether!
Like midges let the Crawfords gather,
Some teeth in angry fit may chitter—
But deil a man o' Kyle sall fit her!"
Kerse ec'd him wi' contemptuous sneer:
"My merry man, and come ye here
To jeer me at my ain fireside?
Gae hame, for ance, in a hail hide!
Time was, that Kerse would blythe hae ridden
Out-ower yon hills at sic a biddin!
Fu' little value I, or mine,
Ten score o' Kennedies—and swine!
Had wither'd Kerse a limb to wag—
But let the bauld Bargany brag!
The Kennedies, wi' a' their power,
Frac Cassillis to Ardstinchar Tower,
May rise and flock like screeching crows,
Frac heighs and hows, frae hames and ha's,
And hither come wi' blawin crack—
They'll bear anither story back!
Kerse is, alas! nae mair the man
That in the onset led the van;
But he has sons to shield his name,
Heirs o' his valour and his fame!
And if on Lammass-day they fail,
Curse him wha lives to tell the tale l—
Let your proud baron crossely crawl
On his ain midden days but twa;
But on the third—by this grey head,
He'll aiblins thank his geldin's speed l—
This in defiance! (Crawford says)
Gie the chiel room, lads—slip your ways!"

'Twas Lammass-morn; on Skeldon Haughs
The glintin sun had tinged the saughs;
Frac Girvan banks and Carrick
Down pour'd the Kennedies in
And frae Kyle-Stewart, and King's-Kyle
The Crawfords march'd in rank and file,
(If our forefathers own'd, of yore,
Sic term o' military lore.)
Let them march on l—A rhymer, I
Shall hae nae finger in the pye!

* Sir Reginald Crawford of Loudoun, the heritable sheriff of Ayr. He was maternal uncle to Sir William Wallace.

* Districts belonging to the Kennedies.

It's time enough for us to glow
On battle-fields, when a' is ower !
And draw our sketches o' ilk action,
Safe, amang heaps o' putrefaction !
But, troth, a' battles are alike—
Some chieft are stricken, and some strike.
Weapons are sharp, and hides are tender—
And some maun fa', or else surrender !
Troops charge on troops, and slay and slash,
And soughin bullets smite and smash—
Nae time, I trow, to shilly-shally—
Aff gaes the tae side—then they rally—
And on again in mad delusion,
While heads and legs flee in confusion :
Some turn their backs and skelp awa',
And they that follow cry huzza !
Half o' the hail dung aff their feet—
Then is a victory complete !

Crawford o' Kerse sat in his yett,
Mourning a dowie carle's fate—
That he, when stalwart bands were gane,
Fourscore, maun huckle there his lane ;
He gazed as lang as darkling sight
Could trace their march ower ilka height.
"And now," thought he, "they're bye Drumloch,
And bye the Craigans and the Trough,
And bye the knowe and Bright-burn birch,
And down upon Dalrymple kirk ;
And now stark Esplin[†] rushes on—
Had ever man a braver son ?
Come on, ye Kennedies ! Come now !
Fight on, my sons ! The loons sal rue
The day they trode on Kerse's land.
Now is the pingle, hand to hand ;
Esplin, stand till't, nor flinch, nor bend ;
Forward ! ye Crawfords wi' a stend ;
The bluddy tuilzie settle soon,
And drive the reivers ower the Doon."

'Twas fancy a' ! His aged trunk,
Worn and fatigued, supinely sunk ;
On wayward chance he ponder'd deep
And sorrow felt, but scorn'd to weep !
Then roused again—again the fight
Flitted before his dazzled sight.
His anxious e'e, but firm and fierce,
Wander'd bewast the Loch o' Kerse,
Watching some messenger o' speed
Tidings to bear in time o' need—
When lightsome Will o' Ashyntree,
Cam breathless, pechin ower the lea :
Lang, lang or he could parley hear—
The auld man cried, fu' loud and clear,
"Is THE SOW FLITTET ?—Tell me, loon,
Is auld Kyle up, and Carrick down ?"
Mingled wi' sobs, his broken tale
The youth began—"Ah ! Kerse, bewail
This luckless day !—Your blythe son John,
Now, wae's my heart ! lies on the loan,
And he could nae gae like ony merle."
"Is THE SOW FLITTET ?" cried the carle—
"Gie me my answer, short and plain,
Is THE SOW FLITTET, yamm'rin wean ?"
"The sow, deil tak her, 's ower the water,
And at their backs the Crawfords batter—
The Carrick cows are cow'd and bitted !"
"My thumb for Jack—THE SOW IS FLITTET !"

* A favourite name among the Crawfords of Kerse of old.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs and faces lang ;
I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's they I see ?
Quo' he, "Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel"
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the deil,
And here they cam awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee."

The first, a Captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee ;
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een !"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab ;
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee ;
Accounts he had through a' the toon,
But tradesman's tongues nae mair could droon ;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup ;
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie it till a tree.
What's gowd to me ? I've walth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'."
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae han'-boxes and tubs,
A Thing came neist (but life has rubs ;
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
Ah ! wae's me !
A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He gurned "I' faith, a bonnie lass !"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gang comb his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig ;
The Fool cry'd, "Te-hee !
I kent that I could never fail !"
She pinn'd the dishclout till his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie came, a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence,
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel
That Jenny's heart grew soft as jeel,
And she bir'd her bawbee.

THE TINT QUEY.*

RICHARD GALL.

Born 1776; died 1801.

Aff trifles big mishangers bring,
 Frae whill[†] a hunder mae may spring;
 And some, wha thrawart tempers hae,
 Aft stand unken[‡] in their ain way:
 But aye, to guard against a coup,
 Folk should look weel afore they loup.
 'Twas wearing gayan late at e'en,
 When younkers leave the daffin green;
 Puir Sandie, frae his doughty wark,
 Came hame a' jawpit i' the dark;
 A lang auld timmer stool drew near
 The new peat ingle, glancin clear,
 Which sent its reek, in columns black,
 Out through an opening i' the thack;
 And gat his wark-looms a' in tune,
 To ca' some tacketts in his shoon;
 Though wi' a lang day's wark sair dung,
 He was as stiff's a reisted rung.
 His Meg set by her spinnin-wheel,
 (Whilk helps the heavy time to steal
 Awa'), and sturdily did hook
 The parritch-kettle on the crook,
 And frae the willow buist[†] did scatter
 A tate o' meal upo' the water,
 Nae doubt for fear it should beguile
 Her when it minted first to boil.

This done, she clauchtit down wi' speed
 The bowet aff the box-bed head,
 And frae a boal ye eith might see
 Her tak a spunk to light it wi';
 For ye maun ken, that just e'en now
 'Twas time to gang and milk the cow.

But here, or we gae farer ben,
 Aiblins it's fitting to let ken
 To them wha reads, that this same lucky
 Was c'en a dour and thrawart bucky,
 Which shaw'd she was o' boal-horn'd breed,
 Whene'er she took it in her head.
 Aye when he gae advice, but swither,
 Ye're sure that she wad tak anither;
 Na, but a joke, she's aft been seen
 To clap her neives afore his cen,
 While he, poor sumph! boud silence keep,
 And durst na for his lugs play cheep:
 Then wi' her hands her tongue kept steeks;
 In short now—Marget wore the breeks.
 Compared wi' her in ony way,
 He was as contrair's night's frae day;
 An honest-hearted simple chiel,
 Wha loed to see ilk body weel.
 But hear what I am gaun to tell,
 And in th' affair judge for yourself.

Meg loot but little time expire
 Afore she reach'd the theeked byre;
 But, wow! sad cheat! when near she drew,
 As white's her mutch her haffets grew,
 And legs did shake, as soon's she saw
 The door wide stannin to the wa'.
 Wi' heart high jumpin to her mou',
 She cried, "Preserve us! where's the cow?"
 And stop'd and glowr'd about fu' keen—
 But deil a cow was to be seen:
 Then wi' the bowet hame she ran,

To tell the tidings to her man.
 "Oh, Sandie! haste, fling by your shoon,"
 Quo' she, "and see what's to be done."
 For some ane's been sae unco glaiket[‡]
 As gang an' leave the door unsneckit,
 And hornie, being left her lane,
 'S win out, nor ken I where she's gane."
 "Aweel," quo' he, "sae ye may crack o't,
 See what a bonny hand ye'll mak o't!"
 "I'll mak o't!—What the sorrow way?
 D'ye think that I can watch her aye?
 That is a bonny speech indeed
 To come frae your unwordy head.
 Ye poor, unthinking, senseless sow,
 Get up, and let us seek the cow!"
 Quo' he, right bauld, "Deil's i' the jade!
 I dare say ye are gaun clean mad,
 To think, at sic an elritch time
 O' night, when we see ne'er a styme,
 That we, like gowks, should gang awa',
 And ken na what may us befa'.
 What though (no seeing where we're gaun)
 In some wild frightfu' place we lan',
 Where wily bogles, dancing reels,
 May hing us a' up by the heels;
 Or devilish spunkie, watching, lead
 Us in some pool out-ower the head:
 And, Marget, faith I really doubt,
 Although we e'en should find her out,
 Gif she wi' mae be in a park,
 Ye winna ken her i' the dark.*
 But gin ye'll only be sae wise
 As just for ance tak my advice,
 Bide still till light o' day appear,
 And then we'll find the road mair clear."
 Whene'er this speech cam frae his pow,
 Meg's passion like a rock took low:
 "Whisht! haud your clack, and speak nae langer,
 Ye neer-do-weel, to raise my anger!
 A pity, faith, but I wad bow
 To tak advice frae sic as you!
 Wae worth ye, sir! it sets you ill
 To talk to me in sic a style,
 Considering what a life I've led,
 To keep your gaitts and yoe welt clad;
 Or seldom wad ye hae a shift
 Or dud to keep ye frae the drift."
 "For gudesake, Marget," cries he, "cease,
 And let us ance again hae peace;
 For when your tongue but breaks its girth,
 This house is just a hell on yirth:
 But gin ye'll try to keep it still,
 I'll cheerfu' do whate'er ye will."
 For now he saw't vain to contend
 And waste his wind to little end;
 And therefore bade her just sit down
 Till he wad fetch some neighbours roun',
 Wha wad their best assistance gie
 In seeking for the bawsand quey.
 Wi' that he did na langer wait,
 But set aff, speaking a' the gate;
 And scarce had been awa' a clack,
 Ere he return'd, and at his back
 Came marching in young Robin Gool,
 Wi' Habby Graeme the hafins fool,
 Auld Simon Glaikie, Geordy Grith,
 And staumrel Willy Gray the smith,

* A young cow.

† Willow buist, a rustic basket, in which meal is usually held.

‡ Glaiket, forgetful or careless.

Provided a' wi' thumping cuds,
 In case o' need, to gie some thuds.
 Wi' ae consent they leave the house,
 And rattle ower the craft fu' crouse;
 Sometimes along the ditches scouring,
 Sometimes out-through the hedges glowering;
 While Marget loud and aft did rair,
 "My lady hornie!" here and there.
 Lang, lang they gaed 'mang haws and braes,
 Through elritch roads and crooked ways,
 And were beginning to despair
 O' seeing hornie ony mair,
 When, wearing near an auld windmill,
 Just on a sudden Will stood still;
 "Whisht! whisht!" quo' he, and did allege
 He heard a *boo* ahint a hedge,
 Whilk Meg biraed through wi' speed, though thorny,
 To see gif it was really hornie;
 And though 'twas mirk, she could espy
 The park contain'd some scores o' kye;
 On which the men folk a' gaed'in,
 To see if they could hornie fin';
 But lippen'd maist to Marget's skill,
 As first and last she'd ta'en her will;
 And she had said, no lang before,
 She'd ken her quey 'mang fifty score,
 E'en though it was as dark as pit,
 When aye can hardly steer their fit.
 As gude's her word, she cried fu' fain,
 That she had lighted on her ain,
 Whilk nae doubt had, by light o' day,
 Within the hedging made its way.
 At this blythe news they gae a shout,
 Wi' perfect joy, and brought her out;
 And lest she should again escape,
 Out-ower her horns they coost a rape:
 Syne Gool fu' canny, by the same
 Road that they gaed, straught led her hame;
 And a' the lave, to crackin gien,
 Thought that they had right lucky been;—
 Save luckless Will, wha, in his haste,
 Splash'd in a ditch up to the waist;
 And when pu'd out by them aboon,
 His feet cam up, and left his shoon;
 Which gart him, a' the weary road,
 Gae trudging wi' his cloots unshod.
 And Marget here began to taunt,
 And jeer poor Sandie for his want
 O' sense; and maist wi' blytheness sang,
 Because her deeds proved he was wrang.
 But wait a wee: or a' be done,
 Ye'll aiblins hear her change her tune.
 Wi' great ado, through dubs and mire,
 The troop fu' joyfu' reach'd the byre,
 Where hung ower rungs ilk wearied wight,
 Till Marget gaed and fush a light.
 Then hunkering down upo' her knees,
 Poor Hornie o' her milk to ease,
 She gae a screigh, wi' stannin hairs—
 "The Lord keep's a' frae *witches*' snares!
 As clear to me as shiving pewther,
 They've whuppet a' poor hornie's uther."
 "God's presence guide's!" ilk chiel did roar,
 And a' made clean heels to the door.
 Lang Habby Graeme, wi' downricht hurry,
 Played clyte out-ower an auld wheelbarrow;
 And held it as a sterling fact,
 Some bogle rampaged at his back.
 Meg, rinnin like a flea in blanket,

Her coats upon a lang nail hanket,
 That gart her coup the creels, and, sequel,
 "Ah, sirs, I'm grippet by a deil!"
 And as she cross the threshold lay,
 Wae's me! she near-hand swarf'd away.
 Poor Will, the smith, wi' half-cauld blood,
 But shoon or bannet, roaring stood;
 And some, to get themselves weel hidden,
 Were maistly smother'd i' the midden.
 Thus matters in confusion reign'd,
 Till time near half an hour had gain'd;
 When they again began to gather
 A little spunk and creep thegither:
 Syne near the haystack, but dissension,
 They gaed to haud a stout convention.
 But just when Hab began descanting,
 Will cried that Simon was awanting,
 And ilk aye ferlied nae a' wee,
 What luckless gate the chiel could be.
 Then Gool proposed that they should gae
 And seek him out without delay:
 Sae out they bourach'd in a thrang,
 But fand they hadna far to gang;
 For frae the byre a tether-length,
 The callan tint a' maughts and strength.
 There, to their great surprise and wonder,
 They fand him lying flat's a flounder,
 Upon his wame; nor wad he steer,
 But lay and panted sair wi' fear,
 Just like a hare that's lang been hunted
 By bloody hounds and sportsmen mounted.
 Will took him rashly by the arm,
 And bade him rise, nor fear ought harm;
 But Simon, wha ne'er turn'd to see him,
 Now really thought the deil was wi' him,
 And gasping, roar'd wi' a' his might,
 "Oh, murder! oh, I'm fell'd outright!"
 Till Sandie took him by the hand,
 And then his wide mistake he fand.
 Syne a' again, a wee piece back,
 Retired to argue near the stack,
 Where the hale tot, for fear o' skaith,
 Were fley'd to speak aboon their breath.
 But Sandie, wha right cithly saw
 This night's wark in Meg's crap wad craw,
 Thus to her spake: "Ye stupid ass,
 I tauld ye what wad come to pass;
 But na! ye're aye sac self-conceited,
 A' gude advice ye scorn and hate it,
 Till aye ye find it is ower late,
 And then, forsooth, ye're glad to ha'e't."
 Will Gray, wi' faltering voice, spak neist:
 "I think we'd best send for the *priest*,
 Wha'll gar the witches cower their head,
 And, come what will, he'll no be fley'd."
 Now ilka birkie gied his notion,
 And seal'd it wi' some queer-lik motion;
 But a' agreed, at length and lang,
 The byre to enter in a bang;
 And for that purpose, linked steeve,
 They held by aye anither's nieve:
 Then a' at ance (it is nae jest)
 Moved slowly forit in a breast:
 But, wow! what was their hale surprise,
 When Habby Graeme, astonish'd, cries—
 "My gudesake, sirs, may I be shot
 Gif it be ought but a brown—stor!
 That frae the grass park we hae brought;
 Sae a' our wark has gane for nought!"

THE SICK CHILD.

JOHN STRUTHERS.

Born 1776; died 1853.

I PASS'D the cot but yesterday,
'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,
All pleas'd and pleasing, void of guile,
Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,
The woods pour forth more wild delight,
The air seems all one living hum,
And every leaflet breathes perfume.

Then why is silence in the cot,
Its wonted industry forgot,
The fire untrimmed, the floor unred,
The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,
While, all in woe! dishabille,
Across the floor the children steal?
Alas! these smothered groans! these sighs!
Sick, sick the little darling lies;
The mother, while its moan ascends,
Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping bends;
And, all absorbed in speechless woe,
The father round it paces slow.
Behind them close, with clasped hands,
The kindly village matron stands,
Bethinking what she shall direct;
For all night long, without effect,
Her patient care has been applied,
And all her various simples tried,
And glad were she could that be found
Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile, the little innocent,
To deeper moans gives ampler vent,
Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,
As if to say, "Let me but die,
For me your cares, your toils give o'er,
To die in peace, I ask no more."

But who is there with aspect kind,
Where faith, and hope, and love are joined,
And pity sweet? The man of God,
Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,
And to the pressure of the case
Applies the promises of grace—
Then lifts his pleading voice and eye
To Him enthron'd above the sky,
Who, compass'd once with pains and fears,
Utter'd strong cries, wept bitter tears—
Whence still the sympathetic glow
He feels for all his people's woe—
For health restored, and length of days,
To the sweet babe he humbly prays;
But 'specially that he may prove
An heir of faith, a child of love;
That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,
May bloom immortal in the skies;
And for the downcast parent pair,
Beneath this load of grief and care
That grace divine may bear them up,
And sweeten even this bitter cup,
Which turns to gall their present hopes,
With consolation's cordial drops.
He pauses—now the struggle's done.
His span is closed—his race is run;
No—yet he quivers—ah! that thrill!
That wistful look—ah! now how still!

But yesterday the cot was gay,
With smiling virtue's seraph train!
There sorrow dwells with death to-day,
When shall the cot be gay again?

BLOOMING JESSIE.

JOSEPH TRAIN.

Born 1779; died 1852.

ON this unfrequented plain,
What can gar thee sigh alane,
Bonnie, blue-eyed lassie?
Is thy mammy dead and gane,
Or thy loving Jamie slain?
Wed anither, mak nae main,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

Though I sob and sigh alane,
I was never wed to ane,
Quo' the blue-eyed lassie.
But if loving Jamie's slain,
Farewell pleasure, welcome pain;
A' the joy wi' him is gane;
O' poor helpless Jessie.

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Was he ever true to thee,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie?
Was he ever frank and free?
Swore he constant aye to be?
Did he on the roseate lea
Ca' thee blooming Jessie?

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Aft he on the dewy lea
Ca'd me blue-eyed lassie.
Weel I mind his words to me,
Were, if he abroad should die,
His last throb and sigh should be—
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

Far frae hame, and far frae thee,
I saw loving Jamie die,
Bonnie, blue-eyed lassie.
Fast a cannon ball did flee,
Laid him stretch'd upo' the lea;
Soon in death he closed his e'e,
Crying, "Blooming Jessie!"

Swelling with a smother'd sigh,
Rose the snowy bosom high
Of the blue-eyed lassie.
Flecter than the streamers fly,
When they flit athwart the sky,
Went and came the rosy dye
On the cheeks of Jessie.

Langer wi' sic grief oppress'd
Jamie couldna sac distress'd
See the blue-eyed lassie.
Fast he clasp'd her to his breast,
Told her a' his dangers past,
Vow'd that he would wed at last,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

THE DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

FROM "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Born 1777; died 1844.

PAST was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleaned like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foe's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds.

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? O God! the life-blood is her own;
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown;
"Weep not, O love!" she cries, "to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, O think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness.
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh, by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust.

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast,
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one

To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words but knew not what
they were.

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud,
While women's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

"And I could weep," the Oncyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow his head in woe!
For, by my wrongs, and by wrath,
To-morrow Arcouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foe's blood, the avenger's joy!

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbidden not thee to weep;
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

"To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropped its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead.

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nations quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair.

"But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst;—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in flight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!
'Tis thine, oh, Glenullin; whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate;
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there,
But his bridle is red with the sign of despair,
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his cyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight—
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

Down, soothless insulter; I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing rank should be strewed in the
gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of far

THE FALL OF POLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

From The Pleasures of Hope.

OH! sacred TRUTH! thy triumph ceased a while,
And HOPZ, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her heights survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
"O, Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
Hopz, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave!
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the ~~sons~~ of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL,—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven!
Prone to the dust, Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND!

A NAVAL ODE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To meet another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
'She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Or Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
O'er the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd,
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun!

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back:—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Licht the gloom!

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save!—
So peace, instead of death, let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun look'd smiling-bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away!

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light—
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant—good Riou!
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens: On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

THE LAST MAN.

* THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!

I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the aere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, "We're twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go:
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"E'en I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not ~~thy~~ ^{the} expire!
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see, thou shalt not boast:
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No, it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory!
And took the sting from death!

"Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

GLENARA.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Oh, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad on the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire and her people are called to the bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud:
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence—they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed!

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen!
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem.—
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

THE RITTER BANN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Ritter Bann from Hungary
 Came back renowned in arms,
 But scorning jousts of chivalry
 And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
 Was wrapt in thoughts of gloom,
 And in Vienna's hostelry
 Slow paced his lonely room.

There entered one whose face he knew,—
 Whose voice, he was aware,
 He oft at mass had listened to,
 In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James's monks,
 A fresh and fair old man :
 His reverend air arrested even
 The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
 Come clad in Scotch attire,
 The Ritter's colour went and came,
 And loud he spoke in ire.

"Ha! nurse of her that was my bane,
 Name not her name to me ;
 I wish it blotted from my brain :
 Art poor?—take alms, and flee."

"Sir Knight," the Abbot interposed,
 "This case your ear demands ;"
 And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
 In both her trembling hands :—

"Remember, each his sentence waits ;
 And he that shall rebut
 Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
 Of Mercy shall be shut.

You wedded, undispensed by Church,
 Your cousin Jane in Spring ;
 In Autumn, when you went to search
 For churchmen's pardoning,

"Her house denounced your marriage-band,
 Betrothed her to De Grey,
 And the ring you put upon her hand
 Was wrenched by force away.

"Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
 Crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee
 To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills ;'
 But word arrived—ah me!—

"You were not there ; and 'twas their threat,
 By foul means or by fair,
 To-morrow morning was to set
 The seal on her despair.

"I had a son, a sea-boy, in
 A ship at Hartland Bay ;
 By his aid from her cruel kin
 I bore my bird away.

"To Scotland from the Devon's
 Green myrtle shores we fled ;
 And the Hand that sent the ravens
 To Elijah gave us bread.

"She wrote you by my son, but he
 From England sent us word
 You had gone into some far countrie,
 In grief and gloom he heard.

"For they that wronged you, to elude
 Your wrath, defamed my child ;
 And you—ay, blush, sir, as you should—
 Believed, and were beguiled.

"To die but at your feet, she vowed
 To roam the world ; and we
 Would both have sped and begged our bread,
 But so it might not be.

"For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
 She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
 Who grew as fair your likeness proof
 As child e'er grew like man.

"'Twas smiling on that babe one morn
 While heath bloomed on the moor,
 Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
 As he hunted past our door.

"She shunned him, but he raved of Jane,
 And roused his mother's pride ;
 Who came to us in high disdain,—
 'And where's the face,' she cried,

"'Has witch'd my boy to wish for one
 So wretched for his wife?—
 Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
 Has sworn to seek his life.'

"Her anger sore dismayed us,
 For our mite was wearing scant,
 And unless that dame would aid us,
 There was none to aid our want.

"So I told her, weeping bitterly,
 What all our woes had been ;
 And though she was a stern ladie,
 The tears stood in her e'en.

"And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
 My child to her had sworn,
 That even if made a widow, she
 Would never wed Kinghorn."

Here paused the nurse, and then began
 The Abbot, standing by :—

"Three months ago a wounded man
 To our abbey came to die.

"He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
 And hand obdurate clenched,
 Speak of the worm that never dies,
 And the fire that is not quenched.

"At last by what this scroll attests
 He left atonement brief,
 For years of anguish to the breasts
 His guilt had wrung with grief.

"'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
 Beneath my mother's roof ;
 I loved her, but against my flame
 Her purity was proof.

"'I feigned repentance, friendship pure,
 That mood she did not check,
 But let her husband's miniature
 Be copied from her neck.

"'As means to search him, my deceit
 Took care to him was borne
 Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
 And Jane's reported scorn.

"The treachery took : she waited wild ;
My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wished ; she clasped her child,
And swooned, and all but died.

"I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame, but stir ;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

"Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flushed the face of Jane ;
And while she blessed his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain.

"No fears could damp ; I reached the camp,
Sought out its champion ;
And if my broad-sword failed at last,
'Twas long and well laid on.

"This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
My foe's the Ritter Bann.—
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

"He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein ;
But I see my tale has changed you pale,"—
The Abbot went for wine ;

And brought a little page who poured
It out, and knelt and smiled :—
The stunned knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child ;

And stooped and caught him to his breast,
Laughed loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses pressed
The darling little one.

"And where went Jane ?"—"To a nunnery, sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her."—
"And has she ta'en the veil ?"—

"Sit down, sir," said the priest, "I bar
Rash words."—They sat all three,
And the boy played with the knight's broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

"Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,"
The Abbot further said ;
"Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
More deep than cloister's shade.

"Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life."
"Hush, Abbot," cried the Ritter Bann,
"Or tell me where's my wife."

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain ;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry ;
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"
"Oh ! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight :
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh ! haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
His wrath was turned to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover ;
One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
"My daughter !—oh, my daughter !"

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I LOVE contemplating—apart
 From all his homicidal glory—
 The traits that soften to the heart
 Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne,
 Armed in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
 And aye was bent his youthful brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain, half-way over,
 With envy—they could reach the white
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
 An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The livelong day, laborious, lurking,
 Until he launched a tiny boat,
 By mighty working.

Oh dear me! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description!—such a wretched wherry,
 Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder;
 Untarr'd, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
 No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
 And thus equipped he would have passed
 The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering,
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger,
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that would'st yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
 Thy heart with some sweet English lass
 Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
 "But, absent years from one another,
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
 "You've both my favour justly won,
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipped to England old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Buonaparte.

THE TURKISH LADY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
 Called each Paynim voice to prayer,
 And the star that faded slowly
 Left to dew the freshened air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
 E'er a captive spirit tasted
 Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
 Came an Eastern lady bright:
 She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
 Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
 Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,
 Where poor Christians as they languish
 Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
 When the Crescent shone afar,
 Like a pale disastrous planet
 O'er the purple tide of war—

"In that day of desolation,
 Lady, I was captive made;
 Bleeding for my Christian nation
 By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive! could the brightest jewel
 From my turban set thee free?"
 "Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
 Ransomed, yet if rest of thee.

"Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
 Christian climes should we behold?"
 "Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
 Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now in heaven's blue expansion
 Rose the midnight star to view,
 When to quit her father's mansion
 Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we then, while none discover!
 Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!"
 Soon at Rhodes the British lover
 Clashed his blooming Eastern bride

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

Born 1782; died 1849.

THERE cam' a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken;
He tirl'd na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a weary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercastr;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest,
O, sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mumblin' spak—
Hae ye war' for Aiken-drum?

O! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out Aiken-drum!

"Saul us!" quoth Jock, "d'ye see sic een?"
Cries Kate, "There's a hole where a nose should
ha' been;
An' the mouth's like a gash that a horn had ri'en:
Wow! keep's frae Aiken-drum!"

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his e'e hath nae bard exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his halry form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between—
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the cantie auld wife cam till her breath,
And she thoct the Bible might ward off scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feared na Aiken-drum,

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld gudeman;
"What wad ye, an' ye won ye, by sea or by lan'?"
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!"
What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum!

"I lived in a lan' whare we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by;
But I'ae dwell now wi' you if ye like to try:
Hae ye war' for Aiken-drum?"

"I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' syne,
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the noon,
An' ba' the bairns wi' an unkenned tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wadr,
I'll kirn the kirn, and I'll turn the breac;
An' the wildest filly that ever can rede,
I'ae tame't," quoth Aiken-drum.

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
To gather the dew frae the heather bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

"I'ae seek nae guid, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dar',
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie auld wife, "The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirled, "He's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
An' the fient a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

Despair sits broodin' aboon his e'e-brée,
And unchance to light o' a maiden's e'e,
Is the glower o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?"
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
"Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum!"

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon;
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade aye awa' or the sun was up,
He ne'er could look straight on Macmillan's cup;*
They watch'd—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Bledgoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
And the bairns they played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' frippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

What spell was him an'
For frae that day forth he was nae ma'r seen,
An' sair-missed was Aiken-drum.

* A communion cup belonging to the Rev. Mr. M'Millan,
founder of a sect of Covenanters.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thieve,
Crying, "Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For alas! I hae gotten baith lee an' leave—
O! luckless Aiken-drum!"

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide
'Gain the sponable voice o' a hale country side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch Mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae light;
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sugh like Aiken-drum.

ARCHY O' KILSPINDIE.

JOHN FINLAY.

Born 1782; died 1811.

WAE worth the heart that can be glad,
Wae worth the tear that winna fa',
For justice is fleemyt frae the land,
An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa'.

Our nobles they ha'e sworn an aith,
An' they gart our young king swear the same,
That as lang as the crown was on his head
He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

An' wasna this a wearifou aith;
For the crown frae his head had been tint and gane,
Gin the Douglas hand hadna held it on,
When anither to help him there was nane.

An' the king frae that day grew dowie and wae,
For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
For his foster-brither was Jamie o' Parkhead,
An' Archy o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

But Jamie was banisht an' Archy baith,
An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
Till a' had forgotten them but the king;
An' he whiles said, wi' a watery e'e,—
"Gin they think on me as I think on them,
I wot their life is but dreerie."

It chanced he rode wi' hound and horn
Ta hunt the dun and the red deer doun,
An' wi' him was mony a gallant earl,
And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

But nane was wi' him wad ever compare
Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,
That were courtliest al in bower and hall,
And the highest ever in renown.

It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,
By Stirlin's walls, sae fair to see;
But the sun was far gane doun i' the west
When they brittled the deer on Torwood-lee.

And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town,
Where Snowdon tower stands dark an' hie;
Frac least to best they were plyin' the jest,
An' the laugh was gaun round richt merrily:

When Murray cried loud,— "Wha's yon I see?
Like a Douglas he looks, baith dark and grim;
And for a' his sad and weary pace,
Like them he's richt stark o' arm an' limb."

The king's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee,—
"Yon stalworth makedom I ken richt weel;
And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han',
It's Archy Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel;
We maun gi'e him grace o' a' his race,
For Kilspindie was trusty aye, and leal.

But Lindsay spak' in wacfou mood,—
"Alas! my liege, that mauna be."
And stout Kilmaurs cries,— "He that dars
Is a traitor to his ain countrie."

And Glencairn, that aye was dowre and stern,
Says,— "Where's the aith you sware to me?
Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,
A gray groat for thy crown and thee."

When Kilspindie took haud o' the king's bridle reins,
He louted low doun on his knee;
The king a word he durstna speak,
But he looked on him wistfullie.

He thoct on days that lang were gane,
Till his heart was yearnin' and like to brast:
As he turned him round his barons frowned;
But Lindsay was dichtin his een fu' fast.

When he saw their looks his proud heart rose,
An' he tried to speak richt hauchtille;—
"Gae tak' my bridle frae that auld man's grip;
What sorrow gars him haud it sae sickerlie?"

An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,
But Archie followed him manfullie,
And, though cased in steel frae shoulder to heel,
He was first o' a' his companie.

As they passed he sat doun on a stane in the yett,
For a' his gray hair there was nae ither biel;
The king staid the hindmost o' the train,
And he aft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

Archy wi' grief was quite foredone,
An' his arm fell weak that was since like airn,
And he sought for some cauld water to drink,
But they durstna for that dowre Glencairn.

When this was tauld to our gracious king,
A redwood furious man woxe he!
He has ta'en the mazer cup in his han',
And in flinders a' he gart it flee:—
"Had I kend my Gray Steel wanted drink,
He should hae had o' the red wine free."

Au' fu' sad at the table he sat him doun,
An' he spak' but ae word at the dine:—
"O! I wish my warst fac vere but a king,
Wi' as cruel counsellors as mine."

MAGGIE LAUDER.

FROM "ANSTER FAIR," CANTO I.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

Born 1784; died 1848.

'Twas on a keen December night; John Frost
Drove thro' mid air his chariot, icy-wheel'd,
And from the sky's crisp ceiling star-embost,
Whiff'd off the clouds that the pure blue conceal'd;
The hornless moon amid her brilliant host
Shone, and with silver sheeted lake and field;
'Twas cutting cold; I'm sure, each traveller's nose
Was pinch'd right red that night, and numb'd were
all his toes.

Not so were Maggie Lauder's toes, as she
In her warm chamber at her supper sate
(For 'twas that hour when burgesses agree
To eat their suppers ere the night grows late):
Alone she sat, and pensive as may be
A young fair lady, wishful of a mate;
Yet with her teeth held now and then a-picking,
Her stomach to refresh, the breast-bone of a chicken.
She thought upon her suitors, that with love
Besiege her chamber all the livelong day,
Aspiring each her virgin heart to move
With courtship's every troublesome essay—
Calling her angel, sweetening, fondling, dove,
And other nicknames in love's frivolous way;
While she, though their addresses still she heard,
Held back from all her heart, and still no beau
prefer'd.

"What, what!" quo' Mag, "must thus it be my doom
To spend my prime in maidhood's joyless state,
And waste away my sprightly body's bloom
In spouseless solitude without a mate—
Still toying with my suitors, as they come
Cringing in lowly courtship to my gate?
Fool that I am, to live unwed so long! [throng!
More fool, since I am woo'd by such a clam'rous

"For was e'er heiress with much gold in chest,
And dow'd with acres of wheat-bearing land,
By such a pack of men, in amorous quest,
Fawningly spaniel'd to bestow her hand?
Where'er I walk, the air that feeds my breast
Is by the gusty sighs of lovers fann'd;
Each wind that blows wafts love-cards to my lap;
Whilst I—ah stupid Mag!—avoid each am'rous trap!

"Then come, let me my suitors' merits weigh,
And in the worthiest lad my spouse select:—
First, there's our Anster merchant, Norman Ray,
A powder'd wight with golden buttons deck'd,
That stinks with scent, and chats like popinjay,
And struts with phiz tremendously erect:
Four brigs has he, that on the broad sea swim;—
He is a pompous fool—I cannot think of him.

"Next is the maltster, Andrew Strang, that takes
His seat i' the hallie's loft on Sabbath-day,
With paltry visage white as oaten cakes,
As if no blood ran gurgling in his clay;
Heav'n! what an awkward hunch the fellow makes,
As to the priest he does the bow repay;
Yet he is rich—a very wealthy man, true—
But, by the holy rood, I will have none of Andrew!

"Then for the lairds—there's Melvil of Carnbee,
A handsome gallant, and a beau of spirit;
Who can go down the dance so well as he?
And who can fiddle with such manly merit?
Ay, but he is too much the debauchee—
His cheeks seem sponges oozing port and claret;
In marrying him I should bestow myself ill—
And so, I'll not have you, thou fuddler, Harry
Melvil!" . . .

Here broke the lady her soliloquy;
For in a twink her pot of mustard, 'o!
Self-moved, like Jove's wheel'd stool that rolls on high,
'Gan caper on her table to and fro,
And hopp'd and fidgeted before her eye,
Spontaneous, here and there, a wondrous show:
As leaps, instinct with mercury, a bladder,
So leaps the mustard-pot of bonny Maggie Lauder.
Soon stopp'd its dance th' ignoble utensil,
When from its round and small recess there came
Thin curling wreaths of paly smoke, that still,
Fed by some magic unapparent flame,
Mount to the chamber's stucco'd roof, and fill
Each nook with fragrance, and refresh the dame:
Ne'er smelt a Phoenix-nest so sweet, I wot,
As smelt the luscious fumes of Maggie's mustard-pot.
It reeked censor-like; then, strange to tell!
Forth from the smoke, that thick and thicker grows,
A fairy of the height of half an ell,
In dwarfish pomp, majestically rose:
His feet upon the table 'stablished well,
Stood trim and splendid in their snake-skin hose;
Gleam'd topaz-like the breeches he had on, [shone.
Whose waistband like the bend at summer rainbow

His coat seem'd fashion'd of the threads of gold,
That intertwine the clouds at sunset hour,
And certes, Iris with her shuttle bold
Wove the rich garment in her lofty bower;
To form its buttons were the Pleiads old
Plucked from their sockets, sure, by genie-power,
And sew'd upon the coat's resplendent hem;
Its neck was lovely green, each cuff a sapphire gem. . . .
Around his bosom, by a silken zone,
A little bagpipe gracefully was bound,
Whose pipes like hollow stalks of silver shone,
The glistering tiny avenues of sound;
Beneath his arm the windy bag, full blown,
Heav'd up its purple like an orange round,
And only waited orders to discharge
Its blasts with charming groan into the sky at large.
He wav'd his hand to Maggie, as she sat
Amaz'd and startl'd on her carved chair;
Then took his petty feather-garnish'd hat
In honour to the lady, from his hair,
And made a bow so dignifiedly flat,
That Mag was witch'd with his beauish air:
At last he spoke with voice so soft, so kind,
So sweet, as if his throat with fiddle-strings were lin'd.

"Lady! be not offended that I dare,
Thus forward and impertinently rudc,
Emerge, uncalls'd, into the upper air,
Intruding on a maiden's solitude;
Nay, do not be alarm'd, thou lady fair!
Why startle so?—I am a fairy god;
Not one of those that, envying beauteous maids,
Speckle their skins with moles, and fill with spleens
their heads.

"For, as concealed in this clay house of mine,
I overheard thee in a lowly voice,
Weighing thy lovers' merits, with design
Now on the worthiest lad to fix thy choice,
I have up-bolted from my paltry shrine,
To give thee, sweet-eyed lass, my best advice;
For, by the life of Oberon my king!
To pick good husband out is, sure, a ticklish thing. . .

"To-morrow, when o'er th' Isle of Man the sun
Lifts up his forehead bright with golden crown,
Call to thine house the light-heel'd men that run
Afar on messages for Anster town,
Fellows of sp'rit, by none in speed out-done,
Of lofty voice, enough a drum to drown,
And bid them hie, post-haste, through all the nation,
And publish, far and near, this famous proclamation :

"Let them proclaim, with voice's loudest tone,
That on your next approaching market-day,
Shall merry sports be held in Anster Loan,
With celebration notable and gay;
And that a prize, than gold or costly stone
More precious, shall the victor's toils repay,
Ev'n thy own form with beauties so replete— [sweet.
Nay, Maggie, start not thus!—thy marriage-bed, my

"First, on the Loan shall ride full many an ass,
With stout whip-wielding rider on his back,
Intent with twinkling hoof to pelt the grass,
And pricking up his long ears at the crack;
Next o'er the ground the daring men shall pass,
Half-coffin'd in their cumbrances of sack,
With heads just peeping from their shrines of bag,
Hobbling bobbling round, and straining hard for Mag.

"Then shall the pipers groaningly begin
In squeaking rivalry their merry strain,
Till Billyness shall echo back the din,
And Innergelly woods shall ring again;
Last, let each man that hopes thy hand to win
By witty product of prolific brain,
Approach, and, confident of Pallas' aid,
Claim by a hum'rous tale possession of the maid.

"Such are the wondrous tests by which, my love!
The merits of thy husband must be tried,
And he that shall in these superior prove
(One proper husband shall the Fates provide),
Shall from the Loan with thee triumphant move
Homeward, the jolly bridegroom and the bride,
And at thy house shall eat the marriage-feast,
When I'll pop up again." Here Tommy Puck surceast.

He ceas'd, and to his wee mouth, dewy-wet,
His bagpipe's tube of silver up he held,
And underneath his down-press'd arm he set
Its purple bag, that with a tempest swell'd;
He play'd and pip'd so sweet, that never yet
Had Mag a piper heard that Puck excell'd;
Had Midas heard a tune so exquisite, [delight.
By Heav'n! his lone base ears had quiver'd with

Tingle the fire-ir'ns, poker, tongs, and grate,
Responsive to the blithesome melody!

The tables and the chairs inanimate

Wish they had muscles now to trip it high!

Wave back and forwards at a wondrous rate,

The window-curtains, touch'd with sympathy!

Fork, knife, and trencher, almost break their sloth,

And caper on their ends upon the table-cloth!

How then could Maggie, sprightly, smart and young,
Withstand that bagpipe's blithe awak'ning air?

She, as her ear-drum caught the sounds, up-sprung

Like lightning, and despis'd her idle chair,

And into all the dance's graces flung

The bounding members of her body fair;

From nook to nook through all her room she tript, [skipt.

And whirl'd like whirlingig, and reel'd, and bob'd, and

At last the little piper ceas'd to play,

And deftly bow'd, and said, "My dear, good night;"

Then in a smoke he vanish'd clean away,

With all his gaudy apparatus bright:

As breaks soap-bubble, which a boy in play

Blows from his short tobacco-pipe aright,

So broke poor Puck from view, and on the spot

Y-smoking aloes-reck he left his mustard-pot.

Whereat the furious lady's wriggling feet

Forgot to pelt and patter in such wise,

And down she gladly sunk upon her seat,

Fatigued and panting from her exercise;

She sat, and mus'd a while, as it was meet,

On what so late had occupied her eyes;

Then to her bedroom went, and doff'd her gown,

And laid upon her couch her charming person down.

Some say that Maggie slept so sound that night,

As never she had slept since she was born;

But sure am I, that, thoughtful of the sprite,

She twenty times upon her bed did turn;

For still appear'd to stand before her sight

The gaudy goblin, glorious from his urn,

And still within the cavern of her ear, [hear.

Th' injunction echoing rung, so strict and strange to

But when the silver-harness'd steeds, that draw

The car of morning up the empyreal height,

Had snorted day upon North-Berwick Law, [light,

And from their glist'ring loose manes toss'd the

Immediately from bed she rose (such awe

Of Tommy press'd her soul with anxious weight),

And donn'd her tissued fragrant morning vest,

And to fulfil his charge her earliest care addrest.

Straight to her house she tarried not to call

Her messengers and heralds swift of foot,

Men skill'd to hop o'er dykes and ditches; all

Gifted with sturdy brazen lungs to boot;

She bade them halt at every town, and bawl

Her proclamation out with mighty bruit,

Inviting loud, to Anster Loan and Fair,

The Scottish beau to jump for her sweet person there.

They took each man his staff into his hand;

They button'd round their bodies close their coats;

They flew divided through the frozen land;

Were never seen such swiftly-trav'ling Scots! [stand;

Nor ford, slough, mountain, could their speed with-

Such fleetness have the men that feed on oats!

They skirr'd, they flounder'd thro' the sleets and snows.

And puff'd against the winds, that bit in spite each

nose.

They halted at each wall'd town renown'd,

And every lesser borough of the nation;

And with the trumpet's welkin-rifling sound,

And tuck of drum of loud reverberation,

Tow'rd the four wings of heav'n, they, round and

Proclaim'd in Stentor-like vociferation, [round,

That, on the approaching day of Anster market,

Should merry sports be held :—Hush! listen now, and

hark it!—

"Ho! beaux and pipers, wits and jumpers, ho!
 Ye buxom blades that like to kiss the lasses;
 Ye that are skill'd sew'd up in sacks to go;
 Ye that excel in *horsemanship* of asses;
 Ye that are smart at telling tales, and know
 On Rhyme's two stilts to crutch it up Parnassus;
 Ho! lads, your sacks, pipes, asses, tales, prepare,
 To jump, play, ride, and rhyme, at Anster Loan and Fair!

"And he whose tongue the wittiest tale shall tell,
 Whose bagpipe shall the sweetest tune resound,
 Whose heels, tho' clogg'd with sack, shall jump it well,
 Whose ass shall foot with fleetest hoof the ground,
 He who from all the rest shall bear the bell,
 With victory in every trial crown'd,
 He (mark it, lads!) to Maggie Lauder's house [spouse."
 That self-same night shall go, and take her for his

Here ceas'd the criers of the sturdy lungs;
 But here the gossip Fame (whose body's pores
 Are naught but open ears and babbling tongues,
 That gape and wriggle on her hide in scores)
 Began to jabber o'er each city's throngs,
 Blaz'ning the news through all the Scottish shores;
 Nor had she blabb'd, methinks, so stoutly, since [Prince.
 Queen Dido's peace was broke by Troy's love-truant

In every Lowland vale and Highland glen,
 She nois'd th' approaching fun of Anster Fair;
 Ev'n when in sleep were laid the sons of men,
 Snoring away on good chaff-beds their care,
 You might have heard her faintly murmur then,
 For lack of audience, to the midnight air:
 From Fife's East Nook to farthest Stornoway,
 Fair Maggie's loud report thus rapidly was borne away.

And soon the mortals that design to strive,
 By meritorious jumping for the prize,
 Train up their bodies, ere the day arrive,
 To th' lumpish sack-encumber'd exercise;
 You might have seen no less than four or five
 Hobbling in each town-loan in awkward guise;
 E'en little boys, when from the school let out,
 Mimick'd the bigger beaux, and leap'd in pokes about.

Through cots and granges with industrious foot,
 By laird and knight were light-heel'd asses sought,
 So that no ass of any great repute, [bought;
 For twenty Scots marks could have then been
 Nor e'er, before or since, the long-eared brute
 Was such a goodly acquisition thought.
 The pipers vex'd their ears and pipes t'invent
 Some tune that might the taste of Anster Mag content.

Each poet, too, whose lore-manur'd brain
 Is hot of soil, and sprouts up mushroom wit,
 Ponder'd his noddle into extreme pain
 T' excogitate some story nice and fit;

He, to relax his mind a little bit,
 Plung'd deep into a sack his precious body, [study.
 And school'd it for the race, and hopp'd around his

Such was the sore reparatory care
 Of all th' ambitious that for April sigh:
 Nor sigh the young alone for Anster Fair;
 Old men and wives, erewhile content to die,
 Who hardly can forsake their easy-chair,
 To take, abroad, farewell of sun and sky,
 With new desire of life now glowing, pray,
 That they may just o'erlive our famous market-day.

THE GATHERING.

FROM "ANSTER FAIR," CANTO II.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

ALONG Fife's western roads, behold, how hie
 The travel-sweltry crowds to Anster Loan,
 Shaded, overhead, with clouds of dust that fly
 Tarnishing heav'n with darkness not its own!
 And scarcely can the Muse's lynx-sharp eye
 Scan, through the dusty nuisance upward blown,
 The ruddy plaids, black hats, and bonnets blue,
 Of those that rush below, a motley-vestured crew!
 Nor only is the land with crowds oppress'd,
 That trample forward to th' expected Fair;
 The harass'd ocean has no peace or rest,
 So many keels her foamy bosom tear;
 For, into view, now sailing from the west,
 With streamers idling in the bluish air,
 Appear the painted pleasure-boats unleaky,
 Charg'd with a precious freight—the good folk of
 Auld Reekie.

They come, the cream and flow'r of all the Scots,
 The children of politeness, science, wit,
 Exulting in their bench'd and gaudy boats,
 Wherein some joking and some puking sit;
 Proudly the pageantry of carvels floats,
 As if the salt sea frisk'd to carry it;
 The gales vic emulous their sails to wag,
 And dally as in love with each long gilded flag.

Upon the benches seated, I descrie
 Her gentry; knights, and lairds, and long-nail'd
 Her advocates and signet-writers sly; [fops;
 Her gen'rous merchants, faithful to their shops;
 Her lean-cheek'd tetchy critics, who, O fy!
 Hard-retching, spue upon the sails and ropes;
 Her lovely ladies, with their lips like rubies;
 Her fiddlers, fuddlers, fools, bards, blockheads, black-
 guards, boobies.

And red-prow'd fisher-boats afar are spied
 In south-east, tilting o'er the jasper main,
 Whose wing-like oars, di-spread on either side,
 Now swoop on sea, now rise in sky again:
 They come not now, with herring-nets supplied,
 Or barbed lines to twitch the haddock train,
 But with the townsfolk of Dunbar are laden, [maiden.
 Who burn to see the Fair—man, stripling, wife, and

And many a Dane, with ringlets long and red,
 And many a starv'd Norwegian, lank and brown,
 (For over seas the fame of Mag had spread
 Afar, from Scandinavian town to town),
 Maugre the risk of drowning, and the dread
 Of *krakens*, isles of fish of droll renown,
 Have dar'd to cross the ocean, and now steer
 Their long outlandish skiffs direct on Anster pier.

[And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
 Come from North-Berwick harbour sailing out;
 Others, abhorrent of the sick'ning tide,
 Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,
 And eastward now from long Kirkcaldy ride,
 Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
 While, dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
 And, dangling hangs a tale on ev'ry rhymers' tongue.
 Amid them rides, on lofty ass sublime,
 With cadger-like sobriety of canter,
 In purple lusthood of youthful prime,
 Great in his future glory, Rob the Ranter;

(I give the man what name in little time
He shall acquire from pipe and drone and chanter ;)
He comes apparell'd like a trim bridegroom,
Fiery and flush'd with hope, and like a god in bloom.

No paltry vagrant piper-carle is he,
Whose base-brib'd drone whiffs out its wind for hire,
Who, having stroll'd all day for penny fee,
Couches at night with oxen in the byre ;

Rob is 'A Border laird of good degree,
A many-acred, clever, jolly squire,
One born and shap'd to shine and make a figure, [vigour.
And bless'd with supple limbs to jump with wondrous

His waggish face, that speaks a soul jocose,
Seems cast in very mould of fun and glee,
And on the bridge of his well-arch'd nose
Sits Laughter plum'd, and white-wing'd Jollity ;
His manly chest a breadth heroic shows ;
Bold is his gesture, dignified and free ;
Ev'n as he smites with lash his ass's hip,
'Tis with a seemly grace he whirls his glitt'ring whip.

His coat is of the flashy Lincoln green,
With silver buttons of the prettiest mould ;
Each buttonhole and skirt and hem is seen
Sparkishly edg'd with lace of yellow gold ;
His breeches of the velvet, smooth and clean,
Are very fair and goodly to behold ;.
So on he rides, and let him e'en ride on,
We shall again meet Rob to-morrow at the Loan.

But mark his ass ere off he ride ;—some say
He got him from a pilgrim lady fair,
Who, landing once on Joppa's wave-worn quay,
Had bought him of Armenian merchant there,
And prest his padded pack, and rode away
To sniff devotion in, with Syria's air ;
Then brought him home in hold of stout Levanter,
All for the great good luck of honest Rob the Ranter.]

Forward they scud ; and soon each pleasure-barge,
And fisher-boat, and skiff so slim and lax,
On shore their various passengers discharge,
Some hungry, queasy some and white as flax ;
Lightly they bound upon the beach's verge,
Glad to unbend their stiffen'd houghs and backs :
But who is that, O Muse ! with lofty brow,
'That from his lacker'd boat is just forth stepping now ?

"Thou fool ! (for I have ne'er since Bavius' days
Had such a dolt to dictate to as thou),
Dost thou not know by that eye's kindly rays,
And by the arch of that celestial brow,
And by the grace his ev'ry step displays,
And by the crowds that round him duck and bow,
That that is good King James, the merriest Monarch
That ever sceptre swayed since Noah steer'd his own
ark !

"For, as he in his house of Holyrood
Of late was keeping jovially his court,
The gipsy Fame beside his window stood,
And hollo'd in his ear fair Mag's report :
The Monarch laugh'd, for to his gamesome mood
Accorded well th' anticipated sport ;
So here he comes with lord and lady near,
Stepping with regal stride up Anster's eastern pier.

"But mark you, boy, how in a loyal ring
(As does obedient subjects well become)
Fife's hospitable lairds salute their King,
And kiss his little finger or his thumb ;

That done, their liege lord they escorting bring
To Anster House, that he may eat a crumb ;
Where in the stucco'd hall they sit and dine,
And into tenfold joy bedrench their blood with wine."

Some with the ladies in the chambers ply
Their bounding elasticity of heel,
Evolving, as they trip it whirlingly,
The merry mazes of th' entangl'd reel ;
'Tween roof and floor, they fling, they flirt, they fly,
Their garments swinging round them as they wheel ;
The rafters creak beneath the dance's clatter ; [patter.
Tremble the solid walls with feet that shake and

Some, (wiser they) resolv'd on drinking-bout,
The wines of good Sir John englut amain ;
Their glasses soon are fill'd, and soon drunk out,
And soon are bumper'd to the brim again :
Certes, that laird is but a foolish lout,
Who does not fuddle now with might and main ;
For gen'rous is their host, and, by my sooth,
Was never better wine applied to Scottish mouth.

With might and main they fuddle and carouse ;
Each glass augments their thirst, and keens their
They swill, they swig, they take a hearty rouse, [wit ;
Cheering their flesh with Bacchus' benefit,
Till, by and by, the windows of the house
Go dizzily whirling round them where they sit ;
And had you seen the sport, and heard the laughing,
You'd thought that all Jove's gods in Anster House
sat quaffing.

Nor less is the disport and joy without,
In Anster town and Loan, through all the throng :
'Tis but one vast tumultuous jovial rout,
Tumult of laughing and of gabbling strong ;
Thousands and tens of thousands reel about,
With joyous uproar blustering along ;
Elbows push boringly on sides withpain, [on men.
Wives hustling come on wives, and men dash hard

Meanwhile the sun, fatigued (as well he may)
With shining on a night till seven o'clock,
Beams on each chimney-head a farewell ray,
Illuming into golden shaft its smoke ;
And now in sea, far west from Oronsay,
Is dip'd his chariot-wheel's refulgent spoke,
And now a section of his face appears,
And, diving, now he ducks clean down o'er head and
ears.

Anon uprises, with blithe bagpipe's sound,
And shriller din of flying fiddlestick,
On the green loan and meadow-crofts around,
A town of tents, with blankets roofed quick.
A thousand stakes are rooted in the ground ;
A thousand hammers clank and clatter thick ;
A thousand fiddles squeak and squeal it yare ; [air.
A thousand stormy drones out-gasp in groans their

And such a turbulence of general mirth
Rises from Anster Loan upon the sky,
That from his throne Jove starts, and down on earth
Looks, wond'ring what may be the jollity :
He rests his eye on shores of Forth's Firth,
And smirks, as knowing well the Market nigh,
And bids his gods and goddesses look down,
To mark the rage of joy that maddens Anster town.

From Cellardyke to wind-swept Pittenweem,
And from Balhouffie to Kilrennymill,
Vaulted with blankets, crofts and meadows seem,
So many tents the grassy spaces fill;
Meantime the Moon, yet leaning on the stream,
With fluid silver bathes the welkin chill,
That now earth's ball, upon the side of night,
Swims in an argent sea of beautiful moonlight.

Then to his bed full many a man retires,
On plume, or chaff, or straw, to get a nap,
In houses, tents, in haylofts, stables, byres,
And or without, or with, a warm night-cap:
Yet sleep not all; for by the social fires
Sit many, cuddling round their toddy-sap,
And ever and anon they eat a lunch,
And rinse the mouthfuls down with flav'rous whisky punch.

Some shuffling paper nothings, keenly read
The Devil's maxims in his painted books,
Till the old serpent in each heart and head [looks;
Spits canker, and with wormwood sours their
Some o'er the chess-board's chequer'd campaign lead
Their inch-tall bishops, kings, and queens, and rooks;
Some force, 't' enclose the Tod, the wooden Lamb on;
Some shake the pelting dice upon the broad back-gammon.

Others, of travell'd elegance, polite,
With mingling music Maggie's house surround,
And serenade her all the livelong night
With song and lyre, and flute's enchanting sound,
Chiming and hymning into fond delight
The heavy night air that o'er shades the ground;
While she, right pensive, in her chamber-nook
Sits pond'ring on th' advice of little Tommy Puck.

THE DONKEY RACE.

FROM "ANSTER FAIR," CANTO III.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

THE saffron-elbow'd Morning up the slope
Of heav'n canaries in her jewel'd shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heav'n's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
As shines the merry dawn of Anster Market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
Scarce can the eye one speck of cloud behold,
Save in the East some fleeces bright of dye,
That hem the rim of heav'n with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flow'rs enroll'd,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed East o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laugh'd through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeples, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
And hail the genial light, and cheerly sing;
Echo the glad some hills and valleys round,
As all the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound....

Forthwith from house and cellar, tent and byre,
Rous'd by the clink of bells that jingle on,
Uncabin'd, rush the multitude like fire,
Furious, and squeezing forward to the Loan;
The son, impatient, leaves his snail-slow sire;
The daughter leaves her man to trot alone,
So madly leap they, man, wife, girl and boy,
As if the senseless Earth they kick'd for very joy....

Upon a little dappled nag, whose mane
Seem'd to have robb'd the steeds of Phaeton,
Whose bit, and pad, and fairly-fashion'd rein,
With silvery adornments richly shone,
Came Maggie Lauder forth, enwheel'd with train
Of knights and lairds around her trotting on:
At James' right hand she rode, a beauteous bride,
That well deserv'd to go by haughtiest Monarch's side.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
That, capp'd with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
New-wash'd, and doubly fulgent from the streams--
The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder, [her
And so th' admiring crowds pay homage, and applaud

Each little step her trampling palfrey took
Shak'd her majestic person into grace,
And, as at times, his glossy sides she strook
Endearingly with whip's green silken lace
(The prancer seem'd to court such kind rebuke,
Loitering with faithful tardiness of pace);
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had pow'r a brutish lout's unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays;
Compar'd with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resign'd its praise;
For why? Her face with Heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gaz'd with cold unsmitten soul, [Pole.
That blockhead's heart was ice hewn out beneath the

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied t' infold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And third in sport those lover-noosing snares,
Playing at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honour'd palace, where
A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honour from the glance;
Woe to the man on whom, she, unaware,
Did the dear witch'ry of her eye elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—[bard. ...
May Heav'n from such a look preserve each tender

So on she rode in virgin majesty,
Charming the thin dead air to kiss her lips,
And with the light and grandeur of her eye
Shaming the proud sun into dim eclipse;
While round her presence, clust'ring, far and nigh,
On horseback some, with silver spurs and whips,
And some afoot with shoes of dazzling buckles,
Attended, knights, and lairds, and clowns with
hogny knuckles.

Not with such crowd surrounded, nor so fair
In form, rode forth Semiramis of old,
On chariot where she sat in iv'ry chair
Beneath a sky of carbuncle and gold,
When to Euphrates' banks to take the air,
Or her new rising brick-walls to behold, [pour'd
Abroad she drove, whilst round her wheels there
Satrap, and turban'd squire, and pursy Chaldee lord.

Soon to the Loan came Mag, and from her pad
Dismounting with a queen-like dignity
(So from his buoyant cloud, man's heart to glad,
Lights a bright angel on a hill-top high),
On a small mound, with turfy greenness clad,
She lit, and walk'd, enchantment on the eye;
Then on two chairs, that on its top stood ready,
Down sat the good King James, and Anster's bonny
Lady. . . .

Anon, the King's stout trumpeter blew loud,
Silence imposing on the rabble's roar;
Silent as summer sky stood all the crowd—
Each bag was strangled and could snort no more
(So sinks the roaring of the foamy flood,
When Neptune's clarion twangs from shore to shore);
Then through his trump he bawl'd with such a stress,
One might have known his words a mile beyond
Crawness.

"Ho! hark ye, merry mortals! hark ye, ho!
The King now speaks, nor what he speaks is vain;
This day's amount of business well ye know,
So what ye know I will not tell again;
He hopes your asses are more swift than doe;
He hopes your sacks are strong as iron chain;
He hopes your bags and pipes are swoln and screw'd;
He hopes your rhyme-cramm'd brains are in a
famous mood. . . .

"For as a dow'r, along with Maggie's hand,
The monarch shall the conqueror present
With ten score acres of the royal land,
All good of soil, and of the highest rent;
Near where Dunfermline's palace-turrets stand,
They stretch, array'd in wheat, their green extent;
With such a gift the King shall crown to-day,
The gen'rous toils of him who bears the prize away.

"And he, prize-blest, shall enter Maggie's door,
Who shall in all the trials victor be;
Or, if there hap no victor in the four,
He who shall shine and conquer in the three;
But, should sly fortune give to two or more,
An equal chance in equal victory,
'Tis Mag's of these to choose the dearest beau:—
So bring your asses in, bring in your asses, ho!"

Scarce from his clam'rous brass the words were
When from the globe of people issued out [blown,
Donkeys in dozens, and in scores, that shone,
In purple some, and some in plainer clout,

With many a wag astraddle plac'd thereon,
Green-coated knight, and laird, and clumsy lout,
That one and all came burning with ambition,
To try their asses' speed in awkward competition.

And some sat wielding silver-headed whips,
Whisking their asses' ears with silken thong;
Some thrash'd and thwhack'd their sturdy hairy hips,
With knotted cudgels ponderous and strong;
And some had spurs, whose every rowel dips
Amid their ribs an inch of iron long;
And some had bridles gay and bits of gold,
And some had hempen reins most shabby to behold.

Amid them entered, on the listed space,
Great Rob (the Ranter was his after name),
With Fun's broad ensign hoisted in his face,
And aug'ring to himself immortal fame;
And aye, upon the hillock's loftier place,
Where sat his destin'd spouse, the blooming dame,
A glance he flung, regardless of the reins,
And felt the rapid love glide tingling through his veins.

She, too, upon the Bord'rer's manly size
With prepossessing favour fix'd her sight;
For woman's sharp and well-observing eyes
Soon single out the seemliest, stateliest wight;
"And, oh!" (she to herself thus silent sighs)
"Were't but the will of Puck the dapper sprite,
I could—La! what a grace of form divine!—
I could, in sooth, submit to lose my name in thine!"

Forward they rode, to where the King and Mag
O'erlook'd, superior, from the southern mound,
When, from his brute alighting, every wag,
His person hunch'd into a bow profound,
And almost kiss'd his shoes' bedusted tag,
Grazing with nose most loyally the ground,
As earthward crook'd they their corporeal frames
Into obeisance due, before the gracious James.

"Rise, rise, my lads," the jovial monarch said,
"Here is not now the fitting place to ply
The courtier's and the dancing-master's trade,
Nuzzling the nasty ground obsequiously;
Up, up—put hat and bonnet upon head—
The chilling dew still drizzles from the sky;
Up—tuck your coats succinct around your bellies;
Mount, mount your asses' backs like clever vaulting
fellows". . . .

This said, they like the glimpse of lightning quick,
Upvaulted on their backbones asinine,
And marshall'd, by the force of spur and stick,
The long-ear'd lubbards in an even line:
Then sat, awaiting that momentous nick
When James's herald should y-twang the sign:
Each whip was rear'd aloft in act to crack, [thwack.
Each cudgel hung in sky surcharged with stormy

Frisk'd with impatient flutter every heart,
As the brisk anxious blood began to pump;
Each human ear prick'd up its fleshiest part,
To catch the earliest notice of the trump;
When hark! with blast that spoke the sign to start,
The brass-toned clarion gave the air a thump,
Whoop—off they go; halloo—they shoot—they fly!
They spur—they whip—they crack—they bawl—
they curse—they cry. . . .

Who can in silly pithless words paint well
 The pithy feats of that laborious race?
 Who can the cudgellings and whippings tell,
 The hurry, emulation, joy, disgrace?
 'Twould take for tongue the clapper of a bell,
 To speak the total wonders of the chase;
 'Twould need a set of sturdy brassy lungs, [rungs
 To tell the mangled whips, and shatter'd sticks and
 Each rider pushes on to be the first,
 Nor has he now an eye to look behind;
 One ass trots smartly on, though like to burst
 With bounding blood and scantiness of wind;
 Another, by his master bann'd and cursed,
 Goes backward through perversity of mind,
 Inching along in motion retrograde, [bade. . . .
 Contrarious to the course which Scotland's Monarch
 Meantime, the rabblement, with fav'ring shout,
 And clapping hand, set up so loud a din,
 As almost with stark terror frightened out
 Each ass's soul from his partic'lar skin;
 Rattled the bursts of laughter round about,
 Grinn'd every phiz with mirth's peculiar grin,
 As through the Loan they saw the cuddies awkward
 Bustling, some straight, some thwart, some forward,
 and some backward.

As when the clouds, by gusty whirlwind riv'n,
 And whipp'd into confusion pitchy-black,
 Detach'd, fly diverse round the cope of heav'n,
 Reeling and jostling in uncertain rack,
 And some are northward, some are southward driv'n,
 With storm embroiling all the zodiac,
 Till the clash'd clouds send out the fiery flash, [crash.
 And peals, with awful roll, the long loud thunder
 Just in such foul confusion and alarm
 Jostle the cuddies with rebellious mind,
 All drench'd with sweat, internally so warm,
 They loudly bray before, and belch behind:
 But who is yon, the foremost of the swarm,
 That scampers fleetly as the rushing wind?
 'Tis Robert Scott, if I can trust my een;
 I know the Borderer well, by his long coat of green!
 See how his bright whip brandish'd round his head,
 Flickers like streamer in the northern skies!
 See how his ass on earth with nimble tread
 Half-flying rides, in air half-riding flies,
 As if a pair of ostrich wings, outspread,
 To help him on, had sprouted from his thighs: [boy!
 Well scamper'd, Rob, well whipt, well spuri'd, my
 O haste ye, Ranter, haste—rush—gallop to thy joy!
 The pole is gain'd; his ass's head he turns
 Southward, to tread the trodden ground again;
 Sparkles like flint the cuddie's hoof, and burns,
 Seeming to leave a smoke upon the plain;
 His bitten mouth the foam impatient churns;
 Sweeps his broad tail behind him like a train;
 Speed, cuddie, speed—Oh, slacken not thy pace!
 Ten minutes more like this, and thou shalt gain the
 race!

He comes careering 'th the sounding Loan,
 With pace unslacken'd hast'ning to the knoll,
 And as he meets with those that hobble on
 With northward heads to gain the ribbon'd pole,
 Ev'n by his forceful fury are o'erthrown
 His long-ear'd brethern in confusion droll;
 For as their sides, he passing, slightly grazes, [asses.
 By that collision shock'd down roll the founder'd

Heels over head they tumble; ass on ass
 They dash, and twenty times roll o'er and o'er,
 Lubberly wallowing along the grass,
 In beastly ruin and with beastly roar;
 While their vexed riders in poor plight, alas!
 Flung from their saddles three long ells and more,
 Bruis'd and commingl'd, with their cuddies sprawl,
 Cursing th' impetuous brute whose conflict caus'd
 their fall. . . .

Speed, cuddie, speed—one short, short minute more,
 And finish'd is thy toil, and won the race!
 Now, one half minute and thy toils are o'er—
 His toils are o'er and he has gain'd the base!
 He shakes his tail, the conscious conqueror
 Joy peeps through his stupidity of face;
 He seems to wait the Monarch's approbation,
 As quiver his long ears with self-congratulation.
 Straight from the stirrup Rob dislodg'd his feet,
 And, flinging from his grasp away the rein,
 Off sprung, and, louting in obiscance meet,
 Did lowly duty to his King again:
 His King with salutation kind did greet
 Him the victorious champion of the plain,
 And bade him rise, and up the hillock skip,
 That he the royal hand might kiss with favour'd lip.

Whereat, obedient to the high command,
 Great Robert Scott, upbolting from the ground,
 Rush'd up, in majesty of gesture grand,
 To where the Monarch sat upon the mound,
 And kiss'd the hard back of his hairy hand,
 Respectfully, as fits a Monarch crown'd;
 But with a keener ecstacy he kiss'd
 The dearer, tend'rer back of Maggie's downy fist.

Then took the trumpeter his clarion good,
 And, in a sharp and violent exclaim,
 Out from the brass among the multitude,
 Afar sent conqu'ring Rob's illustrious name;
 Which heard, an outcry of applause ensued,
 That shook the dank dew from the starry frame;
 Great Robert's name was 'halloo'd through the mob,
 And Echo blabb'd to heav'n the name of mighty Rob.

THE SACK RACE.

FROM "ANSTER FAIR," CANTO IV.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

AGAIN, the herald at the King's desire,
 His tube of metal to his mouth applied,
 And, with a roysting brazen clangour dire,
 Round to the heaving mass of rabble cried,
 Inviting every blade of fun and fire,
 That wish'd to jump in hempen bondage tied,
 Forthwith, to start from out the people's ring, [King.
 And fetch his sack in hand, and stand before the
 Nor were the offer'd candidates a few;
 In hundreds forth they issue, mad with zeal
 To try, in feats which haply some shall rue,
 Their perilous alacrity of heel;
 Each mortal brings his sack wherein to mew
 As in a pliant prison, strong as steel,
 His guiltless corse, and clog his nat'ral gait
 With cumberance of cloth, embarrassing and strait.
 And in their hands they hold to view on high,
 Vain-gloriously, their bags of sturdy thread,
 And toss and wave them in th' affronted sky,
 Like honour-winning trophies o'er their head,

Assuming merit, that they dare defy

The dangers of a race so droll and dread :
Ah, boast not, sirs, for premature's the brag ;
'Tis time, in troth, to boast when you put off the bag !

But as the good King saw them thus prepar'd
To have their persons scabbarded in cloth,
He order'd twenty soldiers of his guard,
All swashing fellows, and of biggest growth,
To step upon the green Loan's listed sward,
That they may lend assistance, nothing loath,
To plunge into their pliant sheaths, neck-deep, [leap.
Th' ambitious men that dare to try such vent'rous

They stepp'd obedient down, and in a trice
Put on the suitors' comical array ;
Each sack gap'd wide its monstrous orifice,
To swallow to the neck its living prey ;
And as a swineherd puts in poke a grice,
To carry from its sty some little way,
So did the soldiers plunge the men within
Their yawning gloomy gulfs, ev'n to the neck and
chin. . . .

Nor, when their bodies were accoutred well,
Upon their cumber'd feet stood all upright,
But some, unpractis'd or uncautious, fell
Sousing with lumpish undefended weight,
And roll'd upon the turf full many an ell,
Incapable of uprise, sad in plight ;
Till, rais'd again, with those that keep their feet,
Join'd in a line they stand, each in his winding-
sheet. . . .

And such their odd appearance was, and show
Of human carcasses in sackcloth dight,
As when the traveller, when he haps to go
Down to Grand Cairo in the Turk's despite,
Sees in her chamber'd catacombs below
Full many a mummy horribly upright,
A grisly row of grimly-garnish'd dead,
That seem to pout, and scowl, and shake the brain-
less head.

So queer and so grotesque to view they stood,
All ready at the trump's expected sound,
To take a spring of monstrous altitude,
And scour with majesty of hop the ground :
Yet not so soon the starting-blast ensued ;
For, as they stand intent upon the bound,
The hum'rous Monarch, eying their array,
Gave them his good advice before they rush'd away.

"Good friends! since now your loins are girt," he
"For journey perilous and full of toil, ¶cried,
Behoves it you right cautiously to guide
Your ticklish steps along such vexing soil ;
For perilous the road, and well supplied [guile,
With stumps, and stumbling-blocks, and pits of
And snares, and latent traps with earth bestrown,
To catch you by the heels, and bring you groaning
down.

"And woe betide, if unaware you hap
Your body's well-adjusted poise to lose,
For bloody bump and sorrowful sore slap
Await your falling temple, brow, and nose ;
And, when once down and fetter'd in a trap,
Hard task 'twill be to extricate your toes ;
So, lads, if you regard your noses' weal,
Pray pick out stable steps, and tread with wary heel.

"And he that longest time without a fall
Shall urge his sad perplexity of way,
And leave behind his fellow-travellers all,
Growling for help and grovelling on the clay ;
He, for his laudable exertions, shall
Be sung the second victor of the day :
And so God speed you, sirs !" The Monarch spoke,
And on the surging air the trumpet's signal broke. . . .

As when on summer eve a soaking rain
Hath after drought bedrench'd the tender grass,
If chance, in pleasant walk along the plain,
Brushing with foot the pearl-hung blades you pass,
A troop of frogs oft leaps from field of grain,
Marshall'd in line, a foul unseemly race,
They halt a space, then vaulting up they fly,
As if they long'd to sit on Iris' bow on high :

So leap'd the men, half-sepulchred in sack,
Up-swinging, with their shapes be-monst'ring sky,
And coursed in air a semicircle track,
Like to the feath'ry-footed Mercury ;
Till, spent their impetus, with sounding thwack
Greeted their heels the green ground sturdily ;
And some, descending, kept their balance well,
Unbalanc'd some came down, and boisterously fell. . . .

Wearied, half-bursten with their hot turmoil,
Their lungs like Vulcan's bellows panting strong,
Pow'rless to stand, or prosecute their toil,
Successively they souse and roll along,
Till, round and round, the carcass-cumber'd soil
Is strewn with havoock of the jumping throng,
Who make a vain endeavour off to shuffle
The cruel sackcloth coil, that does their bodies muffle.

All in despair have sunk, save yonder two
Who still their perpendic'lar posture keep,
The only remnant of the jumping crew,
That urge their emulous persisting leap ;
Oddspittkins! how with poise exactly true
Clean forward to the ribbon'd pole they sweep ;
I cannot say that one's before the other,
So equal, side by side, they plod along together.

The pole is gain'd, and to the glorious sun
They turn their sweaty faces round again ;
With inextinguishable rage to run,
Southward, unflagging and unquell'd, they strain.
What! is not yonder face, where young-ey'd Fun
And Laughter seem enthron'd to hold their reign,
One seen before—ev'n Rob the Bord'rer's phiz ?
Ay, now I ken it well, by'r laking it is his!

Haste, haste ye, Rob, half-hop, half-run, half-fly,
Wriggle and wrestle in thy bag's despite ;
So! shoot like cannon-bullet to the sky ;
So! stably down upon thy soles alight ;
Up, up again, and fling it gallantly!
Well flung, my Rob, thou art a clever wight ;
'S blood, now thy rival is a step before ; [and more !
'String, string thy sinews up, and jump three yards

'Tis done—but who is he that at thy side,
Thy rival, vigorously marches so ¶
Declare, O Muse, since thou art eagle-ey'd,
And thine it is, ev'n at a glance, to know
Each son of mortal man, though mumm'd and tied
In long disguising sack from chin to toe!
"He, boy, that marches in such clumsy state,
Is old Edina's child, a waggish Advocate.

For he too has for Maggie Lauder dar'd
 To prove the mettle of his heel and shin,
 A jolly wight, who trickishly prepar'd
 A treach'rous sack to scarf his body in;
 A sack, whose bottom was with damp impair'd,
 Fusty, half-rotten, mouldy, frail, and thin,
 That he, unseen, might in the race's pother, [brother.
 Thrust out one helpful leg, and keep incag'd its
 And seest thou not his right leg peeping out,
 Enfranchis'd, trait'rously to help his gait,
 Whilst th' other, still imprison'd in its clout,
 Tardily follows its more active mate?"
 I see it well—'tis treachery, no doubt;
 Beshrew thee now, thou crafty Advocate!
 Unfair, unfair! 'tis quite unfair, I say,
 Thus with illicit leg to prop thy perilous way!
 Half-free, half-clogg'd, he steals his quick advance,
 Nearing at each unlicens'd step the base,
 Whilst honest Robert plies the harder dance,
 Most faithful to his sack and to the race;
 Now for it, Rob—another jump—but once—
 And over-jumped is all th' allotted space;
 By Jove, they both have reach'd the base together,
 Gain'd is the starting-line, yet gained the race hath
 neither!

At once they bend each man his body's frame
 Into a bow before the King and Mag;
 At once they ope their lips to double-claim
 The race's palm (for now Auld Reekie's wag,
 As snail draws in its horn, had, fy for shame!
 Drawn his dishonest leg into his bag);
 At once they plead the merits of their running,
 Good Rob with proofs of force, the wag with quips
 and punning. . .

Long was the plea, and longer it had been,
 Had not the populace begun aloud
 T' express with clamour their resentment keen
 At him who quibbl'd in his rotten shroud:
 A thousand hands, uplifted high, were seen
 Over the hats and bonnets of the crowd,
 With paly hens' eggs that their fingers clench,
 To hurl upon his sack conviction, slime, and stench.
 Which, when he saw all white upheld to view,
 Ready to rattle shame about his ears,
 He straightway the perplexing claim withdrew,
 Urg'd to resign by his judicious fears;
 For had he but one minute staid or two,
 He, for his subtilities, and quirks, and jeers, •
 Had reap'd a poor and pitiful reward, [nard.
 And smell'd from head to foot—but not with Syrian
 The monarch, then, well pleas'd that thus the mob
 Had settl'd with prejudging voice the case,
 Orders his trumpeter to blazon Rob,
 Again, the winner of the second race:
 The fellow blew each cheek into a globe,
 And puff'd into deformity his face,
 As to the top of heaven's empyreal frame
 He, in a storm of breath, sent up the conqueror's name.
 His name the rabble took; from tongue to tongue
 Bandi'd it flew like fiery-winged shot,
 Till the blue atmosphere around them rung
 With the blabb'd honours of great Robert Scott;
 Nor when they thus his triumph stoutly sung,
 Were the race-founder'd gentlemen forgot,
 That in their trammels still a-sound'ring lay, [day.
 And, had they not been rais'd, had lain there to this

THE BAGPIPE COMPETITION.

FROM "AMSTER FAIR," CANTOS IV. & V.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

BUT now the sun, in mid-day's gorgeous state,
 Tow'rs on the summit of the lucid sky,
 And human stomachs that were cramm'd of late,
 Now empty, send their silent dinner-cry,
 Demanding something wherewithal to sate
 Their hunger, bread and beer, or penny-pie:
 The crowd, obedient to the belly's call,
 Begin to munch, and eat, and nibble, one and all. . .

James, too, and Mag, and all the courtly train
 Of lords and ladies round them, not a few,
 With sugar'd biscuits sooth'd their stomachs' pain,
 For courtly stomachs must be humour'd too;
 And from their throats to wash the dusty stain
 That they had breath'd when from the sacks it flew,
 A glass of wine they slipp'd within their clay,
 And if they swallow'd twain, the wiser folk were
 they. . .

But soon the pipers, shouldering along
 Through the close mob their squeez'd uneasy way,
 Stood at the hillock's foot, an eager throng,
 Each asking license from the King to play;
 For with a tempest, turbulent and strong,
 Labour'd their bags impatient of delay,
 Heaving their bloated globes outrageously,
 As if in pangs to give their contents to the sky. . .

Nor could they wait, so piping-mad they were,
 Till James gave each man orders to begin;
 But in a moment they displode their air
 In one tumultuous and unlicens'd din;
 Out flies, in storm of simultaneous blare,
 The whizzing wind compest their bags within,
 And whiffling through the wooden tubes so small,
 Growls gladness to be freed from such confining thrall.

Then rose, in burst of hideous symphony,
 Of pibrochs and of tuneæ one mingled roar;
 Discordantly the pipes squeal'd sharp and high,
 The drones alone in solemn concord snore;
 Five hundred fingers, twinkling funnily,
 Play twiddling up and down on hole and bore,
 Now passage to the shrilly wind denying,
 And now a little rais'd to let it out a-sighing. . .

As when the sportsman with report of gun,
 Alarms the sea-fowls of the Isle of May,
 Ten thousand mews and gulls that shade the sun
 Come flapping down in terrible dismay,
 And with a wild and barb'rous concert stun
 His ears, and scream, and shriek, and wheel away
 Scarce can the boatmen hear his plashing oar;
 Yell caves and eyries all, and rings each Maian shore

Just so around the knoll did pipe and drone
 Whistle and hum a discord strange to hear,
 Tort'ring with violence of shriek and groan,
 Kingly, and courtly, and plebeian ear;
 And still the men had humm'd and whistl'd on,
 Ev'n till each bag had burst its bloated sphere,
 Had not the King, uprising, wav'd his hand,
 And check'd the boist'rous din of the unmanner'd
 He bade them orderly the strife begin, [band. . .
 And play each man the tune wherewith the fair he'd
 win.

Whereat the pipers ceased their idle toil
 Of windy music wild and deafening,
 And made, too late (what they forgot erewhile),
 A gen'ral bow to Maggie and their King;
 But as they vail'd their bare heads tow'r'd the soil,
 O then there happ'd a strange portentous thing,
 Which had not good my Muse confirm'd for true,
 Myself had not believed, far less have told to you.
 For lo! whilst all their bodies yet were bent,
 Breaks from the spotless blue of eastern sky
 A globe of fire (miraculous ostent!),
 Bursten from some celestial cleft on high;
 And thrice in circle round the firmament
 Trail'd its long light the gleamy prodigy,
 Till on the ring of pipers down it came, [flame.
 And set their pipes, and drones, and chanters in a
 'Twas quick and sudden as th' electric shock—
 One moment lighted and consumed them all;
 As is the green hair of the tufted oak
 Scath'd into blackness by the fulmin'd ball;
 Or, as spark-kindled, into fire and smoke,
 Flashes and fumes the nitrous grain so small,
 So were their bagpipes, in a twink, like tinder
 Fired underneath their arms, and burnt into a cinder.
 Crest-fall'n they stood, confounded and distrest,
 And fix'd upon the turf their stupid look,
 Conscious that Heav'n forbade them to contest,
 By such a burning token of rebuke.
 The rabble, too, its great alarm confest,
 For every face the ruddy blood forsook,
 As with their white, uprolling, ghastly eyes,
 They spied the streaky light wheel whizzing from the
 skies. . . .
 Then did th' affronted pipers slink away,
 With faces fix'd on earth for very shame;
 For not one remnant of those pipes had they,
 Wherewith they late so arrogantly came;
 But in a black and ashy ruin lay
 Their glory moulder'd by the scathing flame;
 Yet in their hearts they curs'd (and what the wonder?)
 That fire to which their pipes so quick were giv'n a
 plunder.
 And scarce they off had slunk, when with a bound
 Great Robert Scott sprung forth before the King;
 For he alone, when all the pipers round
 Stood rang'd into their fire-devoted ring,
 Had kept snug distance from the fated ground,
 As if forewarn'd of that portentous thing;
 He stood and laugh'd, as underneath his arm
 He held his bagpipe safe, unscath'd with fiery harm.
 And thus the King with reverence bespoke:
 "My Liege, since Heav'n with bagpipe-levell'd fire
 Hath turn'd my brethren's gear to dust and smoke,
 And testified too glaringly its ire,
 It fits me now, as yet my bagpipe's poke
 Remains unsing'd, and every pipe entire,
 To play my tune—O King! with your good will—
 And to the royal ear to prove my piping skill."
 Nodded his Liege assent, and straightway bade
 Him stand a-top o' th' hillock at his side;
 A-top he stood; and first a bow he made
 To all the crowd that shouted far and wide;
 Then like a piper dextrous at his trade,
 His pipes to play adjusted and applied;
 Each finger rested on its proper bore;
 His arm appear'd half-raised to wake the bag's uproar.

A space he silent stood, and cast his eye
 In meditation upwards to the pole,
 As if he pray'd some fairy pow'r in sky
 To guide his fingers right o'er bore and hole;
 Then pressing down his arm, he gracefully
 Awak'd the merry bagpipe's slumb'ring soul,
 And pip'd and blew, and play'd so sweet a tune,
 As well might have unspher'd the reeling midnight
 moon.
 His ev'ry finger, to its place assign'd,
 Mov'd quiv'ring like the leaf of aspen tree,
 Now shutting up the skittish squeaking wind,
 Now op'ning to the music passage free;
 His cheeks, with windy puffs therein confin'd,
 Were swoln into a red rotundity,
 As from his lungs into the bag was blown
 Supply of needful air to feed the growling drone.
 And such a potent tune did never greet
 The drum of human ear with lively strain;
 So merry, that from dancing on his feet,
 No man, undeaft, could stockishly refrain;
 So loud, 'twas heard a dozen miles complete,
 Making old Echo pipe and hum again,
 So sweet, that all the birds in air that fly, [sky.
 Charm'd into new delight, come sailing through the
 Crow, sparrow, linnet, hawk, and white-wing'd dove,
 Wheel in aerial jig o'er Anster Loan;
 The sea-mews from each Maian cleft and cove
 O'er the deep sea come pinion-wafted on;
 The light-detesting bats now flap above,
 Scaring the sun with wings to day unknown—
 Round Robert's head they dance, they cry, theysing,
 Shearing the subtle sky with broad and playful wing.
 And eke the mermaids that in ocean swin,
 Drawn by that music from their shelly caves,
 Peep now unashful from the salt sea brim,
 And flounce and plash exulting in the waves;
 They spread at large the white and floating limb,
 That Neptune amorously clips and laves,
 And kem with combs of pearl and coral fair
 Their long sleek oozy locks of green redundant hair.
 Nor was its influence less on human ear:
 First from their gilded chairs up start at once
 The royal James and Maggie, seated near,
 Enthusiastic both and mad to dance:
 Her hand he snatch'd, and look'd a merry leer,
 Then caper'd high in wild extravagance,
 And on the grassy summit of the knoll, [droll.
 Wagg'd each monarchical leg in galliard strange and
 As when a sunbeam, from the waving face
 Of well-fill'd water-pail reflected bright,
 Varies upon the chamber-walls its place,
 And, quiv'ring, tries to cheat and foil the sight;
 So quick did Maggie, with a nimble grace,
 Skip patt'ring to and fro, alert and light,
 And, with her noble colleague in the reel,
 Haughtily toss'd her arms, and shook her glancing
 heel.
 The Lords and Ladies next, who sat or stood
 Near to the Piper and the King around,
 Smitten with that contagious dancing mood,
 Gan hand in hand in high levolt to bound,
 And jigg'd it on as fealty as they could,
 Circling in sheeny rows the rising ground,
 Each sworded Lord a Lady's soft palm griping,
 And to his mettle rous'd at such unwonted piping.

Then did th' infectious hopping-mania seize
 The circles of the crowd that stood more near,
 Till, round and round, far spreading by degrees,
 It madden'd all the Loan to kick and rear;
 Men, women, children, lilt and ramp, and squeeze,
 Such fascination takes the gen'ral ear;
 Ev'n babes that at their mothers' bosoms hung,
 Their little willing limbs fantastically flung!
 And hoar-hair'd men and wives, whose marrow age
 Hath from their hollow bones suck'd out and drunk,
 Canary in unconscionable rage,
 Nor feel their sinews wither'd now and shrunk;
 Pell-mell in random couples they engage,
 And boisterously wag feet, arms, and trunk,
 As if they strove, in capering so brisk,
 To heave their aged knees up to the solar disk.
 And cripples from beneath their shoulders fling
 Their despicable crutches far away,
 Then, yok'd with those of stouter limbs, upspring
 In hobbling merriment, uncouthly gay;
 And some on one leg stand y-gamboling;
 For why? The other short and frail had they;
 Some, both whose legs distorted were and weak, [freak.
 Dance on their poor knee-pans in mad preposterous
 So on they trip, King, Maggie, Knight, and Earl,
 Green-coated courtier, satin-snooded dame,
 Old men and maidens, man, wife, boy, and girl,
 The stiff, the supple, bandy-legg'd, and lame—
 All suck'd and wrapt into the dance's whirl,
 Inevitably witch'd within the same;
 Whilst Rob, far-seen, o'erlooks the huddling Loan,
 Rejoices in his pipes, and squeals serenely on. . . .
 At length the mighty Piper, honest Rob,
 His wonder-working melody gave o'er,
 When on a sudden all the flouncing mob
 Their high commotion ceas'd, and toss'd no more;
 Trunk, arm, and leg, forgot to shake and bob,
 That bobb'd and shak'd so pariously before;
 On ground, fatigu'd, the panting dancers fall, [all.
 Wond'ring what witch's craft has thus embroil'd them
 And some cried out, that o'er the Piper's head
 They had observ'd a little female fay,
 Clad in green gown, and purple-striped plaid,
 That fed his wind-bag, aidant of the play;
 Some, impotent to speak, and almost dead
 With jumping, as on earth they sat or lay,
 Wip'd from their brows, with napkin, plaid, or gown,
 The globes of shining sweat that ooze and trickle
 down.
 Nor less with jig o'er-labour'd and o'er-wrought,
 Down on their chairs dropt Maggie and the King,
 Amaz'd what supernat'ral spell had caught
 And forc'd their heels into such frolicking;
 And much was Mag astonish'd, when she thought
 (As sure it was an odd perplexing thing)
 That Robert's tunc was to her ear the same [came.
 As that which Puck had play'd, when from her pot he
 But from that hour, the Monarch and the mob
 Gave Maggie Lauder's name to Robert's tunc,
 And so shall it be call'd, while o'er the globe
 Travels the waning and the crescent moon;
 And from that hour the puissant Piper, Rob,
 Whose bagpipe wak'd so hot a rigadoun,
 From his well-manag'd bag, and drone, and chanter,
 Obtain'd the glorious name of mighty Rob the
 Ranter. . . .

It needed not that with a third exclaim,
 King James's trumpeter aloud should cry,
 Through his long alchemy, the famous name
 Of him who, piping, got the victory;
 For, sooth to tell, man, boy, and girl, and dame,
 Him the great Prince of Pipers testify,
 Not with huzzas and jabbering of tongues, [lungs:
 But with hard-puffing breasts and dance-o'erwearied

(And truly, had the crier will'd to shout
 The doughty Piper's name through polish'd trump,
 His breath had not suffic'd to twang it out,
 So did the poor man's lights puff, pant, and jump;)
 Wherefore, to rest them from that dancing-bout,
 A while they sat or lay on back or hump,
 Gulping with open mouths and nostrils wide
 The pure refreshing waves of Jove's aerial tide.

But unfatigued, upon the hillock's crown
 Stood Rob, as if his lungs had spent no breath,
 And looked with conscious exultation down
 Upon the dance's havoc wide beneath,
 Laughing to see th' encumber'd plain bestrown
 With people whirld and wriggled nigh to death:
 Ere long he thus address, with reverent air,
 The King, that, breathless yet, sat puffing in his chair:

"My Liege! though well I now with triple claim
 The guerdon of my threefold toils may ask,
 As independent of success i' the game
 Of jingling words, the ballad-maker's task;
 Yet, as I too, with honourable aim,
 Have tapp'd Apollo's rhyme-o'erflowing cask,
 Allow me, good my King! to ope my budget,
 And tell my witty tale, that you and Mag may judge it."

Whereto his breathless King made slow reply
 (He drew a gulp of air each word between)—
 "Great—Piper!—Mighty—Rob!—Belov'd of sky!
 O! prov'd—too well thy—piping craft—has been!
 Witness my lungs—that play so puff—ingly,
 And witness yonder—laughter—moving scene!
 I'm pinch'd for wind—Ha, ha!—scarce breath I
 draw—

Pardi!—a sight like yon my Kingship never saw!

"Woes me! how, sweating in prostration vast,
 Men, wives, boys, maidens, lie in dust bestrown,
 Gaping for respiration, gasping fast,
 Half my liege subjects wreck'd on Anster Loan!
 'Twill need, methinks, a hideous trumpet-blast,
 To rouse them from thus grov'ling, basely prone;
 For such effort my man's lungs yet are frail,
 So, Rob, take thou his trump, and rouse them for
 thy tale."

He spake,—and at the hint, the Ranter took
 The throated metal from the Herald's hand,
 And blew a rousing clangour, wherewith shook
 Green sea, and azure sky, and cloddy land:
 Upsprung, as from a trance, with startl'd look,
 The prostrate people, and erected stand,
 Turning their faces to the knap of ground,
 Whence burst upon their ears the loud assailing
 sound.

Then, crowding nearer in a vasty shoal,
 They press their sum of carcasses more close, [knoll
 Till crush'd, and cramm'd, and straiten'd round the
 They rear and poise their bodies on their toes:

So were they pack'd and mortis'd, that the whole
Seem'd but one lump incorpor'te to compose;
One mass of human trunks unmov'd they show,
Topp'd with ten thousand heads all moving to and
fro. . . .

Then wav'd the Ranter round and round his hand,
Commanding them to still their hubbub loud:
All in a moment, still and noiseless stand
The widely-circumfus'd and heaving crowd,
As if upon their gums, at Rob's command, [proud;
Were pinn'd those tongues that jabber'd late so
Tow'rds him, as to their centre, every ear
Inclines its mazy hole, th' expected tale to hear. . .

Scarce had the victor ceas'd his hindmost clause,
When from th' immensity of folk afar,
Rose such a hideous shout of loud applause,
As ever stunn'd with outery sun or star;
Each tongue grew riotous within its jaws,
Clacking an acclamation popular;
Hands high o'erhead uplifted, round and round,
Struck plausive palm on palm, and clapt a rattling
sound.

And twice ten thousand hats, aloft upthrown
In black ascension, blot heaven's blue serene,
O'er canopying Anster's crowded Loan
With crown and rim, as with a dusky screen;
And bonnets broad, and caps of sharp'ning cone,
Whirling 'twixt earth and firmament are seen,
And lasses' crows, and hoods, upstopt on high,
Encroach with tawdry clout upon the clouds of sky.

Nor sits the Monarch heedless of th' acclaim;
But, rising up majestic from his chair,
With kingly praise augments the victor's fame,
And clapping, grinds between his palms the air,
Then seizes he the fingers of the Dame,
And, gently raising from her seat the fair:
He, as the sign and seal of marriage-band,
Slips into Robert's grasp his Maggie's tender hand.

He bade his choir of trumpeters apply
To mouth their hollow instruments of sound,
And, in an unison of clangour high,
Publish the marriage to the world around:
The fellows blew it to the peak of sky,
And sky sent down again the loud rebound:
Earth did to heaven high the news upthrow,
And heaven re-bruited back th' alarum down below.

But now the beam-hair'd coursers of the sun,
All smoking with their fiery hot fatigue,
Their task of charioting had pranc'd and run,
And hurl'd in sea their hissing golden gig:
Their unshorn driver had but just begun
Beyond the Isle of Bute the wave to swig;
And, twinkling o'er Auld Reckie's smoke afar,
Peep'd through heaven's mantle blue the modest
evening-star. . . .

Then they the social happy minutes spend
In wine, and chat, and harmless revelry,
Till slow began the round moon to descend
Down the starr'd ladder of the western sky,
And Sleep, that toil-worn man's frail frame must mend,
His sponge's balsam wrung on human eye;
From table, then, withdrew to sleeping room,
Courtier, and King, and Dame, and Bride, and glad
Bridegroom.

TAMMY LITTLE.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

Wee Tammy Little, honest man!
I kent the body weel,
As round the kintra-side he gaed,
Careerin' wi' his creel.

He was sae slender and sae wee,
That aye when blasts did blaw,
He ballasted himsel' wi' stanes
'Gainst bein' blawn awa.

A meikle stane the wee bit man
In ilka coat-pouch clappit,
That by the mighty gowlin' wind
He michtna doun be swappit.

When he did chance within a wood,
On simmer days to be,
Aye he was frichted lest the crows
Should heise him up on hie;

And aye he, wi' an aiken cud,
The air did thump and beat,
To stap the crows frae liftin' him
Up to their nests for meat.

Ae day, when in a barn he lay,
And thrashers thrang were thair,
He in a moment vanish'd aff,
And nae man could tell whair.

They lookit till the riggin' up,
And round and round they lookit,
At last they fand him underneath
A firloft cruyle and crookit.

Ance as big Samuel passed him by,
Big Samuel gave a sneeze,
And wi' the sough o' he was cast
Clean doun upon his knees.

His wife and he upon ane day
Did chance to disagree,
And up she took the bellowses,
As wild as wife could be;

She gave ane puff intill his face,
And made him, like a feather,
Flee frae the tae side o' the housc,
Resoundin' till the tither!

Ae simmer e'en, when as he through
Pitkirie forest past,
By three braid leaves blawn aff the trees,
He doun to yird was cast;

A tirl o' wind the three braid leaves
Doun frae the forest dang:
Ane frae an ash, ane frae an elm,
Ane frae an aik-tree strang;

Ane strack him sair on the back-n-eck,
Ane on the nose him rappit,
Ane smote him on the vera heart,
And doun as dead he drappit.

But ah! but ah! a drearied dool
Ance hap'd at Ounston-dammy,
That heised him a' thegither up,
And maist extinguished Tammy;

For, as he cam slow daunderin' doun,
In's hand his basket hingin',
And staver'd ower the hei-road's breidth
Frac side to side a-swingin';

There cam a blast frae Kelly-law,
As bald a blast as ever
Auld snivellin' Boreas blew abraid,
To mak' the warld shiver;

It liftit Tammy aff his feet,
Mair easy than a shavin',
And hurl'd him half-a-mile complete
Hie up 'tween earth and heaven.

That day puir Tammy had wi' stanes
No ballasted his body,
So that he flew, maist like a shot,
Ower corn-land and ower cloddy.

You've seen ane tumbler on a stage,
Tumble sax times and mair,
But Tammy weel sax hundred times
Gaed tumblin' through the air.

And when the whirly wind gave ower
He frae the lift fell plumb,
And in a blink stood stickin' fast
In Gaffer Glowr-weel's lum.

Ay—there his legs and body stuck
Amang the smotherin' soot,
But, by a wonderfu' good luck,
His head kept peepin' out.

But Gaffer Glowr-weel, when he saw
A man stuck in his lum,
He swart'd wi' drither clean awa,
And sat some seconds dumb.

It took five masons near an hour
A' riving at the lum
Wi' picks, (he was sae jamm'd therein,)
Ere Tammy out could come.

As for his basket—weel I wat,
His basket's fate and fa'
Was, as I've heard douce neighbours tell,
The queerest thing of a'.

The blast took up the body's creel
And laid it on a cloud,
That bare it, sailin' through the sky,
Richt ower the Firth's braid flood.

And when the cloud did melt awa,
Then, then the creel cam' doun,
And fell'd the toun clerk o' Dunbar
E'en in his ain gude toun;

The clerk stood yelpin' on the street,
At some bit strife that stirr'd him,
Doun cam' the creel, and to the yird
It dang him wi' a dirdom!

THE EPITAPH FOR TAMMY.

O Earth! O Earth! if thou hast but
A rabbit-hole to spair,
O grant the graff to Tammy's corp,
That it may nestle thair!

And press thou light on him, now dead,
That was sae slim and wee,
For weel I wat, when he was quick,
He lightly pressed on thee!

SHON M'NAB.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

Born 1784; died 1846.

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
Pe auld's ta forty-five, man,
And mony troll affairs she's seen,
Since she was born alive, man
She's seen the warl' turn upsid'e doun,
Ta shentleman turn poor man,
And him was ance ta beggar loon,
Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
And syne be ca'd ta prig, man;
She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
Ta tory turn ta whig, man;
But a' ta troll things she pe seen
Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
So, gin you likes, she'll told you shust
Ta story 'bout hersel', man :—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,
'Pon Morven's ponnie pracs, man,
Whar tousand pleasant days she'll spent,
Pe pu ta nits and slacs, man;
An' ten she'll pe ta herring-poot,
An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man.
Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,
Pe far peyont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ce! one misty night
Nainsel will lost her way, man,
Her poat was toun'd, hersel' got fright,
She'll mind till dying day, man,
So fait! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
But back to Morven cam', man,
An' tere she'll turn ta whisky still,
Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man.

But foul befa' ta gauger loon,
Pe put her in ta shail, man,
Whar she wad stood for mony a day,
Shust 'cause she no got bail, man:
But out she'll got—nac matters hoo,
And came to Glasgow toun, man,
Whar tousand wonders mhor she'll saw,
As she went up and doun, man.

Te first thing she pe wonder at,
As she cam' doun ta street, man,
Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man.
Och on! och on! her nainsel thought,
As she wad stood and glower, man,
Puir man! if they mak you ta horse—
Should gang 'pon a' your four, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,
Ta black man tere she see, man,
Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
And sell him for pawbee, man;
And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
And turn her mill about, man,
Pe strange! she will put nothing in,
Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta people's walk
 In crowds along ta street, man,
 She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons
 To sup teir pick o' meat, man;
 For in ta place whar she was born,
 And tat right far awa, man,
 Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,
 But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta mattams, too,
 Wi' plack clout on teir face, man,
 Tey surely tid some graccless teed,
 Pe in sic black disrace, man;
 Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout
 Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
 If no for shame to show teir face,
 For some ungodly sin, man?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirk
 Pe jaw the waters out, man,
 And ne'er rin dry, through she wad rin
 A' tay, like mountain spout, man;
 Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,
 Like spunkies in a raw, man,
 A' pruntin' pright for want o' oil,
 And teil a wick awa, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
 Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—
 Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
 Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man,
 Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,
 Wi' fire do ilka turn, man;
 Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,
 And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach be rin,
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
 An' teil a horse to traw, man;
 Anither coach to Paisley rin,
 Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
 But oich! she was plawn a' to bits,
 By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,
 She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,
 As she stood on ta side, man:
 But gin you'll no pelieve her word,
 Gang to ta Proomiclaw, man,
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich! sic a toun as Glasgow toun,
 She never see pefore, man,
 Te houses tere pe milc and mair,
 Wi' names 'pon ilka toor, man.
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,
 She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
 Praw shentlemans pe want ta head,
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,
 Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
 For tem she wadna care, man.
 And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,
 And wee drap barley pree, man,
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow toun,
 She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.
 It wadna' give me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
 But gudesake! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
 Whate'er you do when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk!

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
 And what a great affair they'll mak'
 O' nathing but a simple smack,
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
 That I sae plainly tell you this;
 But loosh! I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As any modest lass should be;
 But yet it doesna' do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
 I'll ne'er submit again to it;
 So mind you that—before folk!

Ye tell me that my face is fair:
 It may be sae—I dinna care—
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye hae done before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks
 But aye be douce before folk!

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet:
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;—
 At any rate, it's hardly meet
 To pree their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
 Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
 But surely no before folk!

But gin ye really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kissed,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk!
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk!

THE ANSWER.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self,
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawkie, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk!
Can I behave, etc.,
Can I behave, etc.,
While ye ensnare, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beck,
Yet, howlet-like, my e-lids steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk?
Can I behave, etc.,
Can I behave, etc.,
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, and ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun pree't, though I should rue't.
Ay, twenty times—before folk!
Can I behave, etc.,
Can I behave, etc.,
When temptingly it offers me,
So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' snawy white;
That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till't before folk!
Can I behave, etc.,
Can I behave, etc.,
When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
Cries, "Kiss me now"—before folk?

An' oh! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my saul, let be
Frae kissing you before folk!
Can I behave, etc.,
Can I behave, etc.,
When ilka glint conveys a hint
To tak' a smack—before folk?

Ye own that, were we baith our lane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?
Can I behave, etc.,
Can I behave, etc.?
Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
Could scarce desist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll hae a "blythesome bridal" made,
When ye'll be mine before folk!
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk;
For whereas then ye'll aft get "ten,"
It winna be before folk!

ROBIN TAMSON.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

My mither men't my auld brecks,
An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,—
I never yet gae by the door
But aye I fa' a-laughin'!

For Robin was a walthy carle,
And had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Though mony lads had sought her;
And what think ye o' my exploit?
The time our mare was shoeing
I slippit up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'd my auld brecks
The time that we sat crackin';
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin';
But gin you'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle your father,
Ye'se get my brecks to keep in trim,
Mysel' an' a'thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na, I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man
At tyning o' his dochter,
Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd, an' sheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry;
Yut I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1781; died 1842.

THERE'S a maid has sat o' the green merse side,
Thae ten lang years and mair;
And every first nicht o' the new mune
She kames her yellow hair.

And ay, while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
Fu' sweet she sings and hie;
Till the fairest bird in the greenwood
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the fair dame to,
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,
Nor waukens an carthlie e'e.

It fell in about the sweet summer month,
I' the first come o' the mune,
That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk locks down.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
Her hand like new-won milk;
Her bosom was like the snawy curd
In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks o'er her white shoulders,
A fleece baith wide and lang;
And ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
She raised a lightsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
The birds forhood their young,
And they flew i' the gate o' the gray howlet,
To listen to the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
O' sweetness it was sae fu',
The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike,
And dichtit his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
Red lowed the new-woke moon:
The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan tap,
Sax miles round that maiden.

"I ha'e dwalt on the Nith," quoth the young Cowchill,
"Thae twenty years and three;
But the sweetest sang I ever heard
Comes through the greenwood to me.

"O, is it a voice frae twa carthlie lips,
That maks sic melodie?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
And weel may it wyle me!"

"I dreamed a dreary dream, master,
Whilk I am rad ye rede;
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,
That drappet o' red heart's blude."

"Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-page,
Shod wi' the red gowd roun';
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet:"
And lightlic lap he doun.

"Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand," quoth the little foot-page,
"If skaithless hame ye wad win.

"O, wha will sit in your toom saddle,
O wha will bruik your gluve;
And wha will fauld your erved bride
In the kindlie clasps o' luve?"

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,
Knot wi' a siller ban';
He scem'd a' in lowe with his gowd raiment,
As through the greenwood he ran.

"The summer dew fa's saft, fair maid,
Ancath the siller mune;
But gerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Wash'd wi' the white sea facm.

"Come, wash me wi' thy lillie-white hand,
Below and 'boon the knee;
And I'll kame thae links o' yellow burning gowd
Aboon thy bonnie blue e'e.

"How rosie are thy parting lips,
How lillie-white thy skin!
And, weel I wat, thae kissing een
Wad tempt a saint to sin!"

"Tak' aff thae bars and bobs o' gowd,
Wi' thy gared doublet fine;
And thrav me aff thy green mantle,
Leafed wi' the siller twine.

"And a' in courtesie, fair knight,
A maiden's mind to win;
The gowd lacing o' thy green weeds
Wad harm her lillie skin."

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,
Hemmed wi' the red gowd roun';
His costly doublet cuist he aff,
Wi' red gowd flowered doun.

"Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
Doun wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
And tak' me maiden hame.

"But first come tak me 'neath the chin;
And, syne, come kiss my cheek;
And spread my hanks o' watery hair
I' the new-moon beam to dreep."

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,
Syne kissed her rosie cheek;
And lang he woo'd her willing lips,
Like heather-hinnie sweet!

"O, if ye'll come to bonnie Cowchill,
'Mang primrose banks to woo,
I'll wash thee ilk day i' the new-milked milk,
And bind wi' gowd your brow.

"And, a' for a drink o' the clear water,
Ye'se hae the rosie wine;
And a' for the water-lillie white,
Ye'se ha'e thae arms o' mine!"

"But what will she say, your bonnie young bride,
Busked wi' the siller fine;
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips,
Are left wi' vows on mine?"

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arm frae her waist sae sina';
"Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed—
It's time I were awa'.

"O gi'e me a token o' luv, sweet may,
A leil luv token true;"
She crapped a lock o' her yellow hair,
And knotted it round his brow.

"Oh, tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,
But wi' luv's rose-knot kynde:
My heid is fu' o' burning pain;
Oh, saft ye maun it bind."

His skin turned a' o' the red-rose huc,
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat;
And he laid his head 'mang the water lilies:
"Sweet maiden, I maun sleep."

She tyed ae link o' her wat yellow hair
Abune his burning bree;
Amang his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

She weaved ower his brow the white lilie,
Wi' witch-knots mae than nine;
"Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,
This nicht ye sall be mine."

O, twice he turned his sinking head,
And twice he lifted his e'e;
O, twice he socht to lift the links
Were knotted owre his bree.

"Arise, sweet knight; your young bride waits,
And doubts her aile will soure;
And wistlie looks at the lilie-white sheets,
Down-spread in ladie-bouir."

And she has pinned the broidered silk
About her white hause bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gowd can stand its lane.

He faintlie, slowlie turned his check,
And faintlie lift his e'e;
And he strave to lowse the witching bands
Aboon his burning tree.

Then took she up his green mantle,
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a siller stem;
And she threw them wi' her lilie hand
Amang the white sea-faem.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,
And threw it in the sea;
"That hand shall mense nae other ring
But wi' the will o' me."

She faulded him in her lilie arms,
And left her pearly kame;
His fleecy locks trailed over the sand,
As she took the white sea-faem.

First rase the star, o'wer the hill,
And neist the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa'
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rase,
Blythe as a young bride may,
When the new mune lichts her lamp o' luv,
And blinks the bryde away.

"Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' monie a winsome flouir;
But the princeliest rose in that gay garden
Maun blossom in my bouir.

"And I will keep the drapping dew
Frae my red rose's tap;
And the balmy blobs o' ilka leaf
I'll keep them drap by drap.
And I will wash my white bosom
A' wi' this heavenly sap."

And aye she sewed her silken snood,
And sang a bridal sang:
But aft the tears drapt frae her e'e,
Afore the gray morn cam'.

The sun lowed ruddy 'mang the dew,
Sae thick on bank and tree;
The ploughboy whistled at his darg,
The milkmaid answered hie;
But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'
Sat wi' a wat-shod e'e.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves
She heard the bridegroom's tongue;
And she heard the brydal-coming lilt
In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the top tower stane;
Nae waiting May was there;
She lowsed the gowd busk frae her breist,
The kame frae 'mang her hair;
She wypit the tear-blobs frae her e'e,
And lookit lang and sair!

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,
Frae aff the hawthorn green:
"Lowse out the love-curles frae your hair,
Ye plaited sac weel yestreen."

And the speckled wood-lark frae 'mang the cluds
O' heaven, came singing down:
"Tak' out thae bride-knots frae your hair,
And let the locks hang down."

"Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
Come down and byde wi' me;
Ye sall peckle o' the bread and drink o' the wine
And gowd your cage sall be."

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
And syne below her feet;
And laid her down 'twen the lilie-white sheets,
And soundly did she sleep!

It was in the mid hour o' the nicht
Her siller bell did ring;
And soun't as if nae earthlie hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,
Cauld as the marble stane;
And a hand, cauld as the drifting snow,
Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie;
O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps dreip."

"O, seek another bridegroom, Marie,
On thae bosom faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water-lilie,
It's leaves my bridal sheet!"

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and softest woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and a fair daughter sweet,
And time, and care, and birth-time woes,
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all things not divine.

EDDERLINE'S DREAM.

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

Born 1785; died 1834.

CASTLE-OBAN is lost in the darkness of night,
For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,
And the latest line of lowering light
That lingered on the stormy even,
A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,
Hath sunk into the weltering grave.
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,
And downwards to the fearful din,
Where ocean with his thunder shocks
Stuns the green foundation rocks,
Through the grim abyss that mocks his eye
Oft hath the eerie watchman sent
A shuddering look, a shivering sigh,
From the edge of the howling battlement!

Therein is a lonesome room,
Undisturbed as some old tomb
That, built within a forest glen,
Far from feet of living men,
And sheltered by its black pine trees
From sound of rivers, lochs, and sea,
Flings back its arched gateway tall,
At times to some great funeral!
Noiseless as a central cell
In the bosom of a mountain,
Where the fairy people dwell,
By the cold and sunless fountain!
Breathless as a holy shrine,
When the voice of psalms is shed!
And there upon her stately bed,
While her raven locks recline
O'er an arm more pure than snow,
Motionless beneath her head,—
And through her large fair eyelids shine
Shadowy dreams that come and go,
By too deep bliss disquieted,—
There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,
The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo! the lamp's wan fitful light,
Glide,—gliding round the golden rim!
Restored to life, now glancing bright,
Now just expiring, faint and dim!
Like a spirit loath to die,
Contending with its destiny.
All dark! a momentary veil
Is o'er the sleeper! now a pale
Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,
And now the calm face of the saint
With every feature reappears,
Celestial in unconscious tears!
Another gleam! how sweet the while,
Those pictured faces on the wall,
Through the midnight silence smile;
Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
To nothing mouldered, one and all,
Ages long ago!
From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevelled masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?

And will that length of glorious tresses,
 So laden with the soul's distresses,
 By those fair hands in morning light,
 Above those eyelids opening bright,
 Be braided never more!
 No, the lady is not dead,
 Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
 Like a wrecked corse upon the shore,
 That lies until the morning brings
 Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
 Or haply, to all eyes unknown,
 Is borne away without a groan,
 On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
 Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
 With seaward dash, or in calm bands
 Parading o'er the silvery sands,
 Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,
 Pausing to burnish crest or wing,
 No fading footmark see that tells
 Of that poor unremembered thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
 When all that world a chaos seems
 Of thoughts so fixed before!
 When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
 And friends cross o'er our solitude,
 Now friends of ours no more!
 Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
 Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
 Their pale and palsied hands,
 To clasp us phantoms, as we go
 Along the void, like drifting snow,
 To far-off nameless lands!
 Yet all the while we know not why,
 Nor where those dismal regions lie,
 Half hoping that a curse so deep
 And wild can only be in sleep,
 And that some overpowering scream
 Will break the fetters of the dream,
 And let us back to waking life,
 Filled though it be with care and strife;
 Since there at least the wretch can know
 The meanings on the face of woe,
 Assured that no mock shower is shed
 Of tears upon the real dead,
 Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
 When bending o'er the death-like cheek
 Of one who scarcely seems alive,
 At every cold but breathing kiss,
 He hears a saving angel speak—
 "Thy Love will yet revive!"

Eager to speak—but in terror mute,
 With chained breath and snow-soft foot,
 The gentle maid whom that lady loves,
 Like a gleam of light through the darkness moves,
 And leaning o'er her rosy breath,
 Listens in tears—for sleep—or death!
 Then touches with a kiss her breast,
 "O, Lady, this is ghastly rest!
 Awake! awake, Jesus' sake!"
 Far in her soul a thousand sighs
 Are madly struggling to get free;
 But that soul is like a frozen sea
 That silent lies in ice and snow,
 Though the deep waters boom below!
 And yet a clear and silvery well,
 By moonlight glimmering in its cell;
 A river that dotingly sing

Around the cygnet's folded wing;
 A billow on the summer deep
 That flows, yet scarcely seems to flow,
 Not calmer than that lady's sleep,
 One blessed hour ago!
 So, gently as a shepherd lifts
 From a wreath of drifted snow,
 A lamb that vainly on a rock
 Up among the mountain clefts,
 Bleats unto the heedless flock
 Sunwards feeding far below—
 Even so gently Edith takes
 The sighing dreamer to her breast,
 Loving kisses soft and meek
 Breathing o'er bosom, brow, and cheek,
 For their own fair, delightful sakes,
 And lays her lovely limbs at rest;
 When, stirring like the wondrous flower
 That blossoms at the midnight hour,
 And only then—the Lady wakes!
 From the heavy load set free,
 Of that fearful phantasy,
 Edgerline lifts up her head,
 And, in the fitful lustre lent
 By the lone lamp, gazing round,
 As listening for some far-off sound,
 Leans it on her lily hand,
 In beautiful bewilderment!
 "Am I in some foreign land?
 And who art thou that takest thy stand
 Like a minister of grace
 By the prisoner's haunted bed?
 Walking mute by nightly round!
 Oh! speak—thy voice was like a sound
 Elsewhere beloved! That pitying face
 Reminds me of the dead!"
 Again she hears her Edith speak—
 Doubt, fear, and trouble leave her cheek,
 And suddenly returning
 Remembrances all bright and fair,
 Above the darkness of despair,
 Like morning lights are burning;
 Even as a gloomy mountain lake
 From its dark sleep at once doth break,
 And while afar the mists are driven,
 In new-born beauty laughs to heaven!
 So rising slowly from her couch,
 Like a nun in humblest guise,
 With one light and careless touch,
 O'er the snow above her eyes
 Her long dishevelled hair she tricks,
 And with low sobs of gratitude
 To Him Who chased her dreams away,
 Down kneels she in the solitude,
 And with raised hands and eyes doth pray
 Before the holy crucifix!

"My soul hath been disquieted,
 And weltered with the weltering dead!
 Floating all night with a corse
 Over high blood-crested waves,
 Or driven by a fiendish force
 Down into unfathomed caves:
 Blessed be God who rescued me
 From that wild world of misery!
 Oh! it is heaven to wake again,
 To know that I have wept in vain!
 That life yet warms that noble breast

Which I in mortal pangs carest,
 Hurried along the foaming path,
 In face of horror, fear, and wrath;
 Whether his ship in roaring motion
 Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,
 Or rocking lie in pleasant sleep,
 Anchored beneath the palmy steep,
 Temper, O God! the sun and air
 To him, my home-bound Mariner:
 And gently breathe the midnight dew
 O'er him and all his gallant crew!"

The lamp is dead, but the morning peep
 Faintly dawning far away,
 Slowly, slowly wins its way
 Through the window buried deep
 In its gloomy glen of stone—
 A little point that shines afar,
 Like a dim discovered star,
 When other lights in heaven are none.
 To that little cheerful shine
 Turn the eyes of Edderline;
 And as a cloud that long hath lain
 Black amid the sullen sky,
 Suddenly dissolves in rain,
 And stricken by the sunlight, shines
 With a thousand gorgeous lines,
 Blended and braided gloriously—
 So fair, so pure, so bright appears
 That kneeling Lady's face of tears,
 For the rain is fallen, the gloom is gone,
 And her soul hath risen with the sun.

Hark! the martlet twittering by
 The crevice, where her twittering brood
 Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,
 In the high air of solitude!
 She alone, sky-loving bird,
 In that lofty clime is heard;
 But loftier far from cliff remote,
 Up springs the eagle, like a thought,
 And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,
 Gazes a thousand fathoms down,
 While his wild and fitful cry
 Blends together sea and sky. . . .
 Now hymns are heard at every fountain
 Where the land-birds trim their wings,
 And boldly blooming up the mountain,
 Where the dewy heath-flower springs,
 Upon the freshening gales of morn
 Showers of headlong bees are borne,
 Till far and wide with harp and horn
 The balmy desert rings!

This the pensive Lady knows,
 So round her lovely frame she throws
 The cloud-like float of her array,
 And with a blessing and a prayer
 She fixeth in her raven hair
 The jewel that her lover gave,
 The night before he crossed the wave
 To kingdoms far away!
 Soft steps are winding down the stair,
 And now beneath the morning air
 Her breast breathes strong and free;
 The sun in his prime glorious hour
 Is up, and with a purple shower
 Hath bathed the billowy sea!

Lo! morning's dewy hush divine
 Hath calmed the eyes of Edderline!
 Shaded by the glooms that fall
 From the old grey castle wall,
 Or, from the glooms emerging bright,
 Cloud-like walking through the light,
 She sends the blessing of her smiles
 O'er dancing waves and steadfast isles,
 And, creature though she be of earth,
 Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth.
 How seraph-like the silent greeting,
 Streaming from her dark blue eyes,
 At their earliest matin meeting
 Upwards to the dark blue skies!
 Quickly glancing, gliding slowly,
 Child of mirth or melancholy,
 As her midnight dream again,
 Of the hushed or roaring main,
 Comes and goes across her brain.
 Now she sees the ship returning,
 Every mast with ensign burning
 Star-bright o'er the cloud of sails,
 As, queen-like, down the green sea-vales
 She stoops, or o'er the mountains green,
 Reascending like a queen!
 Glad the heart of hoary ocean
 In the beauty of her motion!
 Now through midnight's deepest noon,
 Howling to the wild monsoon,
 She sees God's anger flash around her,
 And the glorious vessel founder
 To one vain signal gun!
 While in the lightning's ghastly glow
 The shipless ocean rolls below,
 As in the midday sun!
 Far, far below in rocky cell
 Doth a seer hermit dwell.
 In solitude and in despair
 He sits, with long, black, rusty hair,
 Face dim as death, and his fixed eye
 Red-flashing with futurity.
 A holy madman! with no chain
 But those forged in his burning brain—
 Shuddering, close beside his feet,
 To see the frequent winding-sheet—
 Spite of the water's din to hear
 Steps trampling grave-wards with a bier—
 Or like a sweep of wintry weather,
 Wailing at midnight o'er the heather
 Cloud-coronachs that wildly rise
 When far away a chieftain dies.

Down—downwards to his savage cave,
 By steps the goat doth almost fear
 To lead her little kids to browse
 On wild herb that there thinly grows
 'Mid spray showers from the dashing wave,
 So dreadful 'tis the din to hear,
 The Lady with a quaking prayer
 Descends, as if upon the stair,
 Like seamew with white rise and fall,
 Floating o'er a waterfall!
 And now doth trembling Edith wait
 Reluctant at the closing gate,
 And wipes away her tears;
 For the Lady motions her to stay,
 Then with a wan smile sinks away,
 And ghostlike disappears!

ARCHIE ALLAN.

ALEXANDER LAING.

Av! poor Archie Allan—I hope he's no poor!
A mair dainty neebour n'er entered ane's door—
An' he's worn awa' frae an ill-doin' kin,
Frae a warld o' trouble, o' sorrow, an' sin.
Wad ye hear o' the hardships that Archie befel?
Then listen a-wee, an' his story I'll tell.

Now twice twenty towmonts an' twenty are gane
Sin' Archie an' I could ha'e ranket as men—
Sin' we cou'd ha'e left ony twa o' our eild,
At a' kinds o' farm-wark, at hame or a-field;
Sin' we cou'd ha'e carried the best bow o' bere,
An' thrown the fore-hammer out-owre ony pair.
Ah! then we were forward, an' flinty, an' young,
An' never aene ken'd what it was to be dung;
We were lang fellow-servants and neebours fu' dear:
Folk ne'er thocht o' sittin' then ilka half-year.

When he was the bridegroom, an' Mary his bride,
Myself an' my Jeanie were best man an' maid:
'Twas a promise atween us—they cou'dna' refuse—
Had our bridal been first, they had gotten the glo'es.

Aweel, they were married, an' mony were there,
An' I luv'd never low'd on a happier pair;
For Archie had nae woman's skaith he could rue,
An' Mary was sakeless o' breaking her vow.
They had lo'd ither lang, an' the day was to be
When their ain gather'd penny wad set them up free;
Sae clear o' the warld, an' cantie, an' weel,
They thrave out an' in, like the buss i' the beil';
Their wants werena monie, their family was sma'—
Themsel's an' but ae lassie-bairn was n';
Sae wi' workin' an' winnin', wi' savin' an' care,
They gather'd an' gather'd nae that little gear.

Yet nae narrow bodies—nae niggards were they—
Nae slaves to the warld, to want, an' to ha'e;
Tho' they ken'd weel aneuch a' the bouk o' their ain,
They wad tak', they wad gi'e—they wad borrow or len';

Whan a friend or a neebour gaed speerin' their weel,
They had meal i' the bannock, an' maut i' the yill;
They had hearts that cou'd part, they had hands that
were free,

An' leuks that bade welcome, as warm as cou'd be;
Gaed ye in—cam' ye out, they were aye, aye the same;
There's few nowadays 'mang our neebours like them!
Thus, blythesome an' happy, time hasten'd awa',
Till their dochter was twenty, or twenty an' twa,
Whan she, a' the comfort an' hope of their days,
Fell into some dowie, some lingrin' disease.
Lang ill was the lassie, an' muckle she bure,
Monie cures they gi'd till her, but death winna cure;
She dwyn'd like a gowan 'mang newly mawn grass:
Some luv'd disappointment, they said, aild the lass—
Ay! happen what may, there maun aye be a mean:
Her grave wasna sad, an' her truff wasna green,
Whan Mary, her mither, a' broken an' pin'd
With trachle o' body, wi' trouble o' mind,
Was reliev'd frae her sorrows—was also weel sair'd,
An' laid by her bairn i' the silent kirk-yard!

Oh! sirs, sic a change! it was waesome to see;
But life's like a journey, an' changes maun be;
Whan the day o' prosperity seems but at noon,
The nicht o' adversity aften comes down:

I've lived till my locks are as white as the snaw,
Till the friends o' my youth are a' dead an' awa';
At death-bed an' burial nae stranger I've been,
But sorrow like Archie's I've never yet seen;
The death o' his lassie I ken'd it was sair,
But the death o' her mither was harder to bear;
For a' that was lovely and all that was leal,
He had lost i' the death o' his Mary Macneill!

Whan the buryin' was bye, an' relations a' gane;
Whan left i' the house, wae an' wearie, his lane,
As a neebour wad do, I gaed yont the gate-end,
An' hour i' the gloamin' wi' Archie to spend;
For the fate o' our neebour may sune be our fa',
An' neebours are near us when kindred's awa'.
We spak' o' the changes that time ever brings,
Of the frail, fadin' nature o' a' earthly things,
Of life an' its blessings—that we ha'e them in len';
That the Giver when He wills, has a right to His ain;
That here though we ha'e nae continuin' hame,
How the promise is sure i' the Peace-maker's name,
To them that wi' patience, wi' firmness and faith,
Believe in His merits and trust in His death;
To them—though the coffin, an' pale windin'-sheet,
Though the cauld grave divide them, in heaven they
shall meet—

Shall yet ha'e a blythe an' a blest meetin' there,
To ken separation an' sorrow nae mair.

Thus kindly conversin', we often beguiled
The hours o' the gloamin', till three summers smil'd;
Till time in its progress had yielded relief,
Had dealt wi' his mem'ry, an' lessened his grief—
Though nae like the man I had seen him, 'tis true,
Yet fell knief an' cantie my auld neebour grew.

Some time then-about, as it happened to be,
I hadna seen Archie for twa weeks or three,
Whan ae night a near neebour woman cam' ben,
An' says, "Ha'e ye heard o' the news that's a-ga'in?
It's been tell'd me sin' mornin' by mae folk nor ane
That our friend Archie Allan was beuket ystreen."
"Aweel, aweel," quo' I, "it e'en may be sae,
There's aye heart wi' auld fouk, we'll a' get a day;"
But when it was tell'd wha the bride was to be,
I heard, but said naething—I thocht it a lee!

'Twas a' very gude he shou'd marry again—
A man in a house is but drcarie his lane;
But to think he wad ever tak' ane for a wife,
Wha had lived sic a loose and a throwther life—
Wha had been far an' near, wha he cou'dna be nam'd,
An' was come o' a family but little esteem'd—
To think he wad tak' her! I cou'dna believe't;
But I was, and mony forbye were deceiv't;
For the Sabbath thereafter wha think ye was cried?
But Archibald Allan an' Marg'ret Muresyde!

Weel, how they forgather'd an' a' that befel,
Tho' it's painful to speak o't, ye'll wish me to tell.
She cam' in-about here as it happened to fa',
An' was nearest door neebour to him that's awa';
An' seein' a fu' house an' a free-hearted man,
That ken'dna the warld, wi' her wiles she began—
Seem'd sober an' decent as ony ye'll see,
As quiet an' prudent as woman cou'd be—
Was aye brawly busket, an' tidy, an' clean,
An' aye at the kirk on the Sabbath was seen—
Was better nor monie, an' marrow't by few,
Till a' cam' about as she wish'd it to do;

But scarcely her hand and her troth he had ta'en,
Till she kyth'd in her own dowie colours again.
They had a short courtship, a brief honeymune!
It's aye ru'd at leisure what's ower rashly dune.

We've a' our ain fau'ts an' our failin's, atweel,
But Maggy Muresyde! she's a bauld Ne'er-do-weel!
An' the warst o' it was, in an unlucky hour
She'd gotten ilk plack o' the purse in her pow'r;
An' sune did she lift it, an sune, sune it gaed—
In pennies 'twas gather'd, in pounds it was spread;
Her worthless relations and ither siclike,
Cam' in about swarmin' like bees in a bibe;
An' they feasted, an' drank, an' profaned the blest
Name,

An' Sabbath an' Saturday—a' was the same.
Waes me! it was sair upon Archie to see
The walth he had won, an' laid up a' sac free,
To comfort an' keep him when ailin' or auld,
Sae squander'd by creatures sae worthless an' bauld;
An' sair he was troubled to think o' their sin,
An' the awfu' account they had ha'e to gi'e in;
Yet, griev'd as he was at the rash lives they led,
He durstna ance say it was ill that they did!

But time an' your patience wad fail me to tell
How she spent an' abus'd baith his means and himsel',
For constant an' on, as the rin o' the burn,
Her hand it was never but in an ill turn—
Till siller, an' gear, an' a' credit were gane—
Till he hadna a penny, or aught o' his ain—
Till age an' vexation had wrinkl'd his brow—
Till he hadna a morsel to put in his mou'!

Aweel! neither able to want nor to win,
Ae mornin' last week, ere the day-light cam' in,
Thro' the lang eerie muirs, an' the cauld plashy snaw,
Wi' his staff in his hand he had wander'd awa',
To seek a fa'n bit for his daily supply,
An' to thole the down-leuk o' the proud an' the high.
O! had I but seen him when he gaed a-field,
I wad ta'en him inbye to my ain coutheic bield;
An' wi' my auld neebour shar'd frankly an' free,
My bannock, my bed, an' my hindmost bawbee!

How far he had gane—how he'd far'd thro' the day,
What trials he had met wi' I canna weel say;
But when the gray hour o' the gloamin' fell down,
He sought the fireside o' some distant farm-town—
Wi' the door haufin's up, an' the sneek in his han',
He faintly inquir'd—wad they lodge a poor man?
The mistress gaz'd on him, an' drylie she spak',
"We may lodge you the nicht, but ye maunna come
back!"

Said beggars an' gang'rels were grown unco rife—
Speer'd what place he cam' frae—gin he had a wife?
Ay! that was a question! O sirs, it was sair;
Had he no ha'en a Wife, he had never been there!
Cauld, cauld at their backs thro' the evenin' he sat,
An' cauld was the bed an' the beddin' he gat,
The floor an' the roof-tree was a' they could spare,
An' he lay down, alas! but to rise never mair.
Was he lang o' sair ill, there was nane heard nor saw,
Gin day-light poor Archie had worn awa'!
Wha ance wad ha'e thoct that he wad ha'e been
A beggar, an' deet in a barn a' his lane!
But we needna think *this* will or *that* winna be,
For, the langer we live, the mae uncos we see.

THE BROWNIE OF FEARNDEN.

ALEXANDER LAING

THAIR liv'd ane man on Norinsyde,
When Jamis helde his aine;
He had ane maylen faire and wyde,
And servants nyne or tene
He had ane servant dwellying neir,
Worthe all his maydis and men;
And wha was this gyn ye wald speir?
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Whan thair was come to thrashe or dichte,
Or barn or byre to clene,
He had ane bizzy houre at nicht,
Atween the twall and ane;
And though the sna' was never so deip—
So wyld the wynde or rayne,
He ran ane errant in a wheip,
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Ae nicht the gudewyfe of the house
Fell sicke as sicke could be,
And for the skilly mammy-wife,
She wanted ane to gae;

The nicht was dark, and never a sparke
Wald venture down the glen,
For feir that he might heir or see
The Brownie of Fearnden!

But Brownie was na far to seek,
For weil he heard the stryfe;
And ablynis thoct, as weil he mychte,
They sune wald tyne the wyfe:

He affe and brankis the ryding mear,
And throch the wynde and rayne;
And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
Wha livit ower the den!

He pullit the sncke, and out he spake,
That she micht bettere hear,
"Thair is a mother wald gyve byrth,
But hasna strengthe to beare.

"O ryse! O ryse! and hape you weil,
To keip you fra the rayne."
"Whaur do you want me?" quoth the wyfe.
"O whaur but ower the den!"

When baith waur mountit on the mear,
And ryding up the glen;
"O walt ye laddye," quoth the wyfe,
"Gyne we be neir the den?"

"Are we com neir the den?" she said;
"Tush! he wyshte, ye fule?" quoth he;
"For waure na ye have in your armis,
This nicht you winna see!"

They sune were landit at the doore,
The wyfe he handit down,
"I've left the house but ae halfe houre,
I am a clever loun!"

"What mak's your feit sae brayd?" quoth she,
"And what sae reid your een?"
"I've wandert mony a weary foote,
And unco sights I've seen!"

"But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the weane,
And see that all gae richt;
And keip the beyl'd of biggit land
Till aynce the mornying licht:

"And gyne they speir wha brocht you heir
'Cause they were scaunt of men!
Even tell them that you rade ahynt
The Brownie of Fearnden!"

THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

JOHN DONALD CARRICE.

Born 1787; died 1837.

"THE snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and heavier
grows the lift;
The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen him
frae the drift;
I fear this nicht will tell a tale among our foldless
sheep, [widows weep!
That will mak many a farmer sigh—God grant nae
"I'm blythe, guidman, to see you there, wi' clishin
an' wi' lingle
Sae eydent at your cobbling wark beside the cosic
ingle;
It brings to mind that seasu' nicht, i' the spring that's
now awa', [wreath o' snaw.
When you was carried thowlass hame, frae 'neath a
"That time I often think upon, and make it aye my care;
On nights like this, to snod up a' the beds we hac to
spare;
In case some drift-driven strangers come forfoughten
to our beild, [house can yield.
An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what the
"Twas God that saved you on that nicht, when a'
was black despair,
An' gratitude is due to Him for makin' you His care;
Then let us show our grateful sense of the kindness
He bestowed, [his road.
An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders frae
"There's cauld and drift without, guidman, might
drive a body blin',
But, Praise be blessed for a' that's guid, there's meat
and drink within;
An' be he beggar, be he prince, that Heaven directs
this way, [we hac."
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare the best
The guidman heard her silentlie, an' threw his clishin
by,
For his kindlie heart began to swell, and the tear
was in his eye;
He rose and pressed his faithfu' wife sae loving to his
breast, [expressed.
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep
"Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God Himself that helped us
in our strait,
An' gratitude is due to Him—His kindness it was
great;
An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the stranger's
state thy care, [is there."
An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace of God
Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kindness to
partake;
The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent as
the flake,
Till on the startled ear there came a feeble cry of woe,
As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the snow.
But help was near—an' soon a youth, in hodden gray
attire,
Benumbed with cold, extended, lay before the cottars'
fire;
Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the guidman
rubbed his breast, [confess'd.
An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks returning life

SIR ALAN MORTIMER.

A LEGEND OF FIFE.

DAVID VEDDER.

Born 1790; died 1854.

THE morning's e'e saw mirth an' glee
I' the hoary feudal tower
O' bauld Sir Alan Mortimer,
The lord o' Aberdour.

But dool was there, an' mickle care,
When the moon began to gleam;
For Elve an' Fay held jubilee
Beneath her siller beam.

Sir Alan's peerless daughter was
His darling frae infancy;
She bloomed in her bower a lily flower,
Beneath the light o' his e'e;

She equalled Eve's majestic form,
Saint Mary's matchless grace;
An' the heavenly hues o' paradise
O'erspread her beauteous face.

The diamond grew dim compared wi' her e'e,
The gowd, compared wi' her hair,—
Wi' the magic o' her bewitching smile
There was naething on earth to compare.

An' the dulcet music o' her voice
Excelled the harmonic
Which Elve an' Fay sae deftly play
When hallding high jubilee!

The woodbine an' the jessamine
Their tendrils had entwined;
A bower was formed, an' Emma aft
At twilight there reclined.

She thought of her knight in Palestine;
An' sometimes she would sigh,—
For love was a guest in her spotless breast,
In heavenly purity.

The setting sun had ceased to gild
Saint Columb's haly tower,
An' the vesper star began to glow
Ere Emma left her bower;

An' the fairy court had begun their sport
Upon the daisied lea,
While the gossamer strings o' their virginals rang
Wi' fairy melody.

That night the king had convoked his court
Upon the enamelled green,
To pick an' wale thro' his beauties a'
For a blumin' fairy queen;

An' ere ever he wist, he spied a form
That rivalled his beauties a';
'Twas Emma—Sir Alan Mortimer's pride—
Comin' hame to her father's ha'.

Quick as the vivid lightning gleams
Amidst a thunder storm,
As rapidly the clve assumed
Lord Bethune's manly form:

As flies the cushat to her mate,
So, to meet his embrace she flew;—
Like a feathered shaft frae a yeoman's bow
She vanished frae human view!

The abbey bell, on the sacred isle,
Had toll'd the vesper hour;
No footsteps are heard, no Emma appeared,
Sir Alan rushed from his tower;

The warders they ha'e left their posts,
An' ta'en them to the bent;
The porters they ha'e left the yetts—
The sleuth-hounds are on the scent.

The vassals a' ha'e left their cots,
An' sought thro' brake an' wold;
But the good sleuth-hounds they a' lay down
On the purple heath, an' yowled!

Sir Alan was aye the foremost man
In dingle, brake, an' brier;
But when he heard his sleuth-hounds yowl,
He tore his thin gray hair.

An' aye he cheered his vassals on,
● Though his heart was like to break;
But when he saw his hounds lie down,
Fu' mournfully thus he spake:

"Unearthlie sounds affright my hounds,
Unearthlie sights they see;
They quiver an' shake on the heather brake
Like the leaves o' the aspen tree.

"My blude has almost ceased to flow,
An' my soul is chilled wi' fear,
Lest the clfin or the demon race
Should ha'e stown my daughter dear.

"Haste, haste to the haly abbot wha dwells
On Saint Columb's sacred shores;
An' tell him a son o' the haly kirk
His ghostlie aid implores.

"Let him buckle sic spiritual armour on
As is proof against glamourie;
Lest the fiends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' me."

The rowers ha'e dashed across the stream
An' knocked at the chapel door;
The abbot was chauntin' his midnight hymn,
Saint Columb's shrine before;

His saint-like mien, his radiant een,
An' his tresses o' siller gray,
Might ha'e driven to flight the demons o' night,
But rood or rosarie!

The messenger dropt upon his knee,
An' humbly this he said;—
"My master, a faithfu' son o' the kirk,
Implores your ghostlie aid;

"An' ye're bidden to put sic armour on
As is proof against glamourie,
Lest the fiends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' thee."

The abbot leaped lightlie in the boat,
An' pushed her frae the strand;
An' pantin' for breath, 'tween life and death,
The vassals rowed to land;

He graspit the mournfu' Baron's hand—
"Ha'e patience, my son," says he,
"For I shall expel the fiends o' hell
Frae your castle an' baronie."

"Restore my daughter," Sir Alan cries,
"To her father's fond embrace,
An' the half o' my gold, this very night,
Saint Columb's shrine shall grace;

"Yes, if thou'lt restore my darling child,
That's from me foully been riven,
The half of my lands, ere morning's prime,
To thine abbey shall be given."

The abbot replied, with priestly pride,
"Ha'e patience under your loss;
There never was fiend withstood me yet,
When I brandished the haly cross.

"Forgo your fear, and be of good cheer—
I hereby pledge my word
That, by Marie's might, ere I sleep this night,
Your daughter shall be restored."

The abbot had made a pilgrimage
Barefoot to Palestinc;
Had slept i' the haly sepulchre,
An' visions he had seen;

His girdle had been seven times laved
In Siloam's sacred stream,
An' haly Saint Bride a rosarie hung
Around his neck, in a dream!

A bead was strung on his rosarie
That had cured ten men bewitched;
An' a relic o' the real cross
His pastoral staff enriched;

He carried a chalice in his hand,
Brimfu' o' water clear,
For his ain behoof, that had oozed frae the roof
O' the haly sepulchre!

He sprinkled bauld Sir Alan's lands
Wi' draps o' this heavenly dew;
An' the gruesome elves betook themselves
To the distant Grampians blue:

Anon he shook his rosarie,
An' invoked Saint Marie's name,
An' Emma's lute-like voice was heard
Chauntin' our lady's hymn!

But when he brandished the haly rood,
An' raised it to the sky,
Like a beam of light she burst on their sight
In vestal purity!

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.*

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Born 1794; died 1834.

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket,
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking,
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart,
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

And whenever we foregather'd,
He took off his wee three-cockit;
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan;
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop,
Which his maid dress'd very fine.

* Captain Paton was a real personage, and lived for many years with two maiden sisters in a tenement of his own opposite the Old Exchange, Glasgow. He died in 1807.—ED.

There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Pass'd nimbly to and fro?
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain Paton
no mo'e!
Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring.
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow!
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's
punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courtous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con.* but not the *pro.*!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And despatch'd him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below!
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain Paton
no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain from twenty symptoms
That death was in his view;
So the captain made his testament,
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn Kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows—
And a pretty man also—
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

ERKE RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

"A man must needs love maugre his hed,
He may not flee it though he should be ded."

CHAUCEER.

THERE were two lovers who loved each other
For many years, till hate did start,
And yet they never quite could smother
The former love that warmed their heart;
And both did love, and both did hate,
Till both fulfilled the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry
One that her heart had ne'er approved,
Nor longer could Clerke Richard tarry
Where he had lost all that he loved.
To foreign lands he reckless went
To nourish love—hate—discontent.

A word—an idle word of folly,
Had spilled their love when it was young,
And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
In either heart as idly sprung;
And yet they loved—and hate did wane,
And much they wished to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming;
His image lingered in her breast;
And oft at midnight, to her seeming,
Her former lover stood confest;
And shedding on her bosom tears,
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went, by land or ocean,
Still Richard sees Dame Margaret there;
And every throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her.
And never new love hath he cherished;
The power to love with first love perished.

Homeward is Clerke Richard sailing,
An altered man from him of old,
His hate had changed to bitter wailing,
And love resumed its wonted hold
Upon his heart, which yearned to see
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless, nathless, ever;
He loved her, though no more his own;
Nor could he proudly now dis sever
The chain that round his heart was thrown.
He loved her without hope, yet true,
And sought her but to say adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,
A bitter joy that wrings the soul;
And there is grief surpassing measure
That will not bide nor brook control;
And yet a formal fond leave-taking
Is wished for by a heart nigh breaking.

Oh, there is something in the feeling,
And trembling falter of the hand,
And something in the tear down stealing,
And voice so broken and so bland,
And something in the word farewell
That worketh like a powerful spell!

These lovers met, and never parted;
They met as lovers wont to do
Who meet when both are broken-hearted,
To breathe a last and long adieu.
Pale Margaret wept. Clerke Richard sighed;
And, folded in each other's arms, they died.

Yes, they did die ere word was spoken;
Surprise, grief, love had chained their tongue;
And now that hatred was ywroken,
A wondrous joy in them had sprung.
And then despair froze either heart,
Which lived to meet—but died to part.

Clerke Richard, he was buried low
In fair Linnithgow; and his love
Was laid beside him there; and lo,
A bonnie tree did grow above
Their double grave, and it doth flourish
Green o'er the spot where love did perish.

ROLAND AND ROSABELLE.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A TOMB by skilful hands is raised,
Close to a sainted shrine,
And there is laid a stalwart Knight,
The last of all his line.
Beside that noble monument,
A Squire doth silent stand,
Leaning in pensive wise upon
The cross-hilt of his brand.

Around him peals the harmony
Of friars at even-song,
He notes them not, as passing by
The hymning brothers throng:
And he hath watched the monument
Three weary nights and days,
And ever on the marble cold
Is fixed his steadfast gaze.

"I pray thee, wakeful Squire, unfold"—
Proud Rosabelle said—

"The story of the warrior bold,
Who in this tomb is laid?"

"A champion of the Cross was he"—
The Squire made low reply—

"And on the shore of Galilee,
In battle did he die,

"He bound me by a solemn vow,
His body to convey

Where lived his love—there rests it now,
Until the judgment-day:

And by his stone of record here,
In loyalty I stand,

Until I greet his leman dear—
The Lady of the Land!"

"Fair stranger, I would learn of thee
The gentle warrior's name,

Who fighting fell at Galilee
And won a deathless name?"

The Squire hath fixed an eye of light
Full on the Lady tall—

"Men called," he said, "that hapless Knight
Sir Roland of the Hall."

"His foot was foremost in the fray,
And last to leave the field—

A braver arm in danger's day
Ne'er shivered lance on shield!"

"In death, what said he of his love—
Thou faithful soldier tell?"

"Meekly he prayed to Him above
For perjured Rosabelle."

"Thy task is done—my course is run—
 (O fast her tears did fall!)
 I am indeed a perjured one—
 Dear Roland of the Hall!"
 Even as the marble cold and pale,
 Waxed Rosabelle's cheek;
 The faithful Squire resumed travail—
 The Lady's heart did break!

THE SLAYNE MENSTREL

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

ANE harper there was—ane harper gude—
 Cam' harpin' at the gloamin fa'—
 And he has won to the bonnie bield
 Quhilk callit is the Newtoun Ha'.
 "Brume, brume on hil"—the harper sang—
 "And rose on brier are blythe to sec—
 I would I saw the brume sac lang,
 Quhilk cleidis the braes o' my ain countree!"
 "Out on ye, out, ye prydefu' loun,
 Wi' me ye winna lig the nicht—
 Hie to some bordel in borrowe toun:
 Of harpand craft I haud but licht!"
 "Out on ye, out, ye menstrel lewd!"—
 Sayd the crewel Laird o' the Newtoun Ha'—
 "Ye'll nae bide here, by bleissit Rude,
 Gif harpe or lyf ye reck ava'!"
 "I care na for mie lyf ane plack"—
 Quoth that auld harper sturdilie—
 "But this gude harpe upon mie back
 Sal ne'er be fylit by ane lyk thee!"
 "Thou liest there, thou menstrel wicht!"
 Outspak the Laird o' the Newtoun Ha'—
 "For ye to death bedene art dicht,
 Haif at thee here and mend thy saw!"
 Alace, Alace, the harper gude
 Was borne back aganis the wa',
 And wi' the best o' his auld heris blude,
 They weetit hae the Newtoun Ha'!
 Yet did he die wi' harpe in han',
 Maist lyk ane menstrel o' degre—
 There was na ane in a' the land
 Might matche wi' him o' the North countree!
 Erle Douglas chauncit to ryde therebye—
 Ane gallant gentleman was he—
 Wi' four score o' weel harnessit men,
 To harrie in the South countree.
 He haltit at the Newtoun Ha'—
 "Quhat nouvelles now, bauld Laird, hae ye?"
 "It's I haif slayne a worthless wicht,
 Ane menstrel lewde, as you may see!"
 "Now schaw to me the harper's heid,
 And schaw to me the harper's hand,
 For sair I fear you've causeless spilt
 As gentil blude as in a' Scotland!"
 "Kep then his heid, thou black Douglas"—
 Sayd boastfullie fane Newtoun Ha'—
 "And kep his hand, thou black Douglas,
 His fingers slim his craft may schaw!"
 The stout Erle vyait first the heid,
 Then neist he lukit on the hand—
 "It's foul befa' ye, Newtoun Ha',
 Ye've slayne the pryde o' gude Scotland.

"Now stir ye, stir, my merrie men,
 The faggot licht, and bete the flame,
 A fire sal rise o'er this buirdly biek,
 And its saulless Laird in the lowe we'll tame!"

The bleeze blew up, the bleeze clipt roun'
 The bonnie towers o' the Newtoun Ha',
 And evir as armit men ran out,
 Black Douglas slewe them ane and a'.

The bleeze it roorit and wantonit royn'
 The weel-pilet wawis o' the Newtoun Ha',
 And ruif and rafter, bauk and beam,
 Ancath the bauld fyris doun did fa'!

Now waly for the crewel Laird—
 As he cam loupin' through the lowe,
 Erle Douglas swappit aff his heid
 And swung it at his saddil bowe!

JEANIE MORRISON.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The luve o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luve grows cule.
 O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears:
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.
 'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part;
 Sweet time—sad time; twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither leir;
 And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
 Remembered evermair.
 I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Check touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think,
 When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.
 O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin' said
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays
 (The scule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes,—
 The broomy braes o' June?
 My head rins round and round about—
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.

O mornin' life ! O mornin' luve !
 O lightsome days and lang,
 When hinn'd hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer-blossoms sprang !
 O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
 The deavin', dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burn side,
 And hear its waters croon ?
 The ~~summer~~ leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet ;
 The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees—
 And we, with nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies ;
 And on the knowe abunc the burn
 For hours thegither sat,
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.
 Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak !
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feeling forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung !
 I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me ?
 O, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine !
 O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?
 We wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot ;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way,
 And channels deeper, as it rins,
 The luve o' life's young day.
 O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue ;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygane days and me !

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

My head is like to rend, Willie—
 My heart is like to break ;
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—
 I'm dyin' for your sake !
 O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my breist-bane,—
 O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
 Sair grief maun hae its will ;
 But let me rest upon your breist
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie—
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life,—
 A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
 And press it mair and mair,—
 Or it will burst the silken twine,
 Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
 When we thegither met,—
 O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
 That our first tryst was set !
 O, wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae,—
 And wae's me for the destinie
 That gart me luve thee sae !

O, dinna mind my words, Willie—
 I downa seek to blame ;
 But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a world's shame !
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin :
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow, and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this world, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see,
 I canna live as I hae lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine,—
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gacs through my head, Willie—
 A sair stoun' through my heart ;
 Oh, haud me up, and let me kiss
 That brow ere we twa part.
 Anither, and anither yet !—
 How fast my life-strings break !—
 Fareweel, fareweel ! through yon kirkyard
 Step lightly for my sake !

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
 That lirts far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid ;
 And this green turf we're sitting on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As waird has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be—
 And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
 That ne'er loved ane but thee !
 And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
 That fill my yellow hair,—
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
 Ye never sall kiss mair !

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

* WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed,
 A sword of metal keene!
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighinge of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpet lowde,
 Be soundes from heaven that come;
 And O! the thundering presse of knights
 Whenas their war cryes swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel brighte,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants, all,
 And don your helmes amaine:
 Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand, —
 Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land!
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
 Thus weepe and puling crye,
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die!

THE TROOPER'S DITTY.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Boor, boot into the stirrup, lads,
 And hand once more on rein;
 Up, up into the saddle, lads,
 A-field we ride again!
 One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
 No leisure now to sigh,
 God bless them all—we have their prayers,
 And they our hearts—"Good-bye!"
 Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
 As gallant troopers may,
 Who have old scores to settle, and
 Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls—"Trot out, trot out!"—
 We cheer the stirring sound;
 Swords forth, my lads—through smoke and dust
 We thunder o'er the ground.
 Tramp, tramp we go through sulphury clouds,
 That blind us while we sing,—
 Woe worth the knave who follows not
 The banner of the King;
 But luck befall each trooper tall,
 That cleaves to saddle-tree,
 Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce,
 The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads; the trumpet sounds
 Its last and stern command—
 "A charge! a charge!"—an ocean burst
 Upon a stormy strand.
 Ha! ha! how thickly on our casques
 Their pop-guns rattle shot;
 Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
 As sharply as we've got.

Now for it:—now, bend to the work—
 Their lines begin to shake;
 Now, through and through them—bloody lances
 Our flashing sabres make!

"Cut one—cut two—first point," and then
 We'll parry as we may;
 On, on the knaves, and give them steel
 In bellyfuls to-day.
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and State,
 For Country and for Crown,
 We slash away, and right and left
 Hew rogues and rebels down.
 Another cheer! the field is clear,
 The day is all our own;
 Done like our sires,—done like the swords
 God gives to guard the Throne!

THE TWO ROSES.

FROM "THE ARROW AND THE ROSE."

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Born 1799; died 1849.

AGAINST a pleasant chestnut tree
 A youth, not yet sixteen, was leaning;
 A goodly bow he had, though he
 Inclined not to their archery,
 But with a look of meaning,
 A wayward smile, just half subdued,
 Apart the sylvan pastime viewed.
 His careless cap, his garments gray,
 His fingers strong—his clear brown cheek
 And hair of hapless red, you'd say
 A mountain lad did speak—
 A stripling of the Bearnese hills,
 Reared hardy among rocks and rills.
 But his rude garb became him well;
 His gold locks softly, curling fell;
 His face with soul was eloquent,
 His features delicately blent,
 And freely did his quick glance roam,
 As one who felt himself at home
 Where'er a warrior's weapon gleam'd,
 Or the glad eye of beauty beam'd.

"What, loitering thus, hope of Guienne!"
 Cries Guise's duke, advancing near
 The boy's retreat—"A wondering man
 Am I to find you here!
 The fiery steed brooks not the stall
 When hound and horn to greenwood call,
 And bowman bold will chafe to be
 Restrained from his artillery.
 My liege impatient is to learn
 Where hides the merry Prince of Ecarné."

With solemn tone and brow demure
 The blossom of Navarre replied,
 "Trust me, my lord, you may assure
 My cousin that with pride
 I'd venture in the morning's sport,
 Had I been perfected at court
 In forest lore. The little skill
 I boast was gleaned on woodland hill,
 From the wild hunters of our land,
 Who Paris modes ill understand.

If you will countenance to-day
Trial of our provincial way,
I'll take my chance among the rest,
And, hap what will, I'll do my best."

Loud laughed the king, and cried, "Agreed!"
Ladies and lords laughed louder still.

The buoyant prince, with feathery speed,
Unheeding, worked his will.

At a tall yeoman's boldest pace
He measured o'er the shooting space,
Planted an orange on a pole,
And, pointing, said, "Behold the goal!"
Then stood as practised archers stand
When the coy deer invites the hand.

Back to his ear the shaft he drew,
And gracefully, as he had been
Apollo's pupil—twang! it flew
Right to the mark, which, pierced core through,
Fell sever'd on the green.

High swell'd the plaudits of the crowd;
The marksman neither spoke nor bow'd,
But braced him for a second shot,
As was the custom of the play;
When Charles, in accents brief and hot,

Desired him to give way,
And with small show of courtesy
Displaced him ere he could reply.

His generous cheek flush'd into flame—
Trembled from head to heel his frame.

Again he had his weapon ready,
His eye concentrated on the king,
With manhood's mettle burning steady,
A fearful-looking thing!

A knight the ampler in the field
Served the scared monarch for a shield
Until his cousin's anger slept,
When from his portly screen he stept
And idly strove the mark to hit,
Passing a spear's length wide of it;
Muttering a ban on bow and quiver,
He slung them both into the river,
And straight departed from the scene,
His dignity disturbed by spleen.

France's lost laurel to regain,
Guise shot and cleft the fruit in twain.
Harry liked little to divide
The garland with Parisian pride,
And failing at the time to find
An orange suited to his mind,
Begg'd from a blushing country maid
A red rose on her bosom laid.
Poor girl! it was not in her power
From such a youth to save the flower!
The prize was his—triumphantly
He fixed it on a neighbouring tree—
His bonnet doffed and cleared his brow,
While beauty whispered, "Note him now."
A moment, and the sweet rose shiver'd
Beneath the shaft that in it quiver'd.

He bore the arrow and its crest,
The wounded flower, to the fair,
The pressure of whose virgin breast
It late seem'd proud to bear.
Shrinking, she wished herself away,
As the young prince, with bearing gay

And gallant speech, before her bent,
Like victor at a tournament—
"Damsel! accept again," he said,
"With this steel stalk, thy favourite, dead!
Unwept it perished—for there glows
On thy soft cheek a lovelier rose!"

THE CONVICT SHIP.

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Born 1799; died 1859.

MORN on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale.

The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.

See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds.
Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs;
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts that the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished
and o'er.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

WAKE, soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits
 To bear thee to the battle back;—
 Thou slumberest at a foe's gates;—
 Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
 Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
 And thy red falchion gathering rust!
 Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,—
 Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
 Shall ever break thy slumbers more;
 With summons to the battle-plain;
 A trumpet note more loud and deep
 Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep.
 Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass now,
 Beyond the Grecian hero's boast,—
 Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
 Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
 For head and heel alike are sound—
 A thousand arrows cannot wound.
 Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
 With that mild, widowed look she wore
 The day—how long to her it seems!—
 She kissed thee at the cottage door,
 And sicken'd at the sounds of joy
 That bore away her only boy.
 Sleep, soldier! let thy mother wait
 To hear thy bugle on the blast;
 Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate;
 And bid her home to thee at last;—
 He cannot tell a sadder tale
 Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
 When last—and far away—she heard its lingering
 echoes fall!

THE THORN OF PRESTON.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Born 1798; died 1851.

REVIVING with the genial airs,
 Beneath the azure heaven of spring,
 Thy stem of ancient vigour bears
 Its branches green and blossoming;
 The birds around thee hop and sing,
 Or flit, on glossy pinions borne,
 Above thy time-resisting head,
 Whose umbrage overhangs the dead,
 Thou venerable Thorn!
 Three ages of mankind have pass'd
 To silence and to sleep, since thou,
 Rearing thy branches to the blast,
 As glorious, and more green than now,
 Sheltered, beneath thy shadowy brow,
 The warrior from the dews of night;
 To doubtful sleep himself he laid,
 Enveloped in his tartan plaid,
 And dreaming of the fight.
 Day opens in the orient sky
 With wintry aspect, dull and drear;
 On every leaf, while glittering
 The rime hoar frost did appear.
 The ocean was unseen, though near;
 And hazy shadows seem'd to draw,
 In azure, with their mimic floods,
 A line above the Seaton woods,
 And round North Berwick Law.

Hark! 'twas the bagpipe that awoke
 Its tones of battle and alarms!—
 The royal drum, with doubling stroke,
 In answer beat—"To arms—to arms!"—
 If tumult and if war have charms,
 Here might that bliss be sought and found:
 The Saxon line unsheath the sword,
 And rush the Gael, with battle word,
 Across the stubble ground.

Alas! that British might should wield
 Destruction o'er a British plain,
 That hands, ordain'd to bear the shield,
 Should bring the poison'd lance, to drain
 The life blood from a brother's vein,
 And steep paternal fields in gore!—
 Yet, Preston, such thy fray began;
 Thy marsh-collected waters ran
 Empurpled to the shore.

The noble Gardner, bold of soul,
 Saw, spirit-sunk, his dastards flee,
 Disdain'd to let a fear control,
 And, striving by the side of thee,
 Fell like a champion of the free!
 And Brymer, too, who scorn'd to yield,
 Here took his death-blow undismay'd,
 And, sinking slowly downward, laid
 His back upon the field.

Descendant of a royal line—
 A race unfortunate and brave!
 Success a moment seem'd to shine
 On thee—'twas sunbeams on a grave!
 Thy home—a hiding-place—a cave
 With foxes, destined soon to be:
 To sorrow and disaster wed,
 A price on thy devoted head,
 And blood-hounds tracking thee!

'Twas morn; but ere the solar ray
 Shot burning from the west abroad,
 The field was still; the soldier lay
 Within a cold and lone abode;
 Beneath the turf on which he trod;
 Beside the spot whereon he fell;
 For ever severed from his kind,
 And from the home he left behind,—
 His own paternal dell!

Sheathed in his glittering panoply,
 Or wrapt in war-cloak, blood besprent,
 Within one common cemetery,
 The lofty and the low were pent:
 No longer did the evening tent
 Their mirth and wassail clamour hear;—
 Ah! many a maid of ardent breast,
 Shed for his sake, whom she loved best,
 The heart-consuming tear!

Thou, lonely tree, survivest still—
 Thy bloom is white, thy leaf is green,
 I hear the tinkling of a rill,
 All else is silent; and the scene,
 Where battle raged, is now serene
 Beneath the purple fall of night;
 Yet, oft beside the plough appears
 Casques, human bones, and broken spears,
 The relics of the fight!

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

JAMES HYSLOP.

Born 1756; died 1827.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;

When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east

Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glisten'd there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and red-
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,

Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was
For the horsemen of Earlsball around them were
hovering,

And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty
Their faces grew pale, and their swords were un-

sheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,

They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were
shrouded,

Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and un-
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and un-
bending,

They stood like the rock which the thunder is
rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,

The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty
were falling.

When the righteous had fallen and the combat was
ended,

A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axes of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are
riding;

Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

THE LAST DAY.

ROBERT POLLOCK.

Born 1798; died 1827.

In customary glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face; the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song; from arbour'd bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high;
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced; and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change; all nature moved
In wonted harmony; men as they met,
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things: the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope
Promised another harvest; in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies and markets glutted full:
Or, crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich-laden carack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer freight;—or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved
At intervals the irksome task with thought
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtle look, amid his parchment sate
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court

To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch
 Fat luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
 Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
 That through his lattice peeped derisively.
 The restless miser had begun again
 To count his heaps ; before her toilet stood
 The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked
 Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
 New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.
 And evil men of desperate lawless life,
 By oath of deep damnation leagued to all
 Remorsely, fled from the face of day,
 Against the innocent their counsel held,
 Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
 And villanies of fearful magnitude ;
 Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,
 The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man ;
 Sates were meeting ; statesmen loudly talked
 Of national resources, war and peace ;
 And sagely balanced empires soon to end ;
 And faction's jaded minions, by the page
 Paid for abuse, and oft-repeated lies,
 In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,
 For party schemes made interest, under cloak
 Of liberty, and right, and public weal.
 In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
 And of the awful wickedness of men ;
 Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,
 And universal rule, and panting hard
 For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
 To battle ; men, in science deeply read,
 And academic theory, foretold
 Improvements vast ;—and learned sceptics proved
 That earth should with eternity endure ;
 Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared ; to every man
 That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
 The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
 Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
 When suddenly—alas, fair Earth ! the sun
 Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
 Up to the throne of God ; and over all
 The earth came night, moonless and starless night
 Nature stood still ;—the seas and rivers stood,
 And all the winds : and every living thing. . . .
 A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone !
 Hope died in every breast ; and on all men [spoke ;
 Came fear and trembling ;—none to his neighbour
 Husband thought not of wife ; nor of her child
 The mother ; nor friend of friend ; nor foe of foe.
 In horrible suspense all mortals stood ;
 And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
 Rolling in heaven ;—revealed in flaming fire,
 The angel of God appeared, in stature vast,
 Blazing ; and, lifting up his hand on high,
 By Him that lives for ever, swore, that Time
 Should be no more. Throughout Creation heard,
 And sighed—all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods ;
 Desponding waste—and cultivated vale—
 Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
 Sighed ; earth arrested in her wonted path,
 As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
 Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
 A universal crash was heard, as if
 The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
 Foundations failed ;—and deadly paleness sate
 On every face of man, and every heart

Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
 None spoke, none stirred, none wept ; for horror held
 All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
 Again o'er all the nations silence fell :
 And in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
 The drove the thick of darkness far aside,
 And walked with penetration keen through all
 The abodes of men, another angel stood,
 And blew the trump of God.—Awake, ye dead !
 Be changed, ye living ! and put on the garb
 Of immortality ! Awake ! arise !
 The God of judgment comes.—This said the voice ;—
 And silence, from eternity that slept
 Beyond the sphere of the creating word,
 And all the noise of Time, awakening, heard.
 Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
 Her regions of despair ;—the ear of Death
 Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
 Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled ;—and all
 The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff bending had leaned,
 Crazy and frail ; or sat, benumbed with age,
 In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
 Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs
 New vigour flow ;—the wrinkled face grew smooth ;
 Upon the head that time had razed bare,
 Rose bushy locks ; and as his son in prime
 Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
 Changing herself, the mother saw her son
 Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
 Of manhood ;—and the wretch that begging sat
 Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,
 Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
 Arose complete ;—and he that on the bed
 Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
 Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now
 The tide of life and vigour rushing back ;
 And looking up, beheld his weeping wife,
 And daughter fond, that o'er him bending stooped
 To close his eyes ;—the frantic madman too,
 In whose confused brain reason had lost
 Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
 Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
 The newly sheeted corpse arose, and stared
 On those who dressed it ;—and the coffined dead,
 That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
 And mingled with their friends ;—and armies, which
 The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
 Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
 Rise up at once, and to their ghastly checks
 Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
 And as the anatomist, with all his band
 Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
 And impolitely hewed his way through bones
 And muscles of the sacred human form,
 Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
 The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
 His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
 And suddenly the injured man awoke,
 Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
 In immortality—forgiving scarce
 The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished-for by the good,
 Of universal Jubilee to all
 The sons of bondage ; from the oppressor's hand
 The scourge of violence fell ; and from his back,
 Healed of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

THE PEERLESS ONE.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Born 1802; died 1871.

HAST thou ne'er marked, in festal hall,
 Amidst the lights that shone,
 Some one who beamed more bright than all—
 Some gay—some glorious one!
 Some one who, in her fairy lightness,
 As through the hall she went and came.
 And her intensity of brightness,
 As ever her eyes sent out their flame,
 Was almost foreign to the scene;
 Gay as it was, with beauty beaming,
 Through which she moved:—a gemless queen,
 A creature of a different seeming
 From others of a mortal birth—
 An angel sent to walk the earth!

Oh, stranger, if thou e'er hast seen
 And singled such a one,
 And if thou hast enraptured been—
 And felt thyself undone;
 If thou hast sigh'd for such a one,
 Till thou wert sad with fears;
 If thou hast gazed on such a one
 Till thou wert blind with tears;
 If thou hast sat obscure, remote,
 In corner of the hall,
 Looking from out thy shroud of thought
 Upon the festival;
 Thine eye through all the misty throng
 Drawn by that peerless light,
 As traveller's steps are led along
 By wild-fire through the night:
 Then, stranger, haply dost thou know
 The joy, the rapture, and the woe,
 Which in alternate tides of feeling,
 Now thickening quick—now gently stealing
 Throughout this lone and hermit breast,
 That festal night, my soul possess'd.

O! she was fairest of the fair,
 And brightest of the bright;
 And there was many a fair one there,
 That joyous festal night.
 A hundred eyes on her were bent,
 A hundred hearts beat high;
 It was a thing of ravishment,
 O God! to meet her eye!
 But 'midst the many who look'd on,
 And thought she was divine,
 O, need I say that there were none
 Who gazed with gaze like mine!
 The rest were like the crowd who look
 All idly up to heaven,
 And who can see no wonder there
 At either morn or even;
 But I was like the wretch embound
 Deep in a dungeon under ground,
 Who only sees, through grating high,
 One small blue fragment of the sky,
 Which ever, both at noon and night,
 Shows but one starlet shining bright,
 Down on the darkness of his place,
 With cheering and unblenching grace;
 The very darkness of my woe
 Made her to me more brightly show.

At length the dancing scene was changed
 To one of calmer tone,
 And she her loveliness arranged
 Upon fair Music's throne.
 Soft silence fell on all around,
 Like dew on summer flowers;
 Bright eyes were cast upon the ground,
 Like daisies bent with showers.
 And o'er that drooping stilly scene
 A voice rose gentle and serene,
 A voice as soft and slow
 As might proceed from angel's tongue,
 If angel's heart were sorrow-wrung,
 And wish'd to speak its woe.

The song was one of those old lays
 Of mingled gloom and gladness,
 Which first the tides of joy can raise,
 Then still them down to sadness;
 A strain in which pure joy doth borrow
 The very air and gait of sorrow,
 And sorrow takes as much alloy
 From the rich sparkling ore of joy.
 Its notes, like hieroglyphic thing,
 Spoke more than they seem'd meant to sing.
 I could have lain my life's whole round
 Entranced upon that billowy sound,
 Nought touching, tasting, seeing, hearing,
 And, knowing nothing, nothing fearing,
 Like Indian dreaming in his boat,
 As he down waveless stream doth float.
 But pleasure's tide ebbs always fast,
 And these were joys too loved to last.

There was but one long final swell,
 Of full melodious tone,
 And all into a cadence fell,
 And was in breathing gone.
 And she too went: and thus have gone
 All—all I ever loved;
 At first too fondly doted on,
 But soon—too soon removed.
 Thus early from each pleasant scene
 There ever has been reft
 The summer glow—the pride of green,
 And but brown autumn left.
 And oh, what is this cherished term,
 This tenancy of clay,
 When that which gave it all its charm
 Has smil'd—and pass'd away?
 A chaplet whence the flowers are fall'n,
 A shrine from which the god is stolen!

SCOTLAND.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

SCOTLAND! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me;
 Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me.
 Hail, country of the brave and good;
 Hail, land of song and story;
 Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
 The sky is glowing o'er me;
 Like mother's ever-smiling face,
 The land lies bright before me.
 Land of my home, my father's land;
 Land where my soul was nourish'd;
 Land of anticipated joy,
 And all by memory cherish'd!

O Scotland, through thy wide domain
 What hill, or vale, or river,
 But in this fond enthusiast heart
 Has found a place for ever?
 Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
 To shelter farm or sheiling,
 That is not fondly garner'd up
 Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
 With noisy, ceaseless motion;
 Their waters join the rivers broad,
 Those rivers join the ocean;
 And many a sunny, flowery brae,
 Where childhood plays and ponders,
 Is freshen'd by the lightsome flood,
 As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
 And on the lonely mountain,
 How many wild spontaneous flowers
 Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
 The glowing furze, the "bonnie broom,"
 The thistle and the heather;
 The bluebell and the gowan fair,
 Which childhood likes to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
 On which the shepherd lover,
 In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
 Beneath the mountain's cover!
 Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
 So soft and melancholy,
 To make thy every hill and dale
 Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
 Fair as they are by nature,
 But every town and tower of thine,
 And every lesser feature;
 For where is there the spot of earth
 Within my contemplation,
 But from some noble deed or thing
 Has taken consecration!

Scotland! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me;
 Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me.
 Hail, country of the brave and good;
 Hail, land of song and story;
 Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory!

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

HUGH MILLER.

Born 1802; died 1856.

GRAY dial-stone, I fain would know
 What motive placed thee here,
 Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
 And rests the frequent bier.

Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade
 Slow o'er thy figured plain;
 When mortal life has pass'd away,
 Time counts his hours in vain!

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast
 When shrieks the wintry wind,
 So doubtful thoughts, gray dial-stone,
 Comes weeping o'er my mind.
 I think of what could place thee here,
 Of those beneath thee laid,
 And ponder if thou wert not raised
 In mock'ry o'er the dead.

Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,
 May mock his fellow-men;
 In sooth their sob'rest pranks afford
 Rare food for mock'ry then.
 But ah! when pass'd their brief sojourn,
 When heaven's dread doom is said,
 Beats there a human heart could pour
 Light mock'ries o'er the dead?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
 Directs his felon power,
 May ope the book of grace to him
 Whose day of grace is o'er.
 But sure the man has never lived,
 In any age or clime,
 Could raise in mock'ry o'er the dead
 The stone that measures time.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
 What motive placed thee here
 Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
 And drops the frequent tear.
 Like thy carved plain, gray dial-stone,
 Grief's weary mourners be;
 Dark sorrow metes out time to them,
 Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,
 To catch the eye of Him
 To whom earth's brightest gauds appear
 Worthless, and dull, and dim:
 We think of time when time has fled
 The friend our tears deplore;
 The God our light proud hearts deny,
 Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Gray stone, o'er thee the lazy night
 Passes untold away,
 Nor is it thine at noon to teach
 When falls the solar ray.
 In death's dark night, gray dial-stone,
 Cease all the works of men,
 In life, if Heaven withholds its aid,
 Bootless their works and vain.

Gray dial-stone, while yet thy shade
 Points out those hours are mine,
 While yet at early morn I rise,
 And rest at day's decline;
 Would that the sun that formed thine,
 His bright rays beam'd on me,
 That I, thou aged dial-stone,
 Might measure time like thee.

THE BATTLE.

FROM "NEBUCHADNEZZAR," CANTO V.

THOMAS AIRD.

Born 1802; died 1876.

UPSPRINGS the sun on his unwearied way,
 And from his forehead gives the flaming day.
 Long eastward looks from off his terrace high,
 The King Chaldean with an anxious eye,
 Troubled his brow, for lo! afar descried
 Comes on the Persian war sun-glorified.
 His shortened gaze in nearer view commands
 The embattled might of Babylonian lands,
 In gorgeous ferment. From the city pour
 Fresh hosts continuous through the impatient hour:
 There jostling chariots leap; the tide runs high
 With all the pomp of flowing chivalry,
 Arabian camels, and Nisean steeds
 Bearing a province of auxiliar Medes.
 Onward they scour; for westward o'er the plain
 The flower of Persian kingdoms draws its train,—
 From where its world of waters Indus brings
 To ocean, upwards by his hoary springs,
 To where the Tartar's winking hordes look forth
 Over the snowy bastions of the North,—
 An army great and terrible: Earth seems
 To be on fire beneath their brazen gleams.

Near waxed the fronting lines; intensely keen
 They paused, and sternest silence was between.
 Loud blew the Persian trumpets; wide the heaven
 By one great shout from all their host was riven.
 Chaldea answered on the west. At once
 The immortal Band of Persia's youth advance,
 Flanked by a cloudy stir on either side,
 Of swarming horse and archers opening wide.

How gazed the King, intensely forward bowed,
 As thick and thicker grew the battle-cloud,
 Still darker waxed, now broke in lightened seams,
 Again devoured the momentary gleams!
 Forth rushed a western wind, backwards it rolled
 The heavy battle's slow uplifted fold.
 O, beauty terrible! he saw afar
 The sultry ridges of the heaving war;
 Saw down long avenues of disarray
 The harsh-scythed chariots mow their levelled way.
 'Twas doubtful long, but now the struggle pressed
 With weight slow-whelming, gaining on the west;
 Far back are swayed the wide Chaldean swarms,
 They bow, they faint before the Persian arms.
 But hark! a mighty trumpet in the west!
 But lo! a warrior for the combat dressed
 In mail refulgent, on a milk-white steed,
 Comes dashing east with earth-devouring speed!
 Started the Prince, pale grew his forehead, shook
 His knees, as stood he still constrained to look;
 For, ah! his father's form that champion showed,
 And plunging deep into the battle rode.
 Far waved his sway, stemmed the Chaldean rout,
 And changed their terror to a mighty shout,
 By thousand thousands on the turrets thronged,
 And lofty walls of Babylon prolonged.
 A sultier ferment stirred the field: a band
 Thickened behind that arm of high command,
 As onward, eastward, with the whirlpool's might,
 It sucked the reflux of the scattered fight;
 Till, with its full concentrated attack,
 It bore the centre of the Persians back.

Nor this alone: in shouldered masses wide
 Their van was cleared away on either side.
 And deep was pushed that column unwithstood;
 And aye that waste collateral was renewed,
 Till eastward far the Babylonian host
 More than regained the ground which they had lost.
 Then recoiled the Persian power; it wavered, broke,
 Was forced, was driven in one commingled shock.
 Their camels fled, their Indian archers ceased,
 Their chariots rolled away into the east;
 Far chased their host, consumed, like stubble sere
 Wide fired when withering east winds close the year.

The Prince his chamber sought; and bade with speed
 Narses and Merdan come, his counsellors of need.
 They came:—"We task you not," he cried, "to say,
 Not even to guess that Victor of this day. [least,
 Slaves! slaves! we'll hear you not. This night at
 This one night more, we'll be a king and feast.
 Our palace guards be doubled. Then when we
 Are flown with cups, and filled with midnight glee,
 Be Cyra brought; we'll make her drink old wine,
 Her heart to warm, to make her beauty shine:
 Long have we loved her; and, by Bel above!
 Ere morn shall we be happy in her love."

THE BANQUET.

FROM "NEBUCHADNEZZAR," CANTO VI.

THOMAS AIRD.

COME to the banquet! Lift your dazzled eyes,
 Survey the glory that before you lies!
 Far down yon avenue of fainting light,
 The dim dance swims away upon the sight.
 Behold the central feast! Behold the wine
 Around in brimming undulations shine,
 As shakes the joyous board! There Beauty sips
 The purple glimmer with her murmuring lips;
 For there the rose-crowned concubines are set,
 For there the nymphs of Babylon are met,
 Each one a princess! Their illumined eyes
 Glitter with laughter, glance with coy surprise.
 And aye the love-sick dulcimer is played,
 Till faintly languishes each melting maid.
 Here peaceful satraps quaff; with lofty breast
 Built out with gladness, sits each courtly guest:
 Has not this day secured to them the right
 From victory to extend the festive night?
 And then their King is near! But mark him there!
 Scarce seems that downcast eye the bliss to share.
 Fear quells his heart: Each bowl, each golden cup
 With blood, for wine, to him seems welling up,
 Smote by the light of that branched candlestick:
 These Holy Vessels well may make him sick,
 Torn from Jehovah's Courts with impious hands,
 To light the unhallowed feasts of Heathen lands.
 Hark! heard ye nought? Restless the Monarch sate,
 And seemed to listen to some coming fate,
 Some sound abrupt; as if that steed of white
 Should burst upon them, stamping in his might.

But see young Cyra brought by eunuch slaves,
 Pale, pale as are the dead within their graves,
 Yet beautiful, in vestments flowered and fair,
 With hasty garlands in her raven hair.
 Pleased are the nobles of the banquet, round
 Soft murmurs tell the favour she has found.
 'Gainst scorn and wrong her heart had high defence;

Approval quelled her glowing innocence,
And Cyra tore the roses from her head,
In trembling haste her Jewish veil to shed.
It was not there; but nature there supplied
More than the wimple of a regal bride,
How lovelier far! her eager hand unbound
Her hair dishevelled; far it fell around
Her comely form, black as the ancient night,
And veiled the virgin from that insolent light.

Entranced in love, forgetting every fear,
And flushed with wine, the reeling Prince drew near,
"Thou chosen flower of Jewry, why so pale?"
He cried, "Nay, look from out that envious veil.
Give me thy soft hand, come drink wine with me,
Cling to my love, my bosom's jewel be!"

Back Cyra stepped, her tresses back she threw;
Their wavy beauty o'er her shoulders flew.
But burned her eye intense, as far it looked,
Nor check of terror intermediate brooked;
For in a moment the prophetic might,
God-given, was hers, the seer's awful sight.
Pale, fixedly rapt, concentrated, entranced
She stood, one arm outstretched, one foot advanced;
Nor moved that foot, nor fell that arm disturbed,
Not for a moment was her far glance curbed,
As from her lips, o'erlured with Heavenly flame,
The impetuous words that told the vision came:—
"Cling to thy love? I see a haughtier bride
Sent down from Heaven to clasp thy wedded side!
O! more than power, than majesty she brings,
Drawn from the loins of old anointed Kings,
To be her dower! Destruction is her name,
With terror crowned, with sorrow and with shame!
Her eyes of ravishment shall burn thee up!
And Babylon shall drink her mingled cup!
Weary thine idol-gods, old Babylon;
Yet tremble, tremble for thy glory gone!
City of waters! not o'erflowing thee,
Thy boasted streams shall yet thy ruin be!
Look to thy rivers! Shod with crusted blood,
The Persian mule—I see him on thy flood
Walk with dry hoof! Ha! in thy hour of trust,
He stamps thy golden palaces to dust,
Which dims the bold winds of the wilderness [guess
One hour—Then, where art thou? And who shall
Thy pomp? its place, even? Let the bitter harsh
Give quaking answer from her sullen marsh;
From drier haunts, where desolate creatures dwell,
Let tell the satyr, let the dragon tell!"
"Nay," said the King, "it ill befits those lips
To talk of kingdoms, and of thrones' eclipse!
Rein now the lovely madness of those eyes,
And see the bliss that near before thee lies. [cave."
Thy harp? 'Twas brought with thee from out the
—The Monarch nodded to a waiting slave; [strain
The harp was brought—"Now, strike one nuptial
Of those that graced thy wisest Sovereign's reign:
Sing a glad song of Solomon." She took
Her harp inviolate, as with scorn she shook;
Forth in fierce burst her holy quarrel leapt
'Gainst Ziop's mockers, as the chords she swept.
"Nay," cried the Prince, and interposed his hand,
"Sweet Fury, stay; thy harp must be more bland.
Give us,—we'll teach thee." Back in sacred pride
The Jewess shrunk. "It shall not be!" she cried.
"Our people's woes—Oh! Jacob's God, how long?—
Have filled these chords with many a mournful song,
Have sanctified them. For thy mighty King,

Thy father, too, how oft has thrilled each string,
To soothe him in the lonely wilderness,
By thee forgotten in his sore distress!
But I did ne'er forget him! Thou bad son,
My harp were tainted, touched by such a one,
Ungrateful, daring in voluptuous rest,
In the flowered garments of thy women dressed,
To shame the throne of such a father; yea,
With dogs of chase to vex him in thy play!
Ne'er shall thy finger touch one hallowed wire!"
Mighty beyond herself, in holy ire
She burst the chords, her harp asunder tore,
And wildly strewed the fragments on the floor.

In fast revulsion kneeling down she prayed
With trembling fervour to her God for aid.
Loud blew a trumpet: Up quickly did she spring.
"Hence to my chamber with her!" cried the King.
Slaves seized the maid; she shrieked; with effort
strong,

O! minutes, moments could she but prolong! [ere I
Hark! shouts and clashing swords!—"Help, God,
Must"—is she saved? The doors were bursting fly;
He comes sublime—'tis he! the King restored!
Faces and forms of war dread thronging guard their
lord.

Dark stood the Warrior-King; his head was bare;
His nostril quivered, scorn and wrath were there;
Hot was his glancing brow; his eyes below
Were like the lightnings running to and fro.
But ha! to meet him, Merdan, Narses spring:—
"Those guards are faithless: Shall this madman King
Destroy us all?" With simultaneous start!
Each aimed a poniard at his Sovereign's heart.
But wary, he forestalled the double thrust;
Shrunk; wheeling round, hewed Narses to the dust,
Who missed his aim: Nor Merdan's took effect,
But glanced from off him, by his corslet checked;
And, ere the traitor could his blow repeat,
With severed neck he lay at Narses' feet,
With gnashing teeth the bloody carpet tore,
His hands convulsive beating on the floor.

Dread paused the Potentate, and waved his hand;
He looked around, he saw his Cyra stand;
The grasp of slaves is on her shoulder still,
As yet they wait their office to fulfil.
"Off, menial dogs!" he cried with vehemence,
And withered up their spirits with his glance;
Down drop their hands, half stumbling they retreat.
But Cyra rushed and fainted at his feet.
He raised her, called his eunuchs, bade them bring
In haste sweet scents and water from the spring;
Till, soon revived, she leant upon his hand,
As sternly sad those revellers he scanned.
From the far halls the pomp had shrunk away,
A dreary silence there affrighted lay.
Here sullen stood the superseded King,
With prostrate heads around him in a ring.
The Sovereign turned, he called with brief command
His guards; they come, submissively they stand:—
"Guards, seize that slave imperial—yea, my son;
To ward with him till justice strict be done,
His reign be tried and purified! Away!
Wait further orders at the dawn of day."
Then came the ancient servants of their lord,
And faithful watch was to the Court restored.
Forth leading Cyra slow, the Monarch stayed
With arm paternal the much-trembling maid.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

Born 1805; died 1874.

PART I.

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow pass'd,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names, held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line.
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon;
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head had passed a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands the first among his peers;
And the next the Guises, who so well Fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked Ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fail'd;
And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
Here Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his all-unconquered sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medici—that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catherine!
The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a glittering comet's wake;
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighted up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

PART II.

The scene was changed. It was a barque that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the far-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne.
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France,
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her barque;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!

One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.

The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her smile was sadder now—
 The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
 And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field,
 The Stuart sceptre well she sway'd, but the sword she could not wield;
 She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
 And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
 The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
 The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar.
 They half beguiled her of her cares, they sooth'd her into smiles,
 They won her thought from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.
 But hark! the tramp of armed men, the Douglas' battle cry!
 They come—they come—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
 And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
 The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
 Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell!
 "Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely isle,
 And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
 Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
 The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line:
 "My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
 With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
 That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
 And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
 A red spot burned upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses down—
 She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown.

PART III.

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
 And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;
 She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
 She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
 The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
 And Mary's troops, and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?
 Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone.
 O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
 Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
 Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrows in thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
 And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand that soon must drip with blood.
 With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
 And breathless silence chained the lips and touch'd the hearts of all;
 Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell,
 And from her neck there hung a cross—the cross she lov'd so well!
 I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
 I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb!
 I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone—
 I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone—
 I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold—
 I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould!
 Even now I see her far away in that calm convent aisle,
 I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile—
 Even now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal morn,
 A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
 Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
 And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block *alone!*
 The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
 Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed!
 Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has pass'd away;
 The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay!
 The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
 Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
 The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen—
 The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth hath seen—
 Lapp'd by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
 Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

THE UNCLE.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

I HAD an uncle once—a man of threescore years and three;—
And, when my reason's dawn began, he'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter nights, things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood, and few his converse sought;
But it was said, in solitude his conscience with him wrought;
And there, before his mental eye, some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child—who gambolled up and down;
And often peeped into his room, and plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—my father was his brother;
And all their lives I knew that they had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung the picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it—'twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well—the wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors it sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall; my uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood the words upon the book;
For, with a sidelong glance, I marked my uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame in strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole, a strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze of the unconscious dead!

Then suddenly he turned him round, and drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;—perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me had seemed so ghastly pale!

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,—I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat, and hardly utterance found;—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully he cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once—thou wert her only child;
O boy! I've seen her when she held thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy, 'twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that; he was the prop of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him a token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too,—nay, more, 'twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought within my soul was nursed!
He came—he conquered—they were wed; my air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell, and evil hopes grew rife;
The madd'ning thought stuck in my heart, and cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved, should be another's wife!

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

"I left my home—I left the land—I crossed the raging sea :—
In vain—in vain !—where'er I turned, my memory went with me ;—
My whole existence, night and day, in memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here :—he died—no one knew how ;
The murdered body ne'er was found, the tale is hushed up now ;
But there was one who rightly guessed the hand that struck the blow.

"It drove *her* mad—yet not his death,—no—not his death alone ;
For she had clung to hope, when all knew well that there was none :
No, boy ! it was a sight she saw that froze her into stone !

"I am thy uncle, child,—why stare so frightfully aghast ?—
The arras waves,—but know'st thou not 'tis nothing but the blast ?
I, too, have had my fears like these, but such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw,—I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night suits with the purpose best,
Come hither—thou hast often sought to open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring ; the touch is known to me alone ;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—what see you that you groan
So heavily ?—That thing is but a bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—three strides he backwards gave.
"Oh, Fate ! it is my brother's self returning from the grave !
His grasp of lead is on my throat—will no one help or save ?"

That night they laid him on his bed, in raving madness tossed ;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths blasphemed the Holy Ghost ;
And, ere the light of morning broke, a sinner's soul was lost !

THE SCARF OF GOLD AND BLUE.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

"God speed thee, Eustace D'Argencourt, be brave as thou art true,
And wear the scarf I've wov'n for thee—this scarf of gold and blue !"
He bent his knee, he kiss'd her hand, and fervently he swore,
That till his sword had lost its might, till life's last pulse was o'er,

That scarf should never leave his arm, in tournament or fight ;
That scarf should be his pride by day, his dream of joy by night,
Then bounded he upon his steed, and, with one parting glance,
Forth rode Sir Eustace D'Argencourt, the bravest knight in France.

Scarce had he ridden one short week—one short week and a day—
When he saw twelve Spanish knights approach, all bent to cross his way ;
And his squire said to his master bold, "I pray thee turn thy steed,
For little hope is left us now save in our coursers' speed."

"How ! Thinkst thou, craven-hearted squire," Sir D'Argencourt replied,
"That from the lance of mortal foe I e'er could turn aside ?
Twelve Spaniards are there in the field, and we are only two,
But wear I not my lady's scarf—her scarf of gold and blue !"

Then up rode Don Pedrillo, and tauntingly spake he—
"I envy thee thy fortune, knight, whate'er thy name may be,
For if thou'rt slain by my right hand, a happy death thou'lt die."
Sir Eustace placed his lance in rest, but deigned him no reply ;

As thunder rides the lightning's wings, so strode he his good steed,
And soon beneath his charger's feet he saw Pedrillo bleed.
Then up came Garcia Perez—Don Carlos by his side ;
"O ! dearly shalt thou rue, Sir Knight, thy self-deceiving pride !"

Sir Eustace stroked his gallant barb, and, with a sudden bound,
Hurl'd Garcia Perez from his seat, sore mangled, on the ground ;
Then, turning on Don Carlos, like a lion in his wrath,
He stretched him with one desperate blow all stiff across his path.

Nine Spaniards still remained behind, but motionless they stood,
And looked with silent wonder on that young knight's hardihood :
"Come one—come all!" Sir Eustace cried, "I neither yield nor fly ;
But for the Lady Isabel, or you or I must die."

Then the Count Alcaras recognized Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,
His favoured rival in the love of Isabel D'Etours.
And on he urged his dastard friends, and as a cloud they came.
"Base traitors!" shouted D'Argencourt, "how can ye fight, for shame!
Such odds were never seen before—nine armed men 'gainst one!
God guard thee, Lady Isabel—my race of life is run!"

Yet fiercely did Sir Eustace fight, and fast flowed Spanish gore,
Till the Count Alcaras came behind—he dared not come before—
And stabbed that brave knight in the back—a false, dishonest blow.
Sir Eustace turned him round, and fixed one long gaze on his foe,
Then feeble fell his gallant arm, and clouds swam round his head,
And the Spaniards raised a joyful shout, for they thought Sir Eustace dead.
They bound his arms behind his back, they tied him to a tree,
And beside him stuck his broken lance, in graceless mockery.
"And now, Sir Knight," Alcaras cried, "I'll wear this gewgaw too.
Methinks I guess who wore this scarf—this scarf of gold and blue!
Away! my friends, there's little breath in proud Sir Argencourt,
Away! my friends, I'll win her yet—fair Isabel D'Etours!"

Bright shines the sun upon the waves—the waves of blue Garonne,
But brighter shine those diamond eyes in the lists at Roussillon ;
And trumpets bray, and banners stream, and chargers gallop round,
And noble hearts beat quick for praise with many an aching bound.

But who is she, who wins all looks—for whom all ride the ring—
To gain a smile of whose dark eyes were glory for a king?
Ha! did you mark her sudden blush—the paleness of the trance
That followed quick as on that knight she bent her eager glance?

"It was the Count Alcaras!" for his Spanish crest she knew,
But why wore he that plighted scarf—"that scarf of gold and blue?"
"I took it, lady," boastingly, the crafty Spaniard said,
"From one I forced to yield beneath my more victorious blade ;
He gave it me with right goodwill, his life was all he sought :
Too cheaply with the coward's death so rich a prize I bought."
"Now, by St. Louis, braggart base!" fair Isabel replied,
"I tell thee, in thy craven teeth, that loudly thou hast lied!"
Then bared she straight her snow-white hand, and down she threw her glove:
"Oh! is there any knight who here, for honour or for love,
Will make the Count Alcaras his unhallowed falsehood rue,
And win me back that well-worn scarf—that scarf of gold and blue?"

A hundred swords leaped forth at once to do her proud behest,
A hundred lords were at her feet, a hundred spears in rest ;
But she has singled from them all that solitary knight
Who wears his coal-black vizor down, nor yet has proved his might.

The heralds sound the onset, and they meet with deadly shock ;
The count has fallen from his horse, the knight sits as a rock ;
But when he saw Alcaras down, he stayed not on his steed ;
And when he saw Alcaras' lance was shivered as a reed,
Away, without one word, the knight that instant cast his own,
And forth he drew his glittering sword, that as a sunbeam shone :
With one fierce blow he cleft the casque the Spaniard proudly wore,
And with the next struck off the arm on which the scarf he bore ;
Then thrice he kissed that well-worn scarf, that scarf of gold and blue,
And raised his vizor as he knelt to her he found so true.
O! dearly was that scarf beloved by Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,
But dearer far the prize he won in Isabel D'Etours!

MARY HAY.

WILLIAM NAIRNE.

SWEET flowers will blow, sweet flowers will fade,
 The fletcher that they're fair,
 And Mary Hay was the fairest maid
 In all the shire of Ayr;
 And bold Sir Hugh was as true a Knight
 As ever worshipped Beauty bright.

What tho' his home was the castle high,
 And her's the cottage low?
 The sparkling dart from beauty's eye
 Is match for valour's bow;
 Heaven bends to earth full fraught with love,
 And earth seeks love in heaven above.

And Matthew Hay was a fearless man,
 Chief of a daring crew,
 Who pledged him their troth o'er a flowing can,
 And dubbed him the Old Truc Blue;
 And over the ocean and over the land
 His will was the law, and his wish the command.

What tho' he traffick'd in contraband goods,
 Braving the law's strong ban;
 How many of our Nobles may trace their bloods
 To some bold and fearless man!
 And bold and fearless he e'en must be
 Who achieves his own nobility.

Sir Hugh traced his kin to a distant time;
 Matthew swore he would found a race,
 And build a strong castle of stone and lime,
 Where future ages might trace
 In sculptured story, what deeds he could dare,
 To leave such a dower to his daughter fair.

Tho' fortune often favours the brave,
 The battle's not aye to the strong;
 And Matthew danced o'er the dancing wave
 On the end of a hempen thong;
 For why? the law was stronger than he,
 And swung him aloft on his own cross-tree.

There is a passion that God hath blessed,
 'Tis born in Heaven above;
 No feeling that lurks in the human breast
 Can match a parent's love;
 When love and light from the Earth hath flown,
 A child shall ask bread and find a stone.

And Matthew had been to Mary Hay
 A father fond and true;
 And ah! should the flower be cast away
 Though in the wild it grew:
 Oh! nourish it in thy warmest bower
 And none shall bloom like the mountain-flower.

So the Baron felt, and the baron said,
 And he kept by his plighted troth;
 For he prized above price his peerless maid,
 And he vowed his heart-sworn oath:
 And well he knew that scandal's tongue
 Dared ne'er be breathed while his falchion rung.

The day was set, and her kindred met,
 And Mary was dressed in white;
 And her eyes, half-hid in their fringes of jet,
 Were sparkling in joyous light,
 Illuming all hearts with each glance and gleam
 Like the straggling light of a stray sunbeam.

And the priest was there; and the Bridesmaid fair
 Was slyly jibing the Bride,
 As the hour past by and no Bridegroom came nigh,
 "Must maids such freaks abide?
 Another minute, and then, and then,
 I'd shift my heart against love and men!"

The old Mother, too, had doffed her black
 On her daughter's bridal day;
 And though her heart was sad, alack!
 She smiled through her locks of grey;
 And "Mary, Mary dear," she cried,
 "It was not thus, when I was a bride."

Another hour, and the day grows dark,
 It is a December day;
 No Bridegroom yet—no horse-hoofs, hark!
 'Tis his; ah! well away,
 'Tis hope's car drinking the rushing air,
 For neither rider nor steed is there.

And Mary hath fled from her kindred's gaze
 Into her little room;
 And as hope fled with his glittering rays,
 Still darker grew the gloom:
 And scowled each brow, and swelled each form,
 Like the gathering wrath of a mountain storm.

"Now speed thee onward, my gallant grey,
 From the ice strike sparkling fire;
 And this night I shall wed my Mary Hay
 Despite my kindred's ire;
 For my mother, grammarcy, the croaking crone,
 Hath scared me with bodings till day hath gone."

The steed he flew like the wild-fire flight,
 Scorching the mountain brow:
 Sir Hugh, Sir Hugh, approach not to-night
 That house of wrath and woe;
 Thine own sweet Mary is not there,
 Nor aught but the wailing of dark despair.

She is gone; they seek her east and west,
 They call her up and down;
 But away, heart-struck from her parent's nest,
 The mateless bird hath flown:
 Alack! and the cold December night
 Is an ominous time for a maiden's flight.

They have sought, and searched, and tracked in vain
 The land and the half-frozen river;
 They can trace no footsteps over the plain,
 She is lost, she is lost for ever:
 But hope still nerves the lover's heart,—
 "We perish together, but never part."

He is all alone on the frozen lea,
 He hath crossed the crackling ford,
 And her fairy footprints he can see,
 Now Glory to the Lord;
 For the Moon, and the snow, make a silvery day,
 And he traces her steps in the flickering ray.

And lo! a shuddering chills his frame
 As ascending the snow-clad hill,
 He hears in whispers his well-known name
 Waking the silence still;
 Softly floating, like scrap's song,
 While hushed; he listeth, and stealeth along.

And on the hill-top, like a spirit all white,
In her bridal robes arrayed,
Gazing upon the Moon's pale light
Sitteth the love-lorn maid;
Pressing her hand on her throbbing heart,
That leaps, as it fain from her bosom would start.

"Mary! Mary!" but still she sate
Gazing at the Moon;
"In my bridal chamber here I wait
And my lover cometh soon;
My brain is a-fire, the snow is a-cold,
And love dances light on the pearly wold."

"Mary!" he cried, and the maid awoke,
(Ah Love hath potent charms);
But alas! her wounded heart had broke,
And she fell all dead in his arms;
And a cold dead bride to his bosom he strains,
Chilling the blood that flowed thro' his veins.

Some bosoms will sigh, and their sighs will burst
In gushing fountains of tears;
But is not the burning heart accurst
Which can live through long, long years,
Without a sigh, without a tear;
Alas! grief's living grave is here.

Sir Hugh sits in his Baron's Hall
Draining the goblet deep,
Till the guests at the gorgeous festival
Are all dead fast asleep;
And he gazeth upon the vacant chair,
Till Mary's sainted form is there.

God wot but the lights shed a ghastly glare,
Blending the quick and the dead;
When the Baron fell back in his high oaken chair,
And, as his spirit fled,
A whisper was heard, faintly dying away,—
I come—I come—my Mary Hay.

PATIE THE PACKMAN.

WILLIAM NAIRNE.

O' a' the slee bodies that ever I saw,
The sleeist was Patie the Packman;
I'll lay ye my lugs, ere he let ye awa',
Ye'll hae cause to mind Patie the Packman;
He's a' outs an' ins, he's a' heads an' thraws,
He's a sharp-pointed humph on his back, man,
While a brass-handled box filled wi' uncas an' braws,
Smooths the hummie o' Patie the Packman.

He trots oot an' in, he rins here and there,
He's been at the moon, an's come back, man,
At bridal, at kirkin, at market, or fair,
Ye'll never miss Patie the Packman.
He's a' gate, kens a' thing, sae dinna ye think
Ye'll ever get out o' his track, man;
Gin e'er your beglommered wi' love or wi' drink,
Ye'll be nailed by slee Patie the Packman.

In the bonny grey gloamin, adown the green lane,
Gin ye tak' yere ain lassie to walk, man,
When ye fain wad sit down, on the auld mossy stane
There sits little Patie the Packman.

Or gin the moon-light wyles ye out 'mang the braird,
Or sets ye ayont the hay-stack man,
What's sure to come hoastin across the barn-yard,
But "How are ye?" frae Patie the Packman.

Or whan the auld wives idly girn out their lives,
An' their noddles are a' on the rack, man,
Gin ony has seen Jockie crackin' wi' Jean,
They are seen by slee Patie the Packman.
He is sleek in the tongue, he is gleg in the cen,
He is aye in the way for a crack, man,
An' there's never a knot o' true gossipers seen,
But there chatters Patie the Packman.

De't braws for the body, or food for the mind,
Be't gown, ribbon, ballan't, or tract, man,
Ye're sure to get a' ye are 'in to find,
In the stowed box o' Patie the Packman.
The lasses gaun glaikit for men or for dress,
The bairnies a' skirlin for "black man";
E'en wee buffy Jock, an' his daft titty Bess,
A' yaummer for Patie the Packman.

And he stots aye about, wi' his tongue and his pack,
Ye ne'er catch him wairin a plack, man,
Till a braw merchant's shop opens up in a crack,
And there stands slee Patie the Packman.
It's gude to be pawkie, it's braw to be odd,
I'll no say slee Patie's a quack, man;
But mony wha fain wad tak up a' the road,
Maun mak' room for slee Patie the Packman.

OUR BRAW UNCLE.

WILLIAM NAIRNE.

My auld uncle Willie cam doun here frae Lunnon,
An' wow but he was a braw man;
An' a' my puir cousins around him cam rinnin',
Frae mony a lang mile awa' man.

My uncle was rich, my uncle was proud—
He spak o' his gear, and he bragg'd o' his gowd;
An' whate'er he hinted, the puir bodies vow'd
They wad mak it their love an' their law, man.

He staid wi' them a' for a week time about,
Feastin', and fuddlin', an' a', man,
Till he fairly had riddled the puir bodies out,
An' they thoct he was ne'er gaun awa', man.
And neither he was; he had naething to do,
He had made a' their fortunes and settled them too;
Though they ne'er saw a bodle they'd naething to say,
For they thoct they wad soon hae it a', man.

But whan our craw uncle had stay'd here a year,
I trow but he wasna a sma' man,
Their tables cam doun to their auld hamilt cheer,
An' he gat himsel' book'd to gae 'wa', man.
Yet e'er the coach started, the hale o' his kin
Cam to the coach-door, maistly chokin' him in,
And they press'd on him presents o' a' they could fin',
An' he vow'd he had done for them a', man.

And sae had he too; for he never cam' back,
My sang! but he wasna a raw man,
To feast for a year without paying a plack,
An' gang wi' sic presents awa', man.
An' aften he bragg'd how he cheated the greed
O' his grey gruppy kinsmen be-north o' the Tweed;
An' the best o' it, whan auld uncle Willie was dead,
He left them—just naething awa, man.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Born 1809.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
 Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
 Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
 Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
 But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
 Held the reins with a steady hand,
 Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
 Give the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
 When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
 With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
 And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
 Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
 Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
 On his captain brave a lightning glance,
 Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
 Take care of the road to Charleroi,
 Where the Cameron men are wanted."

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
 Into the midst of the plunging foe,
 And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent,
 Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
 And he fell the first in the servid fray,
 Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
 But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
 Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
 Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
 His foster-brother stoutly bore,
 His foster-brother with service true,
 Back to the village of Waterloo.
 And they laid him on the soft green sod,
 And he breathed his spirit there to God,
 But not till he heard the loud hurrah
 Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
 Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
 This noble chief of the Cameron men,
 And not an eye was tearless seen
 That day beside the alley green:
 Wellington wept—the iron man!
 And from every eye in the Cameron clan
 The big round drop in bitterness fell,
 As with the pipes he loved so well
 His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
 When the war was done, across the foam),
 Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
 With his sire, the pride of the Cameron men.
 Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
 As they laid him to rest in his native ground;
 The Cameron brave, whose eye never quail'd,
 Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
 Where a Cameron man was wanted.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

BEAUTIFUL world!

Though bigots condemn thee,
 My tongue finds no words
 For the graces that gem thee!
 Beaming with sunny light,
 Bountiful ever,
 Streaming with gay delight,
 Full as a river!
 Bright world! brave world!
 Let cavillers blame thee!
 I bless thee, and bend
 To the God who did frame thee!

Beautiful world!

Bursting around me,
 Manifold, million-hued
 Wonders confound me!
 From earth, sea, and starry sky,
 Meadow and mountain,
 Eagerly gushes
 Life's magical fountain.
 Bright world! brave world!
 Though witlings may blame thee,
 Wonderful excellence
 Only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood
 His sweet hymn is trolling,
 The fish in blue ocean
 Is spouting and rolling!
 Light things on airy wing
 Wild dances weaving,
 Clods with new life in spring
 Swelling and heaving!
 Thou quick-teeming world,
 Though scoffers may blame thee,
 I wonder, and worship
 The God who could frame thee!

Beautiful world!

What poesy measures
 Thy strong-flooding passions,
 Thy light-trooping pleasures?
 Mustering, marshalling,
 Striving and straining,
 Conquering, triumphing,
 Ruling and reigning!
 Thou bright-armed world!
 So strong, who can tame thee?
 Wonderful power of God
 Only could frame thee!

Beautiful world!

While godlike I deem thee,
 No cold wit shall move me
 With bile to blaspheme thee!
 I have lived in thy light,
 And, when Fate ends my story,
 May I leave on death's cloud
 The bright trail of life's glory!
 Wondrous old world!
 No ages shall shame thee!
 Ever bright with new light
 From the God who did frame thee!

THE TWO MECK MARGARETS.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

It fell on a day in the blooming month of May,
When the trees were greenly growing,
That a captain grim went down to the brim^o
O' the sea, when the tide was flowing.

Twa maidens he led, that captain grim,
Wi' his red-coat loons behind him,
Twa meek-faced maids, and he sware that he
In the salt sea-swell should bind them.

And a' the burghers o' Wigton town
Came down, full sad and cheerless,
To see that ruthless captain drown
These maidens meek but fearless.

O what had they done, these maidens meek,
What crime all crimes excelling,
That they should be staked on the ribbed sea-sand,
And drowned, where the tide was swelling?

O wae me, wae! but the truth I maun say,
Their crime was the crime of believing
Not man, but God, when the last false Stuart
His Popish plot was weaving.

O spare them! spare them! thou captain grim!
No! no!—to a stake he hath bound them,
Where the floods as they flow, and the waves as
they grow,
Shall soon be deepening round them.

The one had threescore years and three;
Far out on the sand they bound her,
Where the first dark flow of the waves as they grow,
Is quickly swirling round her.

The other was a maiden fresh and fair;
More near to the land they bound her,
That she might see by slow degree
The grim waves creeping round her.

O, captain, spare that maiden gray,
She's deep in the deepening water!
No! no!—she's lifted her hands to pray,
And the choking billow caught her!

See, see, young maid, cried the captain grim,
The wave shall soon ride o'er thee!
She's swamped in the brine whose sin was like
thine;
See that same fate before thee!

I see the Christ Who hung on a tree
When His life for sins He offered;
In one of His members, even He
With that meek maid hath suffered.

O captain, save that meek young maid!
She's a loyal farmer's daughter!
Well, well! let her swear to good King James,
And I'll hale her out from the water!

I will not swear to Popish James,
But I pray for the head of the nation,
That he and all, both great and small,
May know God's great salvation!

She spoke; and lifted her hands to pray,
And felt the greedy water,
Deep and more deep around her creep,
Till the choking billow caught her!

O Wigton, Wigton! I'm wae to sing
The truth o' this wae some story;
But God will sinners to judgment bring,
And his saints shall reign in glory.

THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

As I came wandering down Glen Spean,
Where the braes are green and grassy,
With my light step I overtook
A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,
Another in her hand,
And she walked as one who was full loath
To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass;"—for she
Had hair of flowing gold,
And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,
Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aileth thee
On this bright summer day,
To travel sad and shoeless thus
Upon the stony way?

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,
And thou art burdened so;
March lightly now, and let me bear
The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said; "that may not be;
What's mine is mine to bear;
Of good or ill, as God may will,
I take my portioned share."

"But you have two and I have none;
One burden give to me;
I'll take that bundle from thy back,
That heavier seems to be."

"No, no!" she said; "*this*, if you will,
That holds—no hand but mine
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean,
Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be
Within that precious load
Which thou dost bear with such fine care
Along the dusty road?

"Belike it is some present rare
From friend in parting hour;
Perhaps as prudent maidens' wont,
Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand
She gave a mournful wave:

"Oh, do not jest, dear sir!—it is
Turf from my mother's grave!"

I spoke no word: we sat and wept
By the road-side together;
No purer dew on that bright day
Was dropt upon the heather.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

Born 1813; died 1865.

The ballad may be considered as a narrative of the transactions, related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, shortly before the splendid victory of Killiecrankie :—

I.

COME hither, Evan Cameron,
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my old spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night!

II.

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose :
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet
How the Great Marquis died ;

III.

A traitor sold him to his foes ; *
O deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or back'd by armed men—
Face him, as thou would'st face the man
Who wrong'd thy sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !

IV.

They brought him to the Watergate
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his lordly brow.
Then, as a hound is slipp'd from leash,
They cheer'd the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

V.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.

* Macleod of As-ynt.

There stood the Whig west-country lords
In balcony and bow,
There sat their gaunt and wither'd dames,
And their daughters all a-row ;
And every open window
Was full as full might be,
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see !

VI.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He look'd so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye ;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him,
Now turn'd aside and wept.

VII.

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant labour'd,
Till it reach'd the house of doom :
But first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd :
Then, as the Græme look'd upwards,
He caught the ugly smile
Of him who sold his King for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle !

VIII.

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,*
And he turn'd his eyes away.
The painted harlot at his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clench'd at him ;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
" Back, coward, from thy place !
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face."

IX.

Had I been there with sword in hand
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had peal'd the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailed men—
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then !
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had stepp'd as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there !

X.

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish Kings were thrond
Amidst their nobles all.

But there, was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,
 And perjured traitors fill'd the place
 Where good men sate before.
 With savage glee came Warristoun*
 To read the murderous doom,
 And then uprose the great Montrose
 In the middle of the room.

XI.

"Now by my faith as belted knight,
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the red Saint Andrew's cross
 That waves above us there—
 Ay, by a greater, mightier oath—
 And oh, that such should be!—
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies 'twixt you and me—
 I have not sought in battle field
 A wreath of such renown,
 Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
 To win the martyr's crown!

XII.

"There is a chamber far away
 Where sleep the good and brave,
 But a better place ye have named for me
 Than by my father's grave.
 For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
 This hand has always striven,
 And ye raise it up for a witness still
 In the eye of earth and heaven.
 Then nail my head on yonder tower—
 Give every town a limb—
 And God Who made shall gather them.—
 I go from you to Him!"

XIII.

The morning dawn'd full darkly,
 The rain came flashing down,
 And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
 Lit up the gloomy town:
 The heavens were speaking out their wrath,
 The fatal hour was come,
 Yet ever sounded sullenly
 The trumpet and the drum.
 There was madness on the earth below,
 And anger in the sky,
 And young and old, and rich and poor,
 Came forth to see him die.

XIV.

Ah, God! That ghastly 'gibbet!
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great, tall, spectral skeleton,
 The ladder, and the tree;
 Hark! hark! It is the clash of arms—
 The bells begin to toll—
 He is coming! he is coming!
 God's mercy on his soul!
 One last long peal of thunder—
 The clouds are clear'd away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

* Archibald Johnston of Warristoun.

XV.

He is coming! he is coming!
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walk'd to battle
 More proudly than to die:
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvell'd as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man!

XVI.

He mounted up the scaffold,
 And he turn'd him to the crowd;
 But they dared not trust the people,
 So he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens,
 And they were clear and blue,
 And in the liquid ether
 The eye of God shone through:
 Yet a black and murky battlement
 Lay resting on the hill,
 As though the thunder slept within—
 All else was calm and still.

XVII.

The grim Geneva ministers
 With anxious scowl drew near,
 As you have seen the ravens flock
 Around the dying deer.
 He would not deign them word nor sign,
 But alone he bent the knee;
 And veil'd his face for Christ's dear grace
 Beneath the gallows-tree.
 Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away:
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 Of earth, and sun, and day.

XVIII.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climb'd the lofty ladder
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder roll,
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush and then a groan;
 And darkness swept across the sky—
 The work of death was done!

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

I'll sing you a new song, that should make your
 heart beat high,
 Bring crimson to your forehead, and the lustre to
 your eye;—
 It is a song of olden time, of days long since gone
 by,
 And of a Baron stout and bold, as e'er wore sword
 on thigh!
 Like a brave old Scottish cavalier, all of the
 olden time!

II.

He kept his castle in the north, hard by the thunder-
 ring Spey;
 And a thousand vassals dwelt around, all of his
 kindred they.
 And not a man of all that clan had ever ceased to pray
 For the Royal race they loved so well, though exiled
 far away
 From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers, all of the
 olden time!

III.

His father drew the righteous sword for Scotland
 and her claims,
 Among the loyal gentlemen and chiefs of ancient
 names,
 Who swore to fight or fall beneath the Standard of
 King James,
 And died at Killiecrankie pass, with the glory of the
 Græmes,
 Like a true old Scottish cavalier, all of the olden
 time!

IV.

He never own'd the foreign rule, no master he obey'd,
 But kept his clan in peace at home, from foray and
 from raid;
 And when they ask'd him for his oath, he touch'd
 his glittering blade,
 And pointed to his bonnet blue that bore the white
 cockade,
 Like a leal old Scottish cavalier, all of the olden
 time!

V.

At length the news ran through the land—THE
 PRINCE had come again!
 That night the fiery cross was sped o'er mountain
 and through glen;
 And our old Baron rose in might, like a lion from
 his den,
 And rode away across the hills to Charlie and his men,
 With the valiant Scottish cavaliers, all of the
 olden time!

VI.

He was the first that bent the knee when THE
 STANDARD waved abroad,
 He was the first that charged the foe on Preston's
 bloody sod;
 And ever, in the van of fight, the foremost still he
 trod,
 Until, on bleak Culloden's heath, he gave his soul to
 God,
 Like a good old Scottish cavalier, all of the olden
 time!

VII.

Oh! never shall we know again a heart so stout and
 true—
 The olden times have pass'd away, and weary are the
 new
 The fair White Rose has faded from the garden
 where it grew,
 And no fond tears but those of heaven the glorious
 bed bedew
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier, all of the olden
 time!

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

ROBERT NICOLL.

Born 1814; died 1867.

INFANT! I envy thee
 Thy seraph smile—thy soul, without a stain;
 Angels around thee hover in thy glee
 A look of love to gain!

Thy paradise is made
 Upon thy mother's bosom, and her voice
 Is music rich as that by spirits shed
 When blessed things rejoice!

Bright are the opening flowers—
 Ay, bright as thee, sweet babe, and innocent,
 They bud and bloom! and straight their infant hours,
 Like thine, are done and spent!

Boy! infancy is o'er:—
 Go with thy playmates to the grassy lea,
 Let thy bright eye with yon far laverock soar,
 And blithe and happy be!
 Go, crow thy cuckoo notes
 Till all the greenwood alleys loud are ringing—
 Go, listen to the thousand tuneful throats
 That 'mong the leaves are singing!

I would not sadden thee,
 Nor wash the rose upon thy cheeks with tears:
 Go, while thine eye is bright—unbent thy knee—
 Forget all cares and fears!

Youth! is thy boyhood gone?—
 The fever hour of life at length has come,
 And passion sits in reason's golden throne,
 While sorrow's voice is dumb!

Be glad! it is thy hour
 Of love ungrudging—faith without reserve—
 And, from the right, ill hath not yet the power
 To make thy footsteps swerve!

Now is thy time to know
 How much of trusting goodness lives on earth;
 And rich in pure sincerity to go
 Rejoicing in thy birth!

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
 Love first and dearest, has unveil'd her face,
 And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree,
 In love's first fond embrace!

Enjoy thy happy dream,
 For life hath not another such to give;
 The stream is flowing—love's enchanted stream;
 Live, happy dreamer, live!

Though sorrow dwelleth here,
 And falsehood, and impurity, and sin,
 The light of love, the gloom of earth to cheer,
 Come sweetly, sweetly in!

'Tis o'er—thou art a Man!—
 The struggle and the tempest both begin
 Where he who faints must fail—he fight who can
 A victory to win.

Say, toolest thou for gold?
 Will all that earth can give of drossy hues
 Compensate for that land of love foretold,
 Which mammon makes thee lose?

Or waitest thou for power?
 A proud ambition, trifter, doth thee raise!
 To be the gilded bauble of the hour
 That fools may wond'ring gaze!

But wou'd'st thou be a man—
A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing?

Go, cleanse thy heart and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness; let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal;—
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man
A high-soul'd freeman or a fettered slave,
The mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon-grave!

God doth not man despise,
He gives him soul—mind—heart—that living flame;
Nurse it, and upwards let it brightly rise
To heaven, from whence it came!

Go hence, go hence, and make
Thy spirit pure as morning, light and free!
The pilgrim shrine is won, and I awake—
Come to the woods with me!

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

ROBERT NICOLL.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do falsely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as well as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mither can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mither can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame!—oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air o' heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail, shakin' auld age, will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa';
Come, gi'e me your hand—WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

THE PUIR FOLK.

ROBERT NICOLL.

SOME grow fu' proud, o'er bags o' gowd,
And some are proud o' learning;
An honest poor man's worthy name
I take delight in earning.
Slaves needna try to run us down—
To knaves we're unco dour folk;
We're aften wrang'd, but, deil may care!
We're honest folk, though puir folk!

Wi' Wallace wight we fought fu' weel,
When lairds and lords were jinking;
They knelt before the tyrant loon—
We brake his crown, I'm thinking.
The muckle men he bought wi' gowd—
Syne he began to jeer folk;
But neither swords, nor gowd, nor guile
Could turn the sturdy puir folk!
When auld King Charlie tried to bind
Wi' airn, saul and conscience,
In virtue o' his right divine,
An' ither daft-like nonsense;
Wha raised at Marston such a stour,
And made the tyrants fear folk?
Wha prayed and fought wi' Pym and Noll?
The trusty, truthfu' puir folk!

Wha ance upon auld Scotland's hills
Were hunted like the patrick,
And hack'd wi' swords, and shot wi' guns,
Frae Tummel's bank to Ettrick,—
Because they wouldna let the priest
About their conscience steer folk?
The lairds were bloodhounds to the clan—
The martyrs were the puir folk!

When Boston boys at Bunker's Hill
Gart slavery's minions falter;
While ilka heart in a' the bay
Was made fair freedom's altar;
Wha fought the fight, and gained the day?
Gae 'wa', ye knaves! 'twas our folk:
The beaten great men served a king—
The victors a' were puir folk!

We sow the corn and haud the plough—
We a' work for our living;
We gather nought but what we've sown—
A' else we reckon thieving:—
And for the loon wha fears to say
He comes o' lowly, sma' folk,
A wizen'd saul, the creature has—
Disown him will the puir folk!

Great sirs, and mighty men o' earth,
Ye aften sair misca' us;
And hunger, cauld, and poverty
Come after ye to thraw us.
Yet up our hearts we strive to heeze,
In spite o' you and your folk;
But mind, enough's as gude's a feast,
Although we be but puir folk!

We thank the Powers for gude and ill,
As gratefu' folk should do, man;
But maist o' a' because our sires
Were tailors, smiths, and ploughmen.
Good men they were, as staunch as steel—
They didna rack and screw folk:
Wi' empty pouches—honest hearts—
Thank God, we come o' puir folk!

THE HA' BIBLE.

ROBERT NICOLL.

CHIEF of the household gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon
me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!
The mountains old and hoar—
The chainless winds—the streams so pure and
free—
The God-enamell'd flowers—
The waving forest—the eternal sea—
The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!
Oh! I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For love and hope and joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—
The slave who reads shall never crouch again;
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!
God! unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land—
Yea to the outspread earth—
Hast stretch'd in love Thy everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given earth, and sea, and air—
Yea, all that heart can ask of good, and pure, and fair!
And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before men's eyes this charter of the free,
That ALL Thy Book might read,
And justice love, and truth, and liberty.
The gift was unto men—the giver God!
Thou slave! it stamps thee man—go, spurn thy
weary load!
Thou doubly-precious Book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe!—
Thou teachest age to die,
And youth and truth unsullied up to grow!
In lowly homes a comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting bow!
O'er thy broad, ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored;
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored;
How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read!
And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been join'd,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

VISIONS.

ROBERT NICOLL.

"My hand is strong, my heart is bold,
My purpose stern," I said;
"And shall I rest till I have wreath'd
Fame's garland round my head?
No! men shall point to me, and say,
'See what the bold can do!'"
"You dream!" a chilling whisper said;
And quick the vision flew.

"Yes, I will gain," I musing thought,
"Power, pomp, and potency;
Whate'er the proudest may have been,
That straightway will I be."
I'll write my name on human hearts
So deep, 'twill ne'er decay!"
"You dream!" and as the whisper spoke,
My vision fled away.

"I'm poor," I said; "but I will toil,
And gather store of gold;
And in my purse the fate of kings
And nations I will hold:
I'll follow fortune, till my path
With wealth untold she strew!"
Again, "You dream!" the whisper said,
And straight my vision flew.

"I'll breathe to men," I proudly thought,
"A strain of poesy,
Like the angelic songs of old,
In fire and energy.
My thoughts the thoughts of many lands,
Of many men shall grow;"
"You dream!" the whisper, scorning, said—
I dared not answer, No.

If I can gain nor name nor power,
Nor gold, by high emprise,
Bread to the hungry I will give,
And dry the orphan's eyes:
Through me the sun of joy shall find
Its way to sorrow's door:
"The wildest dream of all," then said
The whisper—"You are poor!"

"I'm poor, unheeded; but I'll be
An honest man," I said;
"Truth I shall worship, yea, and feel
For all whom God hath made:—
The poor and honest man can stand,
With an unblenching brow,
Before earth's highest,—such I'll be:—"
The whisper spoke not now!

A MAIDEN'S MEDITATIONS.

ROBERT NICOLL.

e NAE sweetheart ha'e I—
Yet I'm no that ill-faur'd;
But there's ower monie lasses,
An' wooers are scaured.
This night I the hale
O' my tocher would gi'e,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Syne I would get plenty
About me to speer—
Folk wou'dna be fashious
'Bout beauty or gear.
Hearts broken in dozens
Around I would see,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

A lover would ha'e
 A' my errands to rin;
 Anither should tend me
 Baith outby and in;
 And to keep me gude-humour'd
 Would tak twa or three,
 If a' ither bodie
 Were married but me.

woopers in dozens,
 Where I ha'ena ane,
 An' worshipping hearts
 Where I'm langin' alane:
 Frae mornin' to e'enin',
 How bless'd would I be,
 If a' ither bodie
 Were married but me!

A daft dream was yon—
 It has faded awa';
 Nae bodie in passin'
 E'er gies me a ca'—
 Nae sweetheart adornin'
 I ever shall see,
 Till a' ither bodie
 Be married but me!

MY AULD GUDWIFE.

ROBERT NICOLL.

Come in, gudewife, an' sit ye down,
 An' let the wark alane:
 I'm thinkin' now o' youthfu' days
 An' times that lang ha'e gane;
 An' o' the monie ups an' downs
 In life that we ha'e seen,
 Since first beneath the trystin' tree
 I clasped my bonnie Jean.
 How sweetly holy was the hour
 When first in love we met!
 When first your breast was pressed to mine—
 That hour can I forget?
 Wi' blessed love our hearts were fu'
 Beneath the hawthorn green:
 'Twas then our happiness began,
 My ain, my bonnie Jean.

Sweet shone the moon aboon our heads
 When aff ye gae wi' me,
 And left your father in his sleep
 To wake and seek for thee—
 Your mither left to flyte and ban
 Frae mornin' until e'en,
 'Cause he whose poverty she scorn'd
 Was aff wi' bonnie Jean.

Our marriage-day was bright and clear—
 Our marriage-day was fair:
 For diamonds ye did daisies twine
 Amang your glossy hair.
 I wealthless was at openin' morn;
 But at the closin' e'en
 I had what mailins couldna buy—
 My ain, my bonnie Jean!

An', Jean, our proud friends scorn'd us sair,
 And coost their heads fu' hie;
 They couldna ken twa bodies puir,
 Like senseless thee and me:
 But we had wealth—our hands were good;
 And wealth to us they've been;
 And love was sunshine over a',
 My ain, my bonnie Jean!

And mind ye, Jean, when we began
 To gather flocks and gear,
 How friends grew up in ilka neuk,
 And came baith far and near?
 How we began to gather sense,
 An' wise folk grew, I ween,
 As aye our wealth grew mair an' mair,
 My ain, my bonnie Jean?

And now around us flourish fair,
 Baith sons and dochters too:
 You're happy in your bairns, gudewife,
 And happy I'm in ye;
 And though your hair be growin' grey,
 And dimmer be your een
 Than in our days of blithesome youth,
 You're aye my bonnie Jean.

'THERE'S NEVER AN END O' HER FLYTIN' AN' DIN.

ROBERT NICOLL.

THERE'S joy to the lave, but there's sadness to me;
 For my gudewife an' I can do a' thing but gree;
 In but-house an' ben-house, baith outby an' in,
 There's never an end o' her flytin' an' din.

She's girmin' at e'enin'—she's girmin' at morn—
 A' hours o' the day in my flesh she's a thorn:
 At us baith a' the neighbour-folk canna but grin:
 There's never an end o' her flytin' an' din.

She scolds at the lasses, she skelps at the bairns,
 An' the chairs an' the creepies she flings them in
 I'm joyfu' when aff frae the house I can rin:
 [cairns. There's never an end o' her flytin' an' din.

When I bid her speak laigher, fu' scornfu' she sneers,
 Syne she shrieks like a goslin' till a' body hears;
 Then I maun sing sma'; just to keep a hale skin:
 There's never an end o' her flytin' an' din.

Ance deav'd to the heart by her ill-scrapit tongue,
 To quiet her I tried wi' a gude hazel rung:
 Wi' the tangs she repaid me, and thought it nae sin:
 There's never an end o' her flytin' an' din.

There's ae thing I ken, an' that canna be twa—
 I wish frae this world she ance were awa';
 And I trust, if ayont to the ill place she win,
 They'll be able to bear wi' her flytin' an' din.

To the wa' the door rattles—that's her coming ben;
 And I maun gie e'er or the Luckie would ken.
 Gude save us! she's clearin' her throat to begin:
 The Lord keep ye a' frae sic flytin' an' din!

THE THREE PREACHERS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Born 1814.

THERE are three preachers, ever preaching,
 Fill'd with eloquence and power :—
 One is old, with locks of white,
 Skinny as an anchorite ;
 And he preaches every hour
 With a shrill fanatic voice,
 And a bigot's fiery scorn :—
 "BACKWARD ! ye presumptuous nations ;
 Man to misery is born !
 Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
 Born to labour and to pray ;
 BACKWARD ! ye presumptuous nations—
 Back !—be humble and obey !"

The second is a milder preacher ;
 Soft he talks as if he sung ;
 Sleek and slothful is his look,
 And his words, as from a book,
 Issue glibly from his tongue.
 With an air of self-content,
 High he lifts his fair white hands :
 "STAND YE STILL ! ye restless nations ;
 And be happy, all ye lands !
 Fate is law, and law is perfect ;
 If ye meddle, ye will mar ;
 Change is rash, and ever was so :
 We are happy as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher,
 Genius flashes from his eyes ;
 And the crowds who hear his voice,
 Give him, while their souls rejoice,
 Throbbing bosoms for replies.
 Awed they listen, yet elated,
 While his stirring accents fall :—
 "FORWARD ! ye deluded nations,
 Progress is the rule of all :
 Man was made for healthful effort ;
 Tyranny has crush'd him long ;
 He shall march from good to better,
 And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,
 Going backward is a crime :
 None should patiently endure
 Any ill that he can cure ;
 ONWARD ! keep the march of Time.
 Onward ! while a wrong remains
 To be conquer'd by the right ;
 While Oppression lifts a finger
 To affront us by his might ;
 While an error clouds the reason
 Of the universal heart,
 Or a slave awaits his freedom,
 Action is the wise man's part.

"Lo ! the world is rich in blessings :
 Earth and Ocean, flame and wind,
 Have unnumber'd secrets still.
 To be ransack'd when you will,
 For the service of mankind ;
 Science is a child as yet,
 And her power and scope shall grow,
 And her triumphs in the future
 Shall diminish toil and woe ;

Shall extend the bounds of pleasure
 With an ever-widening ken,
 And of woods and wildernesses
 Make the homes of happy men.

"ONWARD !—there are ills to conquer,
 Daily wickedness is wrought,
 Tyranny is swoln with Pride,
 Bigotry is deified,
 Error intertwined with Thought.
 Vice and Misery ramp and crawl ;—
 Root them out, their day has pass'd ;
 Goodness is alone immortal ;
 Evil was not made to last :
 ONWARD ! and all Earth shall aid us
 Ere our peaceful flag be fur'd."—
 And the preaching of this preacher
 Stirrs the pulses of the world.

THE BRIDGE OF GLEN ARAY.

CHARLES MACKAY.

WE pass'd the bridge with tramping steeds,
 The waters rush'd below,
 Down from the gorges of the hills
 We heard the torrents flow.
 But louder than the roar of streams—
 We rode as hurried men—
 The footfalls of our cavalcade
 Re-echoed through the glen.

We sang and shouted as we went,
 Our hearts were light that day,
 When near the middle of the bridge
 A shrill voice bade us stay.
 We saw a woman gaunt and old
 Come gliding up the rocks,
 With long bare arms, and shrivell'd face,
 And grey dishevell'd locks.

She seized my bridle suddenly,
 The horse stood still with fear—
 Her hand was strong and bird-like long—
 Her eye was piercing clear.
 "O shame !" she said, "O cruel shame !
 To ride so fierce and wild,
 The clatter of your horses' hoofs
 Will wake my little child.

"O hush ! O hush ! I pray you, hush !
 I ask no other boon—
 No word be said—and softly tread—
 The child will waken soon.
 I die of noises all day long,
 From morn till even-blush,
 Not for my sake, but hers, I pray—
 Hush ! if you're Christians, hush !"

Much wonder'd we to hear her words,
 But Hugh, our guide, look'd on :
 "Poor soul !" he said, "we'll do our best
 To earn her benison.
 'Twill cost no trouble to be kind :
 Good Chrystie, let us through,
 We will not wake your sleeping child,
 But pray for her and you."

She slowly let the bridle fall—
 "Ride on your way," she said—
 "But O, be silent! noise like yours
 Disturbs ~~both~~ quick and dead."
 And then she slid among the rocks;—
 We saw not where she went,
 But turn'd to Hugh our anxious eyes,
 Inquiring what she meant.

"Poor thing!" he said, while forth we rode
 As if we trod on snow,
 "Her brain is turn'd by sore mischance
 That happen'd long ago.
 Her age was scarcely twenty then,
 But what it now may be
 Is somewhat difficult to fix,
 Between fourscore and three.

"Though now she's ugly as a witch,
 She was a beauty then,
 And with her gentleness and grace
 She won the hearts of men.
 And Donald Bain won hers, and sought
 The hand she freely gave;—
 They married; but before a year
 She wept upon his grave.

"A little babe was left behind,—
 A fairy thing, 'tis said,
 With soft blue eyes and golden hair,
 And cheeks of cherry red.
 It grew in beauty every day,
 The maid was two years old,
 The darling of her mother's life,
 A pleasure to behold.

"One day she wander'd to the stream—
 It was the time of floods—
 Perchance she chased the butterfly,
 Or pluck'd the yellow buds.
 She lost her footing on the brink;—
 The mother heard the cry,
 And sprang to save,—but all too late!
 The flood ran roaring by.

"She saw the little face and hands
 Then leap'd into the foam,
 To snatch it from impending death,
 And bear her darling home.
 In vain! in vain! O, all in vain!
 The neighbours gather'd round,
 They saved the mother from the deep—
 The little child was drown'd.

"And since that day—past fifty years—
 She's linger'd by the stream,
 And thinks the babe has gone to sleep,
 And dreams a happy dream.
 She fancies it will soon awake,
 With blue eyes twinkling, mild—
 Unchanged by half a century,
 And still a little child.

"Beside the waters where it sank
 She sits the livelong day,
 Her eyes upon the eddies fix'd,
 That round the boulders play;
 And spreads to dry upon the rocks
 The clothes which it shall wear,
 The little frock, the tiny shoes,
 And ribbons for its hair.

"She loves deep silence;—bless'd with that,
 She feeds on empty hope,
 And daily nerves a broken heart
 With misery to cope.
 The pitying friends who bring her food
 All speak in whispers low,
 And never argue with the thought
 That cheers her in her woe.

"For she is harmless as a babe,
 Though mad, as you may see;—
 God save our senses, one and all!"—
 "Amen! amen!" said we.
 Such was the tale, and all that day
 Such sympathy it woke,
 I turn'd to chide each rising noise,
 And whisper'd as I spoke.

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ivy in a dungeon grew
 Unfed by rain, uncheer'd by dew;
 Its pallid leaflets only drank
 Cave-moistures foul, and odours dank.

But through the dungeon-grating high
 There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
 It slept upon the grateful floor
 In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
 Through all its fibres to the root:
 It felt the light, it saw the ray,
 It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it push'd, it clomb—
 Long had the darkness been its home;
 But well it knew, though veil'd in night,
 The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong;
 Its stem expanded firm and long;
 And in the currents of the air
 Its tender branches flourish'd fair.

It reach'd the beam—it thrill'd—it curl'd—
 It bless'd the warmth that cheers the world;
 It rose towards the dungeon bars—
 It look'd upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting Spring
 It heard the happy skylark sing.
 It caught the breath of morns and eves,
 And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains, and dews, and sunshine fed,
 Over the outer wall it spread;
 And in the daybeam waving free,
 It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
 Its verdure threw adorning grace.
 The mating birds became its guests,
 And sang its praises from their nests.

To every dungeon comes a ray
 Of God's interminable day.
 Would'st thou know the moral of the rhyme?
 Behold the heavenly light and climb!

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was stanch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in "two and two;"
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darken'd and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach,
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,
"Your coin's a bad one, nail it down."

John Littlejohn maintain'd the Right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learn'd by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown,
"Your coin's a bad one, nail it down."

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That the rich alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and swore, with a frown,
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie, if white, was a small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and frown,
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

When told from the pulpit or the press
That heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those could enter there
Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer,
And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle works of no avail,
John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a frown,
"The coin's a bad one, nail it down."

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretences of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dress'd up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a frown,
"The coins are spurious, nail them down!"

TUBAL CAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,
As he fashion'd the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the Spear and Sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoulder'd low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high,
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air; [made;]
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
And he fashion'd the First Ploughshare!"

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship join'd their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plough'd the willing lands;
And sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare of the plough
To him our praise shall be.
Yet while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!"

THE BAPTEESEMENT O' THE BAIRN.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Born 1822; died 18—.

Oh, Andra, man! I doot ye may be wrang
To keep the bairn's bapteeement aff sae lang.
Supposin' the fivver, or some quick mischance,
Or even the kinkhost, whup it aff at once
To fire and brimstane, in the black domains
Of unbelieveers and unchristen'd weans—
I'm sure ye never could forgie yourself;
Nor cock your head in Heaven, wi' it in Hell.

Weesht, Meggie, weesht! name not the wicked
place,

I ken I'm wrang, but Heaven will grant us grace.
I havena been unmindfu' o' the bairn,
Na, thoct on't till my bowels begin to yearn.
But, woman, to my sorrow, I have found
Our minister is anything but sound;
I'd sooner break the half o' the commands
Than trust a bairn's bapteeement in his hands.
I wadna say our minister's depraved;
In fact, in all respects he's weel behaved:
He veesits the haill pairish, rich and puir!
A worthier man, in worldly ways, I'm sure
We couldna hae; but, och! wae's me, wae's me!
In doctrine points his head is all agley.
Wi' him there's no Elect—all are the same;
An honest heart, and conduct free frae blame,
He thinks mair likely, in the hour o' death,
To comfort ane than a' your Bible faith:
And e'en the Atonement, woman, he lichtly so,
It's doubtfu' whether he believes't or no!
Redemption, too, he almost sets aside,
He leaves us hopeless, wandering far and wide,
And whether saved or damn'd we canna tell,
For every man must e'en redeem himsel'!
Then on the Resurrection he's clean wrang;
"Wherefore," says he, "lie in your graves sae lang?"
"The speerit is the man, and it ascends
The very instant that your breathing ends;
The body's buried, and will rise nae mair,
Tho' a' the horns in Heaven should rowt and rair."
Sometimes he'll glint at Robbie Burns's deil,
As if he were a decent kind o' chiel;
But to the doonricht Satan o' the Word,
"Wae's me! he disna pay the least regard,
And Hell he treats sae brief and counts sae sma',
That it amounts to nae sic place awa.
O dear, to think our prayers and holy chaunts,
And all the self-denyings of us saunts,
Are not to be repaid by the delight
Of hearing from that region black as night,
The yelling, gnashing, and despairing cry
Of wretches that in fire and brimstane lie!
I'll never do, guidwife; this daft divine
Shall ne'er lay hands on bairn o' yours ar'd mine.

Ye're richt, guidman, rather than hands like his
Baptee the bairn, we'll keep it as it is—
For aye an outlin' wi' its kith and kin—
A hottentot, a heathen steep'd in sin!

Sin, did ye say, guidwife? ay, there again
Our minister's the erringest of men.
Original sin he almost laughs to scorn,
And says the purest thing's a babe new born,
Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and all
The curzes of a veesionary fall—

Yes "veesionary," was his very word!
Baptee our bairn! it's morally absurd!

Then, Andra, we'll just let the baptism be,
And pray to Heaven the bairn may never dee.
If Providence, for ends known to itsel',
Has ower us placed this darken'd infidel,
Let's trust that Providence will keep us richt,
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht.

Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt and wrang;
Trust Providence, but dinna sit ower lang
In idle hope that Providence will bring
Licht to your feet, or ony ither thing.
The Lord helps them that strive as weel as trust,
While idle faith gets naething but a crust,
So says this heathen man—the only truth
We've ever gotten frae his graceless mooth.
Let's use the means, and Heaven will bless the end;
And, Meggie, this is what I now intend—
That you and I, the morn's morn, go forth
Bearing the bairn along unto the north.
Like favoured ones of old, until we find
A man of upright life, and godly mind,
Sound in the faith, matured in all his powers,
Fit to baptee a weel-born bairn like ours.—
Now then, the parritch—flesh maun e'en be fed—
And I'll walc out a chapter;—sync to bed.

Eh, but the morning's grand! that mottled gray
Is certain promise o' a famous day.

But Meggie, lass, your gettin' tired I doot:
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak' it time about.

I'm no' that tired, and yet the road looks lang;
But Andra, man, whar do you mean to gang?

No very far: just north the road a wee,
To Leuchars manse; I see warrant there we'll see
A very saunt—the Reverend Maister Whyte—
Most worthy to perform the sacred rite;
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,
In all things perfect as the Word itsel',
Strict in his goings out and comings in;
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin—
Except original. Yon's the manse. Wi' him
There's nae new readin's o' the text, nae whim
That veetiates the essentials of our creed,
But scriptural in thought, in word, and deed.—
Now let's walk up demurely to the door,
And gie a modest knock—one knock, no more,
Or else they'll think we're gentles. Some ane's here.
Stand back a little, Meggie, and I'll speir
If Maister Whyte—Braw day! my lass, we came
To see if Mr. Whyte—

He's no at hame!

But he'll be back sometime the nicht, belyve;
He started aff, I reckon, aboot five
This mornin', to the fishin'—

Save us a'!

We're ower lang here—come, Meggie, come awa.
Let's shake the very dust frae aff our feet;
A fishin' minister! And so discreet
In all his ministrations! But he's young—
Maybe this shred of wickedness has clung
This lang aboot him, as a warning sign
That he should never touch your bairn and mine—
We'll just haud north to Forgan manse, and get
Ald Doctor Maule—in every way most fit—
To consecrate the wean. He's a divine
Of auld experience, and stood high langsyne

Ere we were born : in doctrine clear and sound,
He'll no be at the fishin' I'll be bound.
Wae's me, to think the pious Maister Whyte
In catchin' troots should tak' the least delight!

But, Andra man, just hover for a blink,
He mayna be sae wicked as we think.
What do the Scriptures say? There we are told
Andrew and Peter, James and John of old,
And others mentioned in the Holy Word,
Were fishermen—the chosen of the Lord.

I'm weel aware o' that, but ye forget,
That when the Apostles fished 'twas wi' the net.
They didna flee about like hieland kerns,
Wi' hair lines, and lang wands whuppin' the burns!
No, no, they fished in the lake o' Galilee,
A Bible loch, almost as big's the sea.
They had their cobles, too, wi' sails and oars,
And plied their usefu' trade beyond the shores.
Besides, though first their trade was catchin' fish—
An honest craft, as ony aye could wish—
They gave it up when called upon, and then,
Though they were fishers still, it was o' men.
But this young Maister Whyte first got a call
To fish for men, and—oh, how sad his fall!—
The learned, pious, yet unworthy skoot,
Neglects his sacred trust to catch a troot!
Now here comes Forgan manse among the trees,
A cozie spot, weel skoogit frae the breez.
We'll just walk aye by ane up to the door,
And knock and do the same's we did before. . . .
How do you do, mem? there's a bonnie day,
And like to keep sae. We've come a' the way
Frae Edenside to get this bairn baptised
By Doctor Maule, if you and he be pleased.

We've no objections; but the doctor's gone
A-shootin': since the shootin' time cam' on
Ae minute frae the gun he's hardly been.
The Lord protect us! Was the like e'er seen?
A shootin' minister! Think shame auld wife!
Were he the only minister in Fife
He'd never lay a hand on bairn o' mine;
Irreverent, poachin', poocher-an'-lead Divine!
Let's shake the dust frae aff our shune again;
Come, Meggie, come awa; I hardly ken
Which o' the twa's the warst; but I wad say
The shootin' minister—he's auld and gray,
Gray in the service o' the kirk, and hence
Wi' age and service should hae gathered sense. . . .
We'll just haud ower—for troth it's wearin' late—
By Pickletillim, and then wast the gate
To auld Kilmeny—it slants haflins hame,
Which for the sake o' this toom, grumblin' wame,
I wish were nearer. Hech! to save my saul,
I never can get ower auld Doctor Maule.
It plainly coves all things aneath the sun!
Whaur, Meggie, whaur's your Scripture for the gun!

Od, Andra, as we've come along the road
I've just been kin'in' through the Word o' God,
Baith auld and new, as far as I can mind,
But not the least iota can I find.
That makes the Doctor waur than Maister Whyte,
And on his ain auld head brings a' the wyte.

It does. The Word gives not the merest hint
O' guns, an' poocher's never mentioned in't.
They had their bows and arrows, and their slings
And implements o' war—auld-fashioned things,

I reckon—for the dingin' doon o' tooof,
And spears, and swords, and clubs for crackin' croons;
But as for guns and shot, puir hares to kill,
There's nae authority, look whaur ye will.—
Losh, see! the sun's gaen red and looks askance;
The gloamin' fa's; but here's Kilmeny manse.

Hark, Andra! Is that music that we hear,
Louder an' louder, as we're drawin' near?
It's naething else! I'se wager my new goon
The minister's frae hame, and some wild loon
Comes fiddlin' to the lasses. O, the jads!
The minister's awa—they've in their lads,
And turned the very manse into a barn,
Fiddlin' and dancin'—drinkin' too, I'se warren'! . . .

It's no the little squeakin' fiddle, though;
But aye that bums dowff in its wame and low.
They hear us speakin'—here's the lassie comin',—
The minister's frae hame, I hear, my woman?

The minister frae hame! he's nae sic thing;
He's ben the hoose there, playin' himsel' a spring.

The minister a fiddler! sinfu' shame!
I'd sooner far that he had been frae hame.
Though he should live as lang's Methusalem,
I'll never bring anither bairn to him!
Nor will he get the aye we've brocht; na, na;
Come, Meggie, tak' the bairn and come awa;
I wadna let him look upon its face:
Young woman, you're in danger; leave this place!
Hear how the sinner rasps the rosiny strings!
And nocht but reels and ither worldly springs!
Let's shake the dust ance mair frae aff our shune,
And leave the pagan to his wicked tune.

But Andra, let's consider: it's sae late,
We canna now gang ony ither gate,
And as we're here we'll better just haud back
And get the bairn baptised. What does it mak'
Altho' he scrapes a fiddle now and then?
King David was preferred above all men,
And yet 'twas known he played upon the harp;
And stringed instruments, baith flat and sharp,
Are mentioned many a time in Holy Writ.
I dinna think it signifiees a bit—
The more especially since, as we hear,
It's no the little thing sae screech and skeer
That drunken fiddlers play in barns and booths
But the big gaucy fiddle that sae soothes
The speerit into holiness and calm,
That e'en some kirks hae thoct it mends the psalm.

Tempt not the man, O woman! Meggie, I say—
Get thee behind us, Satan! Come away
For he, the Evil One, has aye a sicht
Of arguments, to turn wrang into richt.
He's crammed wi' pleasant reasons that assail
Weak woman first, and maistly aye prevail;
Then she, of course, must try her wiles on man,
As Eve on Adam did. Thus sin began,
And thus goes on, I fear, unto this day,
In spite o' a' the kirks can do or say.
And what can we expect but sin and woe,
When manses are the hotbeds where they grow?
I grieve for puir Kilmeny, and I grieve
For Leuchars and for Forgan—yea, believe
For Sodom and Gomorrah there will be
A better chance than ony o' the three,
Especially Kilmeny. I maintain—
For a' your reasons, sacred and profane,

The minister that plays the fiddle's waur
Than either o' the ither twa, by far.
And yet, weak woman, ye wad e'en return
And get this fiddler to baptize our bairn!
Na, na: we'll tak' the bairn to whence it came,
And get our ain brave minister at hame.
Altho' he may be wrang on mony a point,
And his salvation scheme sair out o' joint,
He lays it doon without the slightest fear,
And wins the heart because he's so sincere.
And he's a man that disna need to care
Wha looks into his life; there's naething there,
Nae sin, nae slip of either hand or tongue
That one can tak' and say, "Thou doest wrong."
His theologic veeision may be skew'd;
But, though the broken cistern he has hew'd
May let the water through it like a riddle,
He neither fishes, shoots, nor plays the fiddle.

SCOTCH WORDS.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

THEY speak in riddles north beyond the Tweed.
The plain, pure English they can deftly read;
Yet when without the book they come to speak,
Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.
Their jaws are *chafes*; their hands when closed are
neives;
Their bread's not cut in slices but in *sheives*;
Their armpts are their *oxters*; palms are *luifs*;
Their men are *chields*; their timid fools are *cuiifs*;
Their lads are *callants*, and their women *kimmers*;
Good lassies *denty queans*, and bad ones *limmers*.
They *thole* when they endure, *scart* when they scratch;
And when they give a sample it's a *swatch*.
Scolding is *flytin'*, and a long palaver
Is nothing but a *blether* or a *haaver*.
The room they call the *butt*, and that the *ben*;
And what they do not know they *dinna ken*.
On keen, cold days they say the wind *blaws snell*.
And when they wipe their nose they *dicht* their *byke*;
And they have words that Johnson could not spell,
As *umphi'm*, which means—anything you like:
While some, tho' purely English, and well known,
Have yet a Scottish meaning of their own:—
To *prig's* to plead, beat down a thing in cost;
To *coff's* to purchase, and a cough's a *host*;
To *crack* is to converse; the *lift's* the sky;
And *bairns* are said to *greet* when children cry.
When lost, folk never ask the way they want—
They *speer* the *gate*; and when they yawn they *gaunt*.

Beetle with them is *clock*; a flame's a *lowe*;
Their straw is *strae*; chaff *cauff*, and hollow *hawe*;
A *pickle* means a few; *muckle* is big;
And a piece of crockeryware is called a *pig*.

Speaking of pigs—when Lady Delacour
Was on her celebrated Scottish tour,
One night she made her quarters at the "Crown,"
The head inn of a well-known county town,
The chambermaid, in lighting her to bed,
Before withdrawing, curtsied low, and said—

"This night is *cauld*, my leddy, wad ye please,
To hae a pig i' the bed to warm your tae?"

"A pig in the bed to tease! What's that you say?
You are impertinent—away, away!"

"Me impident! no, mem—I meant nae harm,
But just the greybeard pig to keep ye warm."

"Insolent hussy, to confront me so!
This very instant shall your mistress know.
The bell—there's none of course—go, send her here."

"My mistress, mem, I dinna need to fear:
In sooth, it was hersel' that bade me speir.
Nae insult, mem; we thoct ye wad be gled,
On this cauld nicht, to hae a pig i' the bed."

"Stay, girl; your words are strangely out of place,
And yet I see no insult in your face.
Is it a custom in your country, then,
For ladies to have pigs in bed wi' them?"

"Oh, quite a custom wi' the gentles, mem;
Wi' gentle ladies, ay, and gentle men;
And, troth, if single, they wad sairly miss
Their het pig on a cauldri'f nicht like this."

"I've seen strange countries—but this surely beats
Their rudest makeshifts for a warming-pan.
Suppose, my girl, I should adopt your plan,
You would not put the pig between the sheets?"

"Surely, my leddy, and nae itherwhere:
Please, mem, ye'll find it do the maist guid there."

"Fie, fie, 'twould dirty them, and if I keep
In fear of that, you know, I shall not sleep."

"Ye'll sleep far better, mem. Tak' my advice;
The night blaws snell—the sheets are cauld as ice,
I'll fetch you up a fine, warm, cozy pig;
I'll mak' ye sae comfortable and trig,
Wi' coortains, blankets, every kind o' hap,
And warrant ye to sleep as soond's a tap.
As for the fylin' o' the sheets—dear me,
The pig's as clean outside as pig can be.
A weel-closed mooth's eneuch for ither folk,
But if ye like, I'll put it in a poke."

"But, Effic—that's your name, I think you said—
Do you yourself, now, take a pig to bed?"

"Eh! na, mem, pigs are only for the great,
Wha lie on feather beds, and sit up late.
Feathers and pigs are no for puir riff-raff—
Me and my neiber lassie lies on cauff."

"What's that—a calf! If I your sense can gather,
You and the other lassie sleep together—
Two in a bed, and with the calf between;
That, I suppose, my girl, is what you mean?"

"Na, na, my leddy—'od ye're jokin' noo—
We sleep thegither, that is very true—
But nocht between us: wi' our claes all aff,
Except our sarks, we lie upon the cauff."

"Well, well, my girl! I am surprised to hear
That we of English habits live so near
Such barbarous customs.—Effic, you may go:
As for the pig, I thank you, but—no, no—
Ha, ha! good night—excuse me if I laugh—
I'd rather be without both pig and calf."

On the return of Lady Delacour,
She wrote a book about her northern tour,
Wherein the facts are graphically told,
That Scottish gentlefolks, when nights are cold,
Take into bed fat pigs to keep them warm;
While common folk, who share their beds in halves—
Denied the richer comforts of the farm—
Can only warm their sheets with lean, cheap calves.

ABU MIDJAN.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Born 1824.

"If I sit in the dust,
For lauding good wine,
Ha, ha! it is just,
For so sits the vine."

Abu Midjan sang, as he sat in chains,
For the blood of the red grape ran in his veins.
The Prophet had said, "O faithful, drink not,"—
Abu Midjan drank till his heart was hot;
Yea, he sang a song in praise of wine;
He called it good names—a joy divine,
The giver of might, the opener of eyes,
Love's handmaid, the water of Paradise;
Therefore Saad his chief spake words of blame,
And set him in irons—a fettered flame.
But he sang of the wine as he sat in chains,
For the blood of the grape ran fast in his veins.

"I will not think
That the Prophet said,
*Ye shall not drink
Of the flowing Red.*

"Tis the drenched brain
With an after-sting,
That cries, *Refrain,
'Tis an evil thing.*

"But I will dare,
With a goodly draught,
To drink, nor spare,
Till my thirst be out.

"For I do not laugh
Like a Christian fool;
In silence I quaff
The liquor cool—

"At the door of my tent,
'Neath the evening star;
For, when daylight is spent,
And Uriel afar,

"I see, through the sky,
The emerald hills;
And my faith swells high.
And my bosom thrills,

"For I see them hearken—
The Houris that wait;
Their dark eyes darken
The diamond gate;

"I hear the float
Of their chant divine;
And my heart like a boat
Sails thither on wine.

"Can an evil thing
Make beauty more?
Or a sinner bring
To the heavenly door?

"Tis the sun-rain fine
Would sink and escape,
But is caught by the vine,
And stored in the grape;

"And the liquid light
I drink again;
It flows in might
Through my shining brain;

"I love and I know,
And the truth is mine;
For mine eyes out throw
The light of the wine.

"I will not think
That the Prophet said,
*Ye shall not drink
Of the flowing Red;*

"For his promises, lo!
They sevenfold shine,
When the channels o'erflow
With the singing wine.

"But I care not, I!—'tis a small annoy
To sit in chains for a heavenly joy!"

Away went the song on the light wind borne!
His head sunk down, and a ripple of scorn
Shook the hair that flowed from his curling lip,
As he eyed his brown limbs in the iron's grip.—
But sudden his forehead he lifted high,
For a faint sound strayed like a moth-wing by;
And like beacons his eyes burst blazing forth,
For a dust he spied in the distant north :—
A noise and a smoke on the plain afar?—
'Tis the cloud and the clang of the Moslem war!
He sprung aloft like a tiger snared;
The wine in his veins through his visage flared;
He tore at his fetters in bootless ire;
He called the Prophet; he named his sire;
From his lips, wild-shouted, the Tecbir burst;
He leaped in his irons; the Giaours he cursed;
And his eyes, where the wrath-fires quivered and run
Were like wine in the crystal 'twixt eye and sun.

The lady of Saad heard the shout,
And his fetters ring on the stones about;
The heart of a warrior she understood,
And the rage of the thwarted battle-mood;
Her name, with the cry of an angry prayer,
He called but once, and the lady was there!

"The Giaour!" he panted; "the godless brute!
And I like a camel tied foot to foot!
Let me go, and I swear, by Allah's fear,
At sundown I sit in this scoundrel-gear,
Or lie in a heaven of starry eyes,
Kissed by moon-maidens of Paradise.
O lady! grant me the death of the just!
Hark to the hurtle! see to the dust!"

With gentle fingers, and eyes of flame,
The lady unlocked the iron blame;
Brought her husband's horse, his Abdon, out,
And his linked armour, light and stout;
Harnessed the warrior, and hight him go
An angel of vengeance upon the foe.

With clank of steel and thud of hoof,
Away he galloped; she climbed the roof.

Out of the dust-cloud flashes leap,
For the sickle-shaped sabres inside it reap,
With stroke reversed, the human swath—
And thither he gallops, the reaper of wrath!
Straight as arrow she sees him go,
Abu Midjan, the singer, upon the foe;
Like a bird he vanishes in the cloud,
But the thunder of battle bursts more loud,
Mingled of crashes and blows and falls,
Of the wish that severs the throat that calls,

Of neighing and shouting and groaning grim :—
 Abu Midjan, she sees no more of him ;
 Northward the battle drifts afar,
 On the flowing tide of the holy war.

Lonely across the desert sand,— [brand—
 From his wrist, by the thong, hung his dripping
 Red in the sunset's level flame,
 Back to his bonds Abu Midjan came.

"O lady, I vow, 'tis a mighty horse !
 The Prophet himself might have rode a worse.
 I rejoiced in the play of his knotting flesh,
 As he tore to the quarry in Allah's mesh ;
 I forgot him, and swept at the traitor weeds—
 They fell before me like rushes and reeds,
 Or as the tall poppies a boy would mow,
 Drop their heads to his unstrung bow ;—
 Fled the Giaour ; the faithful flew after to kill,
 I turned—and Abdon was under me still !
 Give him water, lady, and barley to eat ;
 Then haste thee and chain the wine-bibber's feet."

To the terrace he went, and she to the stall ;
 She tended the horse like a guest in hall :—
 Slow-footed then to the warrior returned.
 The fire of the fight in his eyes yet burned,
 But he sat in silence, and seemed ashamed,
 As if words of boast from his lips had flamed.
 She spoke not, but left him scathed—bound,
 Silent and motionless—on the ground.

But what singer could ever sit lonely long,
 And the hidden fountain not burst in song ?
 Abu Midjan sang as he sat in chains, [veins.
 For the wine of the battle foamed wild through his

"Oh, the wine
 Of the vine
 Is a feeble thing !
 In the rattle
 Of battle
 The true grapes spring.

"When on whirl
 O' th' Tecbir
 Allah's wrath flies ;
 And the Giaour
 Like a flower
 Down-trodden lies ;

"When, on force
 Of the horse,
 The arm, flung abroad,
 Is sweeping,
 And reaping
 The harvest of God.

"They drop
 From the top
 To the sear heap below ;
 Ha ! deeper,
 Down steeper,
 The infidels go !

"Azrael
 Sheer to hell
 Shoots the foul sheals ;
 And Monker
 And Nakir

• Torture their souls.
 "But when drop
 On their crop
 The scimitars red,

And under
 War's thunder
 The faithful lie dead.

"Oh ! bright
 Is the light
 On the hero slow breaking !
 Rapturous faces,
 Bent for embraces,
 Wait on his waking.

"And he hears
 In his ears
 The voice of the river,
 Like a maiden
 Love laden,
 Go wandering ever.

"Oh ! the wine
 Of the vine
 May lead to the gates ;
 But the rattle
 Of battle
 Wakes the angel who waits !

"To the lord
 Of the sword
 Open it must ;
 The drinker,
 The thinker
 Sits in the dust.

"He dreams
 Of the gleams
 Of their garments of white :
 He misses
 Their kisses—
 The maidens of light.

"They long
 For the strong
 Who has burst through alarms—
 Up, by the labour
 Of stirrup and sabre—
 Up to their arms.

"Oh ! the wine of the grape is a feeble ghost ;
 But the wine of the fight is the joy of a host !"

When Saad came home from the far pursuit,
 An hour he sat, and an hour was mute.
 Then he opened his mouth : "Ah ! wife, the fight
 Had been lost full sure, but an arm of might
 Sudden rose up on the crest of the war,
 Flashed from its sabre blue lightnings afar,
 Took up the battle, and drove it on—
 Enoch sure, or the good St. John !
 Wherever he leaped, like a lion he,
 The fight was thickest, or soon to be ;
 Wherever he sprang, with his lion cry,
 The thick of the battle soon went by.
 With a headlong fear, the sinners fled ;
 We drove them down the steep of the dead ;
 Before us, not from us, did they flee—
 They ceased—in the depths of a crimson sea !
 But him who had saved us, we saw no more ;
 He had gone, as he came, by a secret door.
 And strangest of all—nor think I err
 If a miracle I for truth aver—
 • Was close to him thrice—the holy Force
 Wore my silver-ringed hauberk, rode Abdon my
 horse !"

The lady arose, nor answered a word,
But led to the terrace her wondering lord,
There, song-soothed, and weary with battle strain,
Abu Midjan sat counting the links of his chain.

"The battle was raging—he raging worse :
I freed him,—harnessed him,—gave him thy horse."

"Abu Midjan ! the singer of love and of wine !
The arm of the battle—it also was thine !
Rise up, shake the irons from off thy feet ;
For the lord of the fight are fetters meet ?
If thou wilt, then drink till thou be hoar—
And Allah shall judge thee—I judge no more."

Abu Midjan arose. He flung aside
The clanking fetters, and thus he cried :
"If thou give me to God and His decrees,
Nor purge my sin by the shame of these—
Wrath against me I dare not store :
In the name of Allah, I drink no more !"

BABY.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue !
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?
Some of the starry spokes left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear ?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you ?
God thought about me, and so I grew ?

But how did you come to us, you dear ?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

AFTER AN OLD LEGEND.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE monk was praying in his cell,
With bowed head bowed praying sore ;
He had been praying on his knees
For two long hours and more ;

When, in the midst, and suddenly,
His eyes they opened wide ;
And on the ground, behold, he saw
A man's feet him beside !

And almost to the feet came down
A garment wove throughout ;
It was not like any he had seen
In the countries round about.

His eyes he lifted tremblingly
Until a hand they spied ;
A cut from a chisel there they saw,
And another scar beside ;

Then up they leaped the face to find ;
His heart gave one wild bound—
One, and stood still with the awful joy—
He had the Master found !

On his sad ear fell the convent bell :
'Twas the hour the poor did wait ;
It was his to dole the daily bread
That day at the convent-gate.

A passion of love within him rose,
And with duty wrestled strong ;
But the bell kept calling all the time
With iron merciless tongue.

He gazed like a dog in the Master's eyes—
He sprang to his feet in strength :
"If I find Him not when I come back,
I shall find Him the more at length !"

He chid his heart, and he fed the poor,
All at the convent-gate ;
Then wearily, oh wearily !
Went back to be desolate.

His hand on the latch, his head bent low,
He stood on the door-sill ;
Sad and slow he lifted the latch—
The Master stood there still !

He said, "I have waited, because My poor
Had not to wait for thee ;
But the man who doeth My Father's work
Is never far from Me."

*Yet, Lord—for Thou wouldst have us judge,
And I will humbly dare—
If the monk had stayed, I do not think
Thou wouldst have left him there.*

*I hear from the far-off blessed time
A sweet defending phrase :
"For the poor always ye have with you,
But Me ye have not always."*

PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Born 1841.

"THERE's some think Injins pison . . . " [It was Parson Pete who spoke,
As we sat there, in the camp-fire glare, like shadows among the smoke.
'Twas the dead of night, and in the light our faces burn'd bright red,
And the wind all round made a screeching sound, and the pines roared overhead.

Ay, Parson Pete was talking; we called him Parson Pete,
For you must learn he'd a talking turn, and handled things so neat;
He'd a preaching style, and a winning smile, and, when all talk was spent,
Six shooter had he, and a sharp bowie, to p'int his argyment.

Some one had spoke of the Injin folk, and we had a guess, you bet,
They might be creeping, while we were sleeping, to catch us in the net;
And half were asleep and snoring deep, while the others vigil kept,
But never a one let go his gun, whether he woke or slept.]

"There's some think Injins pison, and others count 'em scum,
And night and day they are melting away, clean into Kingdom Come;
But don't you go and make mistakes, like many a fool I've known,
For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh and bone!

"We were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we'd had a blaze of luck,
More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck;
Like men gone wild we t'iled and t'iled, and never seemed to tire,
The hot sun beamed, and our faces streamed with the sweat of a mad desire.

"I was Captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious life,
For a wilder set I never met at derringer and knife;
Nigh every day there was some new fray, a bullet in some one's brain,
And the viciouslest brute to stab and to shoot was one Phil Blood from Maine.

"Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to make you skeer'd,
His face all scabb'd, and twisted and stabb'd, with caroty hair and beard,
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nick'd him in the heel.

"No beauty was he, but a sight to see, all stript to the waist and bare,
With his grim-set jaws, and his panther-paws, and his hawk's eye all aglare;
With pick and spade in sun and shade he labour'd like tarnation,
But when his spell was over,—well! he was fond of his recreation!

"And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only sport he had,
When work was over, seemed to us a bit too rough and bad;
For to put some lead in a comrade's head was the greatest fun in life,
And the sharpest joke he was known to poke was the p'int of his precious knife.

"But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always fought most fair,
With as good a will to be killed, as kill, true grit as any there;
Of honour too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not so keen,
Would rather be riddled through and through than do what he thought mean.

"But his eddication to his ruination had not been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice;
With anything white he'd drink, or he'd fight in fair and open fray;
But to murder and kill was his wicked will, if an Injin came his way!

"A serpent's hide has pison inside, and an Injin's heart's the same,
If he seems your friend for to gain his end, look out for the serpent's game;
Of the snakes that crawl, the worst of all is the snake in the skin of red,
A spotted Snake, and no mistake?' that's what he always said.

"Well, we'd jest struck our bit of luck, and were wild as raving men,
When who should stray to our camp one day, but Black Panther, the Cheyenne;
Drest like a Christian, all a-grin, the old one joins our band,
And though the rest look'd black as sin, he shakes me by the hand.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"Now, the poor old cuss had been good to us, and I knew that he was true,—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd trust you;
For though his wit was gone a bit, and he drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined, as even a white could wish.

"Food had got low, for we didn't know the run of the hunting-ground,
And our hunters were sick, when, jest in the nick, the friend in need was found;
For he knew the place like his mother's face (or better, a heap, you'd say,
Since she was a squaw of the roaming race, and himself a castaway).

"Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the critter was well content,
And off with him, on the hunting tramp, next day our hunters went,
And I reckon that day and the next we didn't want for food,
And only one in the camp looked vext—that Imp from Maine, Phil Blood.

"Nothing would please his contrary ideas! an Injin made him rile!
He didn't speak, but I saw on his cheek a kind of an ugly smile;
And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the Panther apart,
For the Injin he was too blind to see the dirt in a white man's heart!

"Well, one fine day, we a-resting lay at noon-time by the creek,
The red sun blazed, and we felt half-dazed, too beat to stir or speak;
'Neath the alder trees we stretched at ease, and we couldn't see the sky,
For the lian-flowers in bright blue showers hung through the branches high.

"It was like the gleam of a fairy-dream, and I felt like earth's first Man,
In an Eden bower with the yellow flower of a cactus for a fan;
Oranges, peaches, grapes, and figs, cluster'd, ripen'd, and fell,
And the cedar scent was pleasant, blent with the soothing 'cacia smell.

"The squirrels red ran overhead, and I saw the lizards creep,
And the woodpecker bright, with the chest so white, tapt like a sound in sleep;
I dreamed and dozed with eyes half-closed, and felt like a three-year child,
And, a plantain blade on his brow for a shade, even Phil Blood look'd milk'.

"Well, back, jest then, came our hunting men, with the Panther at their head,
Full of his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had a drop that day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squeal'd and skirl'd, in the foolish Injin way.

"To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his knife in his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eye-balls stare, and I knew how fierce he felt,—
When the Injin dances with grinning glances around him as he lies,
With his painted skin and his monkey grin,—and leers into his eyes!

"Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood was on his feet,
And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart began to beat,
And, 'Git out o' the way,' he heard them say, 'for he means to hev your life!'
But before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash of the knife.

"'Run, Panther, run!' cried each mother's son, and the Panther took the track;
With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood sprang at his back.
Up the side so steep of the cañon deep the poor old critter sped,
And the evil limb ran after him, till they faded overhead.

"Now, the spot of ground where our luck was found was a queerish place, you'll mark
Jest under the jags of the mountain crags and the precipices dark,
Far up on high, close to the sky, the two crags leant together,
Leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a gleam of golden weather.

"A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up to the crags on high,
And along that path the Injin fled, fast as a man could fly.
Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white beast back;
But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying Injin's track.

Now all below is thick, you know, with 'cacia, alder, and pine,
And the bright shrubs deck the side of the beck, and the lian-flowers so fine,
For the forest creeps all under the steep, and feathers the feet of the crags
With boughs so thick that your path you pick, like a steamer among the snags.

"But right above you, the crags, Lor' love you! are bare as this here hand,
And your eyes you wink at the bright blue chink, as looking up you stand.
If a man should pop in that trap at the top, he'd never rest arm or leg
Fill neck and crop to the bottom he'd drop—and smash on the stones like an egg!

"Come back, you cuss! come back to us! and let the critter be!"
I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood grinning at them and me. . . .
But up they went, and my shots were spent, and at last they disappeared,—
One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had leapt,—and cleared.

"A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear,—and the bloodiest grave below!
But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like a bolt from a bow!
Close after him came the evil limb, with his eyes as dark as death,
But when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused for breath!

"For breath at the brink! but—a white man shrink, when a red had passed so neat?
I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead beat!
He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the slippery ledge,
And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul! just touches the tother edge!

"One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call, from the men that stand and stare,—
Black in the blue where the sky looks through, he staggers, dwarf'd up there;
The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—our eyes grow dim—
I turn away—what's that they say?—he's a-hanging on to the brim!

"On the very brink of the fatal chink a ragged shrub there grew,
And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and the blue,
And as soon as a man could run I ran the way I'd seen them flee,
And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what do you think I see?

"All up? Not quite. Still hanging? Right! But he'd torn away the shrub;
With lolling tongue he'd clutched and swung—to what? ay, that's the rub!
I saw him glare and dangle in air,—for the empty hole he trode,—
Help'd by a pair of hands up there!—the Injin's? Yes, by God!

"Now, boys, look here! for many a year I've roam'd in this here land—
And many a sight both day and night I've seen that I think grand!
Over the whole wide world I've been, and I know both things and men,
But the biggest sight I've ever seen was the sight I saw jest then.

"I held my breath—so nigh to death Phil Blood swung hand and limb.
And it seem'd to us all that down he'd fall, with the Panther after him;
But the Injin at length put out his strength—and another minute past,—
Then safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phil Blood, at last!!

"Saved? True for you! By an Injin too!—and the man he meant to kill!
There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing still;
Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a great mad bull at bay
And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeer'd smile, ready to spring away.

"What did Phil do? Well, I watched the two, and I saw Phil Blood turn back,
Bend over the brink and take a blink right down the chasm black,
Then stooping low for a moment or so, he sheath'd his bowie bright,
Spat slowly down, and watch'd with a frown, as the spittle sank from sight!

"Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful, and grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes on him,
Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by the mountain track,
With his lips set tight and his face all white, and the Panther at his back.

"I reckon they stared when the two appeared! but never a word Phil spoke,
Some of them laughed and others jeered,—but he let them have their joke;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his eyes too bright,
And for many a week, in spite of their check, he never offered to fight.

"And after that day he changed his play, and kept a civiler tongue,
And whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head he hung;
But whenever he heard the lying word, 'It's a LIE!' Phil Blood would groan:
'A Snake is a Snake, make no mistake! but an Injin's flesh and bone!'

THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN.

A BAGPIPE MELODY.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

To the wedding of Shon Maclean,
 Twenty Pipers together
 Came in the wind and the rain
 Playing across the heather;
 Backward their ribbons flew,
 Blast upon blast they blew,
 Each clad in tartan new,
 Bonnet, and blackcock feather:
 And every Piper was fou,*
 Twenty Pipers together! . . .

He's but a Sassenach blind and vain
 Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
 The Duke's own Piper, called "Shon the Fair,"
 From his freckl'd skin and his fiery hair.
 Father and son, since the world's creation,
 The Macleans had followed this occupation,
 And played the pibroch to fire the Clan
 Since the first Duke came and the earth began.
 Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
 Like the sigh of the south-wind in the trees,
 Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
 Like Ocean itself with its storms and its calms,
 Were the strains of Shon, when with cheeks aflame
 He blew a blast through the pipes of fame.
 At last, in the prime of his playing life,
 The spirit moved him to take a wife—
 A lassie with eyes of Highland blue,
 Who loved the pipes and the Piper too. . . .
 So, twenty Pipers were coming together
 O'er the moor and across the heather,
 All in the wind and the rain:
 Twenty Pipers so brawly dressed
 Were flocking in from the east and the west,
 To bless the wedding and blow their best
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
 'Twas wet and windy weather!
 Yet, through the wind and the rain
 Came twenty Pipers together!
 Earach and Dougal Dhu,
 Sandy of Isla too,
 Each with the bonnet o' blue,
 Tartan, and blackcock feather:
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together!

The knot was tied, the blessing said,
 Shon was married, the feast was spread.
 At the head of the table sat, huge and hoar,
 Strong Sandy of Isla, age fourscore,
 Whisker'd, grey as a Haakeir seal,
 And clad in crimson from head to heel.
 Beneath and round him in their degree
 Gathered the men of minstrelsie,
 With keepers, gillies, and lads and lasses,
 Mingling voices, and jingling glasses.

* Pronounced /oo, i.e., "half-seas over," intoxicated.

At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd,
 Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—
 While Shon and Jean at the table ends
 Shook hands with a hundred of their friends.—
 Then came a hush. Through the open door
 A wee bright form flash'd on the floor,—
 The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
 With slim soft knees, like the knees of a maid.
 And he took a glass, and he cried out p'ain—
 "I drink to the health of Shon Maclean!
 To Shon the Piper and Jean his wife,
 A clean fireside and a merry life!"
 Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
 To his feet, and with "hooch" the chamber rang!
 "Clear the tables!" shriek'd out one—
 A leap, a scramble,—and it was done!
 And then the Pipers all in a row
 Tuned their pipes and began to blow,
 While all to dance stood fain:
 Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
 Dougal Dhu from Kilflannan shore,
 Played up the company on the floor
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
 Twenty Pipers together
 Stood up, while all their train
 Ceased to clatter and blether.
 Full of the mountain-dew,
 First in their pipes they blew,
 Mighty of bone and a thew,
 Red-cheek'd, with lungs of leather:
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together!

Who led the dance? In pomp and pride
 The Duke himself led out the Bride!
 Great was the joy of each beholder,
 For the wee Duke only reach'd her shoulder;
 And they danced, and turned, when the reel began,
 Like a giantess and a fairie man!
 But like an earthquake was the din
 When Shon himself led the Duchess in!
 And she took her place before him there,
 Like a white mouse dancing with a bear!
 So trim and tiny, so slim and sweet,
 Her blue eyes watching Shon's great feet,
 With a smile that could not be resisted,
 She jigged, and jumped, and twirl'd, and twisted!
 Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
 The Duke began it with toe and heel,
 Then all join'd in amain;
 Twenty Pipers ranged in a row,
 From squinting Shamus to lame Kilcroe,
 Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow,
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
 They blew with lungs of leather,
 And blithesome was the strain
 Those Pipers played together!
 Moist with the mountain-dew,
 Mighty of bone and a thew,
 Each with the bonnet o' blue,
 Tartan, and blackcock feather:
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together!

Oh for a wizard's tongue to tell
 Of all the wonders that befell !
 Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
 Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
 While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were meeting,
 Skirl'd, and set every heart abeating !
 Then Shon took the pipes ! and all was still,
 As silently he the bags did fill,
 With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
 Till the first faint music began to rise.
 Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
 Like countless corn-craiks under the moon,
 Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
 Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,
 Blew the pipes of Shon ; and the witching strain
 Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean ;
 Then slowly, softly, at his side,
 All the Pipers around replied,
 And swelled the solemn strain :
 The hearts of all were proud and light,
 To hear the music, to see the sight,
 And the Duke's own eyes were dim that night,
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honour the Clan Maclean
 Straight they began to gather,
 Blowing the wild refrain,
 " Blue bonnets across the heather !"
 They stamp'd, they strutted, they blew ;
 They shriek'd ; like cocks they crew ;
 Blowing the notes out true,
 With wonderful lungs of leather :
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

When the Duke and Duchess went away
 The dance grew mad and the guests grew gay ;
 Man and maiden, face to face,
 Leapt and footed and scream'd apace !
 Round and round the dancers whirl'd,
 Shriller, louder, the Pipers skirl'd,
 Till the soul seem'd swooning into sound,
 And all creation was whirling round !
 Then, in a pause of the dance and glee,
 The Pipers, ceasing their minstrelsie,
 Draining the glass in groups did stand,
 And pass the sneesh-box* from hand to hand.
 Sandy of Isla, with locks of snow,
 Squinting Shamus, blind Kilmahoe,
 Finlay Beg, and Earach More,
 Dougal Dhu of Kilsannan shore,—
 All the Pipers, black, yellow, and green,
 All the colours that ever were seen,
 All the Pipers of all the Macs,
 Gather'd together and took their cracks.†
 Then (no man knows how the thing befell
 For none was sober enough to tell)
 These heavenly Pipers from twenty places
 Began disputing with crimson faces ;
 Each asserting, like one demented,
 The claims of the Clan he represented.
 In vain grey Sandy of Isla strove
 To soothe their struggle with words of love,

Asserting there, like a gentleman,
 The superior claims of his own great Clan ;
 Then, finding to reason is despair,
 He seizes his pipes and he plays an air—
 The gathering tune of his Clan—and tries
 To drown in music the shrieks and cries !
 Heavens ! Every Piper, grown mad with ire,
 Seizes his pipes with a fierce desire,
 And blowing madly, with skirl and squeak,
 Begins his particular tune to shriek !
 Up and down the gamut they go,
 Twenty Pipers, all in a row,
 Each with a different strain !
 Each tries hard to drown the first,
 Each blows louder till like to burst.
 Thus were the tunes of the Clans rehearsed
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean !

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
 Twenty Pipers together,
 Blowing with might and main,
 Through wonderful lungs of leather !
 Wild was the hullabaloo !
 They stamp'd, they scream'd, they crew !
 Twenty strong blasts they blew,
 Holding the heart in tether :
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

A storm of music ! Like wild sleuth-hounds
 Contending together, were the sounds !
 At last a bevy of Eve's bright daughters
 Pour'd oil—that's whisky—upon the waters ;
 And after another dram went down,
 The Pipers chuckled and ceased to frown,
 Embraced like brothers and kindred spirits,
 And fully admitted each other's merits.

All bliss must end ! For now the Bride
 Was looking weary and heavy-eyed,
 And soon she stole from the drinking chorus,
 While the company settled to *dooch-an-dorus*.‡
 One hour—another—took its flight—
 The clock struck twelve—the dead of night—
 And still the Bride like a rose so red
 Lay lonely up in the bridal bed.
 At half-past two the Bridegroom, Shon,
 Dropt on the table as heavy as stone,
 But four strong Pipers across the floor
 Carried him up to the bridal door,
 Push'd him in at the open portal,
 And left him snoring, serene and mortal !
 The small stars twinkled over the heather,
 As the Pipers wandered away together,
 But one by one on the journey dropt,
 Clutching his pipes, and there he stopt !
 One by one on the dark hillside
 Each faint blast of the bagpipes died,
 Amid the wind and the rain !
 And the twenty Pipers at break of day
 In twenty different bogholes lay,
 Serenely sleeping upon their way
 From the wedding of Shon Maclean !

* Snuff-box. † Conversed sociably.

‡ The parting glass ; lit. the *cup at the door*.

THE WAKE OF O'HARA.

(SEVEN DIALS.)

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

To the Wake of O'Hara
 Came company;
 All St. Patrick's Alley
 Was there to see,
 With the friends and kinsmen
 Of the family.

On the long deal table lay Tim in white,
 And at his pillow the burning light.
 Pale as himself, with the tears on her cheek,
 The mother received us, too full to speak;
 But she heap'd the fire, and on the board
 Set the black bottle with never a word,
 While the company gather'd, one and all,
 Men and women, big and small—
 Not one in the Alley but felt a call
 To the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

At the face of O'Hara,
 All white with sleep,
 Not one of the women
 But took a peep,
 And the wives new-wedded
 Began to weep.

The mothers gather'd round about,
 And praised the linen and laying-out,—
 For white as snow was his winding-sheet,
 And all was peaceful, and clean, and sweet;
 And the old wives praising the blessed dead,
 Were thronging around the old press-bed,
 Where O'Hara's widow, tatter'd and torn,
 Held to her bosom the babe new-born,
 And stared all around her, with eyes forlorn,
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

For the heart of O'Hara
 Was as good as gold,
 And the life of O'Hara
 Was bright and bold,
 And his smile was precious
 To young or old.

Gay as a guinea, wet or dry,
 With a smiling mouth, and a twinkling eye!
 Had ever an answer for chaff and fun;
 Would fight like a lion with any one!
 Not a neighbour of any trade
 But knew some joke the boy had made;
 Not a neighbour, dull or bright,
 But minded something—frolic or fight,
 And whisper'd it round the fire that night,
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara!

"To God be glory
 In death and in life,
 He's taken O'Hara
 From trouble and strife!"
 Said one-eyed Biddy,
 The apple-wife.

"God bless old Ireland!" said Mistress Hart,
 Mother to Mike of the donkey-cart;
 "God bless old Ireland till all be done,
 She never made wake for a better son!"
 And all join'd in chorus, and each one said
 Something kind of the boy that was dead;
 And the bottle went round from lip to lip,
 And the weeping widow, for fellowship,
 Took the glass from old Biddy and had a sip,
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

Then we drank to O'Hara,
 With drams to the brim,
 While the face of O'Hara
 Look'd on so grim,
 In the corpse-light shining
 Yellow and dim.

The cup of liquor went round again,
 And the talk grew louder at every drain;
 Louder the tongues of the women grew!—
 The lips of the boys were loosening too!
 The widow her weary eyelids closed,
 And, soothed by the drop o' drink, she dozed;
 The mother brighten'd and laughed to hear
 Of O'Hara's fight with the Grenadier,
 And the hearts of all took better cheer,
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

Though the face of O'Hara
 Look'd on so wan,
 In the chimney-corner
 The row began—
 Lame Tony was in it,
 The oyster-man;

For a dirty low thief from the North came near,
 And whistled the "Boyne Water" in his ear,
 And Tony, with never a word of grace,
 Flung out his fist in the blackguard's face;
 And the girls and women scream'd out for fright,
 And the men that were drunkest began to fight,—
 Over the tables and chairs they threw,—
 The corpse-light tumbled,—the trouble grew,—
 The new-born join'd in the hullabaloo,—
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

"Be still! be silent!
 Ye do a sin!
 Shame be his portion
 Who dares begin!"
 'Twas Father O'Connor
 Just enter'd in!—

All look'd down and the row was done—
 And shamed and sorry was every one;
 But the Priest just smiled quite easy and free—
 "Would ye wake the poor boy from his sleep?"
 said he:
 And he said a prayer, with a shining face,
 Till a kind of brightness fill'd the place;
 The women lit up the dim corpse-light,
 The men were quieter at the sight,
 And peace at last fell on all that night,
 At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

